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THE HEART OF AN ORPHAN

BY

AMANDA MATHEWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

DEAR Mother of my hart,—

I hope you don't mind my putting that name on you when I aint nothing to you any more than some little cat you patted once. I don't know where you are at and you don't know where I am at so it don't matter much what I call you.

We aint all hole orfuns in this sylum. Lots of us is halfs and the halfs write to their whichever they got left every wensday. The holes can write too if they got anybody and a stamp. I am a hole and I aint got the stamp or anybody so I will take my pen in hand to let you know I am well and hope you are the same.

This letter will surprise you only you won't never get it so it can't surprise you much. I aint seen you for so long about 3 years I gess. I was a little girl then do you remember me in the Busy Bee Sewing Club at the coledge setelment? I sat at the end of the row and got tangels on purpus so you would come and lift them out. You had a smile on you like anything and I loved you. So did the other girls but not like me. I always knew in my hart when it was the day to sew in the Busy Bee Club.

O I would I had a picksure of you dear one and swete but why do I say that because I have your picksure in my head. You were not old or kidish or tall or sawdoff you were just right.

Do you remember that day you went to my house that was a better day than any since. We laughed because you sat on the busted chair by misssteak. Do you remember how my mama she coffd and coffd something awfool. Well she died in 1 year and 3 weeks. There was Tony and Isabella and me. Tony died in the ospittle poor Tony. My papa died. It seemed like we had the habbit in our family. I said I wunder if me or Isabella will die next time. I do not care much for to be an orfun is a hard life for anybody but I did not die.

ISABELLA

Me and Isabella come to live at this sylum but Isabella was pretty and little so a kind lady took her for her own. I cried and cried and said to the maytrun O keep her till I get big enufh to adop her myself but she said no you are too yung. I beged for them to let me see her not awfun but some times 2 or 3 in a yere but the kind lady said no I want her to forget you and all her passed. I no not where the kind lady has her or if she is dead by this time.

Nobody wants to adop me because I am long and black in my hair and eyes. They do not like orfuns to be long and black. I know because I heard them say when they never knew I did. Can I help that mama and papa was daygoes? I guess not. But

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Isabella the kind lady said was a little brunet buty so she took her for her own.

Dear Mother of my hart, I heard the maytrun tell the halfs it is not polite to write about me and nun about you but what can I write of you when you went away before my mother died and I know not where you may be.

O dear mother what can I call you more than dear and swete? O dear dear dear mother I love you for papa and mama and Tony poor Tony and Isabella the kind lady took her for her own. When a family is only 2 like me and you mother we must love very much don't you think? I will close with 9,000,000,000 kisses and some more.

Your long black dawter, Giovanna.

Mother of my hart,

You will be glad to hear your dear dawter is treeted first rayte in this sylum. It is a Christian sylum, we have prayers every day and py on satterday. The peaces are small but what does that matter? I would not like to be a beggar on the street.

There are 95 orfuns counting holes and halfs. The maytrun is not mean but O I want some person to love me. The maytrun can not do that no wuman can love 95 orfuns how could she?

We have school but not satterday and sunday for the Lord said let us take a rest so he hollered it. I like reading but not rithmetick, what is the good of xampels about money and apples and orunges when you have nun? I like to draw and sing. I usto hate goggerfry but now no more for when I study of any place I say who knows but the mother of my hart is there? When the teacher tells point E. and W. and N. and S. I say which way do I point at my dear but I get no ans. My teacher does not like me too much because my temper is bad so is my writing. We must be as neat as we are able and never speak when at the table.

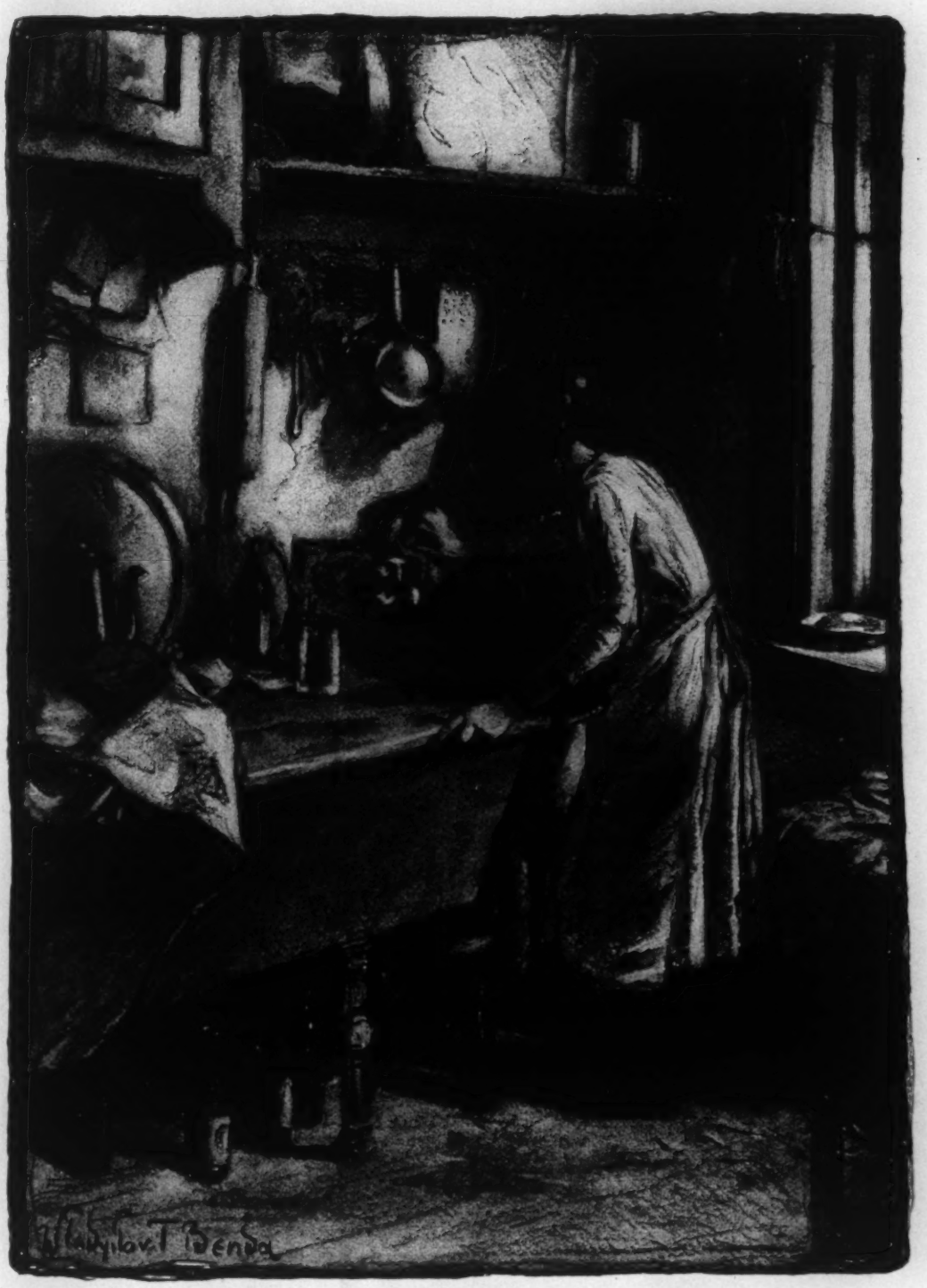
Why I made some potry I never knew I could.

Mother of my hart I hate my close. I know that is very bad but how would you like to look like 95 orfuns? so nobody could tell which one you are. I am long and black like I said and blue is not my culler. I feel my legs like any thing and my arms too but I think it is better than rags. I am thank full I am not a beggar on the street. So I am great full to the maytrun and the ladys of the board.

I sleep in a dormit I can not spell it with 20 orfuns no 19 it is no fare to count myself. The girls wash the dishes and spred up the beds and we have a bath in the tub 2 times a month and our neckeneres washt ever week.

"I RAN FOR THE LETTERS AND PUT THEM IN YOUR HAND"

Sunday afternune is for visitors only nobody comes to visit me. It aint that candy is not swete to me as to others but a loving word would give me much more joy but that is not for me I did not cry last sunday like I awfun do because I thot of you mother dear dear dear tho far away. I played you come in the door in your pink dress the same you usto wear. A lady said onct but not to me she came to stair at the Busy Bees when we sewed. She said you hadn awt to wear a dress we could never hope to own but what is the matter with hopeing anything? It dont cost nuthing even an orfun can hope. You come in like I said and when you see me you cried out why if here aint my little Giovanna and you set down on the bench by me and I lened over to you with my head and the maytrun says Giovanna have you



"WHEN I GOT TO HER HOUSE I NEVER SAW SUCH A DURTY KITSHEN"

"YOU TOOK ME ON YOUR LAP LIKE I WAS A LITTLE ORFUN"

gotta crick in your neck and you don't like her to say that so you go away.

If you love me as I love you no nife can cut our love into. I didn make that a girl told it to me.

We say our prayers at night kneeling by our beds every body at once like a big song up to God. I prayed Lord bless my dear mother but the girl next she is a half and she said shut up you hole you aint got nun so I slapt her good for I got you darlling even if you dont know it.

All the orfuns are putting up their pens and I must do the same.

Your loving long black dawter,

Giovanna.

Mother of my hart,

Since I rote last I had a hard time. I have been out in the cold crule world. Give me a sylum every time. There was a wuman looking over the orfuns and she wanted a big one and she found falt with me for not being bigger now what do you think of that? She wanted some body to help with the dishes and such she called it light work and the maytrun said if she would send me to school and not work me hevy she could have me.

I didn like her looks but I thot praps she would do for sorta plane mother not the sunday mother of my hart so do not be jellus dear one I love but you and that is true and our secret.

When I got to her house I never saw such a durty kitshen and she made me clean it good and her mop was something fearce it smelt like garbige. I gess she hadn washt her dishes most never. I washt and washt and I washt and her dish rag it smelt the same.

She had a little boy and he walkt on the floor when it was wet and I told him no and he kickt me and I slapt him good and his ma slapt me gooder on the eres.

Finely she said I could go to bed and the sheets

was durty and I cried for back at the sylum but it was far on 2 street cars so I didn know the way. I cried and I cried but I said whats the use she gotta take me back if I am bad enufh. I will be bad like — no I didn say it out loud so it was no sware.

The next day I busted dishes like anything I sast her fearce and all I dun was misssteaks and such. Her little boy was much a frade. She said she would brake me but she coodn. She said much more I must not write for it was sware and I can not spell it anyway. She slapt me 100 times on my head and eres but I would not cry. I bit her good and she screamed. Finely she said you durty brat I take you back where I got you and I was glad but I said nuthing for fere she wouldn.

The maytrun was not mad on me for she told the wuman I was not vishus when treeted well. The wuman wanted to trade me for a better orfun but the maytrun wouldn let her goody!

I seem more near to you mother of my hart now I am back at the sylum. I lost your picksure outa my head when I was bad. I will be good for you, darlling, so you can be proud of your dawter. If I have thinks of you allways praps the thinks will fly to you like little birds. I will pray God to put wings to them.

Goodby with fond regards, Giovanna.

Swete mother of my hart,

Was it a dream you was here today? You lookt a little older and your dress was gray trimmed in pink. How funy I was that I could not speak. I guess you said she is a quere one. I was like a dum orfun they took her off to an other sylum. I was so full inside there couldn nun of it get out so you thot I did not remember you as if that could be.

I can not forget any word you said to me. You told you was happy which makes me glad you bet. You said you had thots of me and ast and ast till you come where I was. I bleve that was because I had them thots of you and God gave them wings like I prayed. I am writing all so you won't think I am dum like I ack.

Now you are a goner and praps aint coming back for you didn say nuthing but I ran for the letters safe and tite under my matres and put them in your hand and you stuft them in your little bag made of silver chanes and you kist me goodby that is no dream.

Maybe praps you will write me a letter O there wont be a orfun in the wurld happy same as me! I won't be eggspecting it and Ile play I aint watching for the post man and when he comes and gives letters to the maytrun and she speaks my name Ile play I aint sure she menes me and Ile say did you call me maam and Ile run with the letter and hide under my bed in the dormit I can not spell it and Ile read and read. O you will write wont you dear dear darlling dear mother of my hart or I guess I will die I want you to so bad.

Your big old long black dawter,
Giovanna.

Mother of my hart,

I got spots all over me from bunting in to the furnishure when Ime trying to know is it true or not. I can't never tell you how I felt inside when you took me on your lap like I was a little orfun and my legs hung down most to the floor and I am too hevy for you.

You said to think you had a dawter like me and you never knew it and I was awful chokt and couldn find my hanky and you gave me yours and you needed it too and had to swipe up your tears on the other corner.

I said I guess you will write me a leter and you said letter nuthing I was your own preshus dawter and should go with you and I cried so hard you ast me didn I want to go and I was scared for fere you would leve me agen.

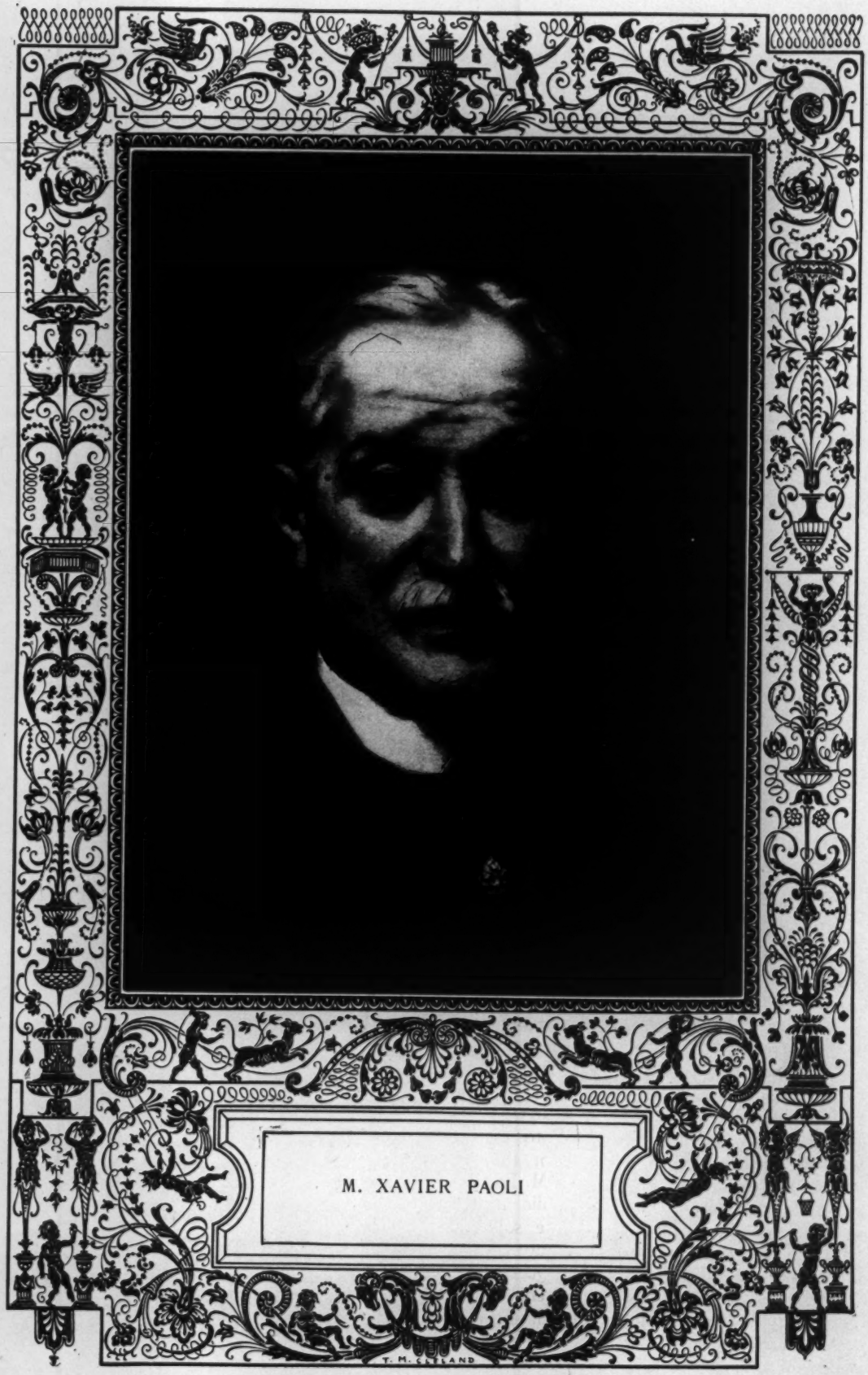
You said my letters was full of puns. I am sorry but I don't see how it could be for the maytrun is very care full and kepes dope to kill them dead.

When ever I think of you down on my knees I flop and I think so awfun it would be cheeper to just walk round on my knees but it would ware out my stockings and the maytrun would be mad at me and I can't bare to make anybody mad when I am so happy.

O I will be good to you mother of my hart. When you are poor I work for you. When you get sick I sit all night by your bed. I get crazzy with the clock and I like nights best for I can sleep or eles ly on my pillo and make picksures of you in my head.

O don't be long gone dear angle mother of my hart and don't let me be ever away from you one day all my life any more.

Your own dawter,
Giovanna.



M. XAVIER PAOLI

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF EUROPE

BY

XAVIER PAOLI

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER OF THE SÛRETÉ GÉNÉRALE,
DETAILED TO ACCOMPANY ROYAL VISITORS TO FRANCE

WITH A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR BY RENÉ LARA

MEMBER OF THE STAFF OF "LE FIGARO," AUTHOR OF
"AN HOUR WITH THE POPE"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

FOR twenty-five years M. Xavier Paoli has been intrusted with one of the most delicate and difficult duties of the French police — that of guarding the persons of the European monarchs who come to France for pleasure and recreation. While a foreign sovereign is upon French soil, M. Paoli is responsible for his personal safety. Although M. Paoli is attached to the political police, his duties are of the highest diplomatic nature: to watch over foreign princes during their stay in France and to facilitate their relations with the French Government.

A little King of no importance — the King of Württemberg — was the first to risk himself in Republican France after the fall of the Empire. He was M. Paoli's first client.

When the Queen of England, upon the advice of her physicians, decided to exchange the damp banks of the Thames for the sunny gardens of the Riviera, it was to M. Paoli that the Government of the Republic intrusted the duty of assuring her a safe sojourn in France. He discharged this delicate task with such success that the venerable Queen desired her ambassador to write to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs that thenceforth she wished no official but Paoli to watch over her during her visits in the South. Each year, therefore, she found him faithful to his charge, awaiting her arrival either at Cherbourg or at Calais.

From this time M. Paoli became the indispensable intermediary between the Republican Government and the foreign princes whom he escorted to the famous watering-places and seashore resorts of France. In the course of twenty-five years Paoli has been responsible for the personal safety of fifteen emperors and kings, half a dozen empresses and queens, and countless numbers of grand dukes and princes of the blood. He was admitted to their confidences, understood their impressions. France, indeed, profited by Paoli's friendships. "He is a model functionary; he has made the Republic beloved by kings," exclaimed President Faure one day.

For years French publishers have been urging Paoli to write his personal recollections of the sovereigns with whom he has been so closely associated, but before his retirement he was restrained by diplomatic considerations. He has at last yielded to the persuasions of an American publisher, and has written for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE his Recollections of the Kings and Queens of Europe.

RENÉ LARA.

MEMORIES OF ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA

BY XAVIER PAOLI

I

"FRANCE," says a contemporary historian, "is the paradise of sovereigns on vacation."

The favor that foreign rulers have always shown toward our country lays peculiar obligations on the French Government. It becomes responsible for guarding the security of its princely guests, for surrounding them, when they come incognito to France, with a constant and vigilant oversight that shall at the same time be so circumspect as to leave them the illusion of perfect liberty. This was for twenty years my especial mission.

Whenever the Government learned that a sovereign or a prince was about to visit France, my duties at once began. I would receive a "service letter" from the Minister of the Interior, indicating the place where the expected guest would stop, the name under which he proposed to travel, the number and identity of the persons who were to accompany him, and, finally, the exact hour of his arrival on French soil. Furnished with these data, I would at once pack my valise and start for the watering-place or health resort that he was to visit. There I would immediately put myself into communication with the Prefect of the Department, the Mayor of the Commune, and the local Chief of Police, and would procure detailed information as to the persons chosen to be near the royal visitor, especially the servants of the hotel where he was to stop; I would examine the identification papers of each one of these, submitting him to a minute interrogatory. I would next undertake an inquiry as to the strangers in the locality; and, finally, I would study the topography of the country—a precaution I considered to be of the utmost importance.

When my investigations were finished, I would set out to meet our guest at the frontier station. Those little railway stations are intimately associated with my memories. Often hidden away in lonely country-sides, dull and melancholy, yet with a life all their own,—how many times have I paced their deserted platforms, watching for the sudden apparition of a white signal and a plume of smoke!

The moment the special train came to a halt, I would be asked to enter the royal car. The presentation would be brief, the reception almost always kindly, and almost always the august traveler would say, with a smile, "M. Paoli, I know you already."

When we arrived at any halting-place, the agents in my service, whom I had previously posted in the railway station, would reassure me with a glance of the eye, or warn me of a possible danger by a brief word. Thus it has often happened that at the last moment, and without explaining the reason, I have respectfully but resolutely begged our royal guest to change his itinerary.

Installed at last in the hotel, I was always in daily receipt of telegraphic advices from the special commissioners of the provinces. Sometimes they would notify me of the passage through their department of a dangerous anarchist who had uttered threats against our royal visitor. I would then take my measures accordingly, turning over to the police and *gendarmerie* of the region such intelligence as I had received. Every evening I would send to the Minister of the Interior a despatch in cipher, in which I informed him in minute detail of all the incidents of the day.

As will be seen, my functions were various. The incessant activity that they required was largely rewarded by the interesting memories that they have left with me. For twenty-five years I lived in a gallery of sovereigns, and I have seen and observed them in all the intimacy of family life. The impressions that I have collected during this quarter of a century are what I desire to put down here.

If I first of all evoke the incomparably melancholy and touching figure of the Empress of Austria, it is because, of all the sovereigns to whose service I have had the honor to be attached, hers is the most striking, so truly was her life a romance, her death a tragedy.

The first time that I saw her was at Geneva. It was in August, 1895, that the French Government had been advised by the Government of Vienna that the Empress was about to visit Aix-les-Bains in Savoy. As was usual in such cases, I had received my "service letter," enjoining me to meet the sovereign at the international station of Geneva. The letter was thus drawn up:

FRENCH REPUBLIC,
PARIS, August 29, 1895.

MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.

The Director of the General Safety to M. Paoli, Special Commissioner attached to the Direction of General Safety.

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH

FROM ONE OF THE VERY FEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF HER THAT WERE EVER MADE; TAKEN BY A FRIEND SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE

I have the honor to inform you that Her Majesty the Empress of Austria, Queen of Hungary, traveling in the strictest incognito under the name of Countess Hohenembs, on her way to Aix-les-Bains, will arrive at the station at Geneva on September 10, 1895, at 8.45 in the morning.

The imperial suite will be composed of the following persons:

I. Countess Irma Sztaray, Lady of Honor.
II. His Excellency Major-General von Berzeviczy, (Oberstabel Minister) Grand Master of the Horse.
III. M. Mercati, Greek Reader.
IV. M. Petrowsky, Secretary.
V. Mlle de Meissel, Lady of the Bedchamber.
VI. Mme von Henike, Lady of the Bedchamber.
VII. Five men servants.

The greater part of the imperial baggage, consisting of sixty-three pieces, will be in charge of the footman, Melchior Marz, who, having been provided by the French Embassy at Vienna with a passport and a permit, will precede Her Majesty by several hours. I commission you to secure the safety of Her Majesty during her sojourn in French territory, taking all proper measures to this end, and at the same time to make sure that her incognito be scrupulously respected.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE GENERAL SAFETY.

I confess that I took the train with a feeling of eager anticipation at the thought of meeting this woman, who already moved in an atmosphere of legend, being known as the "Empress Errant." I had heard many more or less credible anecdotes of her restless and romantic life; it was said that she spoke little, smiled seldom, and seemed always to be in pursuit of some far-off dream.

My first impression, however, on seeing her descend from the railway carriage at Geneva, was very different from what I had expected. The Empress was at that time fifty-eight years old, but she looked like a young girl, with a young girl's figure and all a young girl's lightness and grace. She was tall and slender, with a vivid color, extraordinarily bright, dark, and deeply set eyes, and abundant chestnut hair. I afterward learned that she owed her fine color to the long walks that she took daily. She was wearing an elegant black "tailor-made" costume that emphasized the slenderness of her figure, of which she was always a little vain—an innocent vanity, which she made no effort to conceal. She weighed herself every day.

I was struck also with the smallness of her hands, and with the musical quality of her voice and the purity with which she expressed herself in French, though always with a slightly guttural accent.

One disappointment, however, awaited me: her reception of me was glacial. With all the experience that I had gained in the exercise of my special functions, I could not help feeling disconcerted. My disquietude was increased when, on arriving at Aix-les-Bains, and asking for an interview with the Empress, in order to come to an understanding as to the organization of my service, General von Berzeviczy, acting Chamberlain, to whom I had addressed myself, replied dryly:

"We have no need of any one."

This reception put me in a singularly embarrassing position. Invested with a confidential mission, I had begun by arousing suspicion in the very persons to whom my mission was addressed. Charged to keep watch, to guard against "suspects," it seemed that I was the one most of all suspected!

Nevertheless, I resolved not to be turned aside from my duty. I organized my service without the knowledge of our guests. Each morning I paid a visit to General von Berzeviczy, in the course of which I made every effort to temper his coldness. The General was at bottom a good-natured man and a charming companion. I would give him the news of the day, the doings in Paris, the gossip of Aix. I would advise him as to excursions, falling back on my special knowledge of the country in order to act the part of a Baedeker — and when I carelessly asked him how the Empress intended to spend the day, he would so far forget himself as to tell me her plans. That was all I wanted.

By the end of a week we had become the best friends in the world. The Empress expressed her appreciation of my courtesy in daily sending newspapers and magazines to her table. Little by little she became accustomed to seeing me appear upon the scene just in time to anticipate her wishes. The game was won, and when, later, curious to understand the causes of what had seemed to me a misunderstanding, I one day asked General von Berzeviczy to explain the secret of my disconcerting reception, he replied:

"It was because, in general when we travel in foreign parts, the functionaries who are sent to us under the pretext of our protection simply terrorize us. They come before us like Banquo's ghost, solemn-faced, restless-eyed, seeing assassins on every side. They poison all our pleasure. That is why we were at first so suspicious of you."

"And now?"

"Now," he replied, smiling, "experience has taught us. You have broken the vexatious

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH IN HIS YOUTH

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH
AT THE AGE OF SIXTY

tradition. In you we forget the functionary and see only the friend."

II

In the course of three visits of the Empress to France between 1895 and 1898 I had abundant opportunity to study that little wandering court which was dominated by the melancholy and touching figure of the sovereign.

She led an active and a solitary life. Rising at five o'clock in winter and summer, she began her day by a plunge into a bath of tepid distilled water, followed by an electric massage, after which, even if it was still dark, she would go out, without disturbing her household.

Clad in a simple dress of black woolen stuff, with laced boots on her feet, sometimes wearing a straw hat trimmed with black, sometimes wrapping her head in a scarf, she would rapidly pace the alleys of the garden, or, in case of rain, the long galleries of the hotel. Frequently she would venture out along the roadside, seeking some high rock from which she might watch the sunrise.

She would be back again by seven o'clock, would breakfast lightly upon a cup of tea and a single biscuit, and would disappear into her own room, where two hours would be consecrated to her toilet.

The second breakfast was at eleven, and consisted of a cup of bouillon, an egg, and one or two glasses of meat juice extracted every morning from several pounds of filet of beef by means of a special apparatus which went with her on all her travels. Immediately after this meal she would walk out again, this time accompanied by her Greek Reader.

The Greek Reader was a personage of importance, and accompanied her on all her travels. He was selected from among the young pundits of the University of Athens, often being designated by the Greek Government, and was changed every year. I myself knew three. Their office was to converse with the Empress in Greek, either modern or ancient, both of

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH IN
BALL-ROOM COSTUME

which she spoke with equal facility. The Empress took a passionate delight in the study of Greek art and antiquity, and the conversation of the young Greek savants seemed to afford her a refuge from her intense melancholy. She always took her Reader with her on her afternoon walks, which frequently lasted till twilight, and generally covered from fifteen to twenty-four miles. She invariably dressed in black, and carried in all weathers a sun-umbrella and a fan. In the last twenty years of her life she had obstinately refused to be photographed; as soon as she saw a camera leveled in her direction, she would quickly unfurl her fan of large black feathers and hold it before her face, showing only her great eyes, melancholy and unforgetable, in which there still shone the splendor and flame of former days.

The Greek Reader always carried a dark-colored skirt on these walks, for it was the habit of the Empress to exchange the heavy skirt that she wore on setting out for another of lighter material. She would disappear behind a rock or a tree, while the Reader, accustomed to this rapid manoeuver, waited by the roadside, discreetly gazing in the opposite direction. The Empress would then hand him the skirt that she had just taken off, and the walk would be continued.

On returning to the hotel she would eat a frugal dinner, sometimes merely a bowl of iced milk, or raw eggs in a glass of Tokay — an almost barbarous diet, to which she confined herself in order to preserve that slender figure of which she was so proud.

Of her various places of resort in France, the Empress was most fond of Cape Martin, lying between the Bay of Monaco and that of Mentone. She went there three successive years, stopping at the immense hotel that stands at the end of the promontory, amid great pines, fields of rosemary, and groves of myrtle and arbutus. The Empress Elizabeth occupied the ground floor of the right wing, her apartment consisting of six rooms, reached by a private passageway.

The royal apartments were furnished with extreme simplicity, in the English style; the bedroom of the Empress was like any other hotel bedroom — a bed of gilded brass, surmounted by a mosquito-curtain, a mahogany dressing-table, and a few etchings on the walls. Though she was not generally exacting, she was extremely rigorous in the matter of cleanliness; in particular, she could not endure that water should be brought her, even for her toilet, in anything except decanters with crystal stoppers. She was waited upon exclusively by her two women of the bedchamber, Mlle de Meissel and Mme von Henike.

In addition to her apartments, one other room was always reserved for her use on Sunday — the billiard-room.

On that day the billiard-room was transformed into a chapel. When the Empress first came to Cape Martin she asked about a church, for she was extremely pious. There was none in the near neighborhood, and the Empress therefore decided that a chapel must be improvised for her in the hotel, and selected the billiard-room, which she could reach unobserved. But the laws of the Church require that any room in which divine service is to be celebrated must first be consecrated, and only the archbishop of the diocese is qualified to perform the consecration. Such a service in a hotel, and of all places in a billiard-room, would be not a little embarrassing.

The difficulty was overcome in a most curious and unexpected manner. It seems that there is an ancient rule of the Church, never rescinded, that the high dignitaries of the Order of Malta enjoy the privilege of rendering sacred any room in which they may drop their mantle. It was suddenly remembered that General von Berzeviczy occupied one of the highest ranks among the Knights of Malta. He was therefore begged to drop his mantle in the billiard-room. Thenceforth, every Sunday morning, the Empress' footman would set up a portable altar before the great oak chimney, place gilded chairs in order before it, and the old curé of Roquebrune would come to celebrate mass.

The Empress was extremely generous, and her generosity was manifested in the most delicate ways. Wherever, on her walks, she found a humble cottage hidden away among the olives in some corner of the mountain, she would enter, question the peasants who lived there, take the little children on her knee, and, fearing that the bold offer of money might wound her hosts, she would think up some charming subterfuge: she would ask to taste their fruit, and would then pay royally, or she would buy several quarts of milk or dozens of eggs, asking to have them brought to the hotel the next morning.

By degrees she came to know all the walks about Cape Martin and the region around. She would go out every day, accompanied by the Greek Reader, sometimes clambering over the rocks of the shore, sometimes mounting the steep hillsides, climbing "up to the goats," as the shepherds say. She would never tell where she was going, and this gave me much disquietude, although I had had the whole region thoroughly explored in advance.

"Calm your anxieties, my dear Paoli," she would say to me, laughing; "nothing will hap-

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AT SEVENTEEN,
AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE
TO FRANCIS JOSEPH

pen to me. What would any one want to do to a poor woman?"

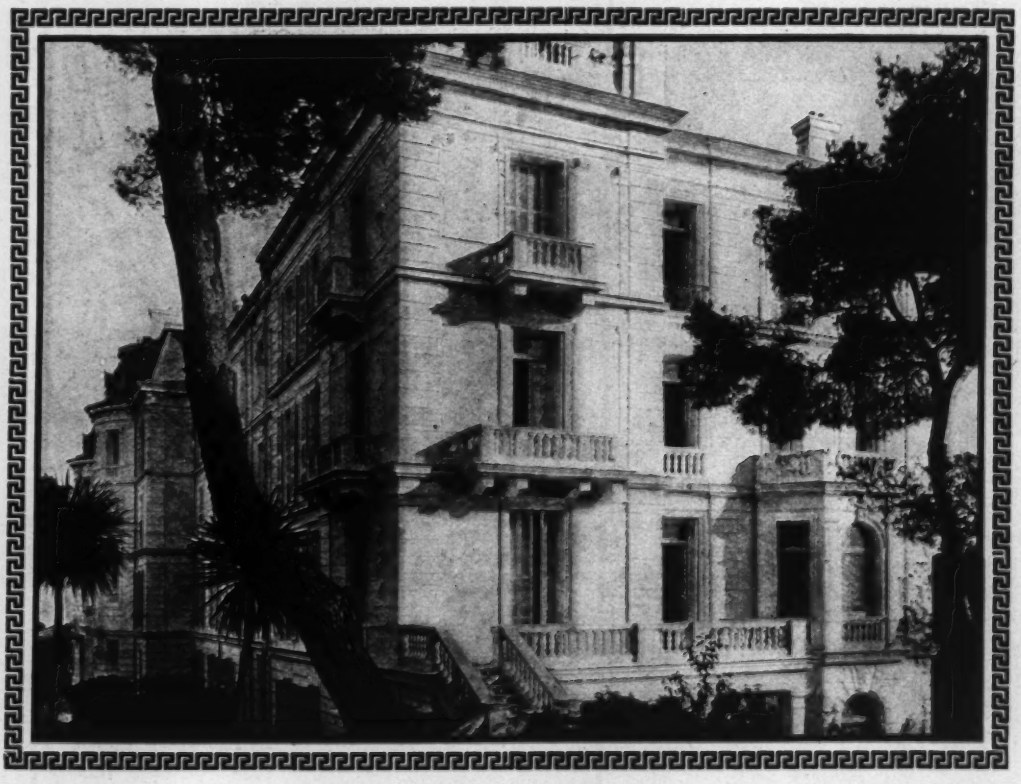
All the same, I was never easy, so long as she obstinately refused to permit one of my men to follow her, even at a distance. Once, however, having learned that the Italian laborers who were mending the road to Mentone had spoken in a threatening way of the sovereigns who were always coming to the country, I begged the Empress to be kind enough not to walk in that direction. She was much displeased.

M. BARCKER, THE GREEK READER OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH

"Always afraid!" she exclaimed. "I say again that I have no fear of them — and I will promise nothing."

I was as determined as she. I doubled my watchfulness, and took it upon myself to send over the Mentone road one of my Corsican agents, dressed like a road-mender, but thoroughly armed beneath his clothes, with directions to mingle with the Italian laborers. Wearing a pair of velveteen trousers and a cotton jumper, and "made up" to look old and wrinkled, he was quite unrecognizable. As he spoke Italian fluently, he disarmed all suspicion, his companions taking him for a newly hired comrade.

He was breaking stones as well as he could, when suddenly a well-known figure appeared at the turn of the road: darkness had begun to fall, and the Empress with her Reader was returning to Cape Martin. The false road-mender waited anxiously. When she came opposite his group, she stopped, hesitated a moment, then, singling him out, no doubt because he seemed



THE HOTEL OF CAPE MARTIN
WHERE THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH STAYED DURING MOST OF HER VISITS IN FRANCE.
THE EMPRESS OCCUPIED THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE RIGHT WING,
SHOWN IN THE PICTURE

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AT ABOUT THE AGE OF FORTY

to be the oldest, she approached him, saying gently:

"That is a hard trade of yours, my good fellow."

Not daring to raise his head, he stammered a few words in Italian.

"You do not speak French?"

"No, Signora."

"You have children?"

"Yes, Signora."

"Then here is something for them," and she slipped a gold piece into his hand. "Tell them it is from a lady who loves children very much."

And the Empress walked on.

That evening at the hotel, she came to me with laughing eyes.

"Well, M. Paoli, scold me! I have disobeyed you! I have been on the Mentone road. I have talked with a road-mender, and I am still alive, you see!"

I never dared to confess to her that the worthy road-mender was my faithful Corsican.

One day, on her return from her morning walk, she sent for me and said:

"M. Paoli, you are to be my cavalier to-day. You are to take me where I have never been — to the Casino at Monte Carlo. For once in my life I must see the inside of a gambling-room."

We therefore set out, the Empress, Countess Sztaray, her lady of honor, and myself. When we arrived at Monte Carlo, she desired to go at once to the Casino, and we entered the roulette hall. She watched the strokes, as full of wonder and delight as a child with a new toy. Suddenly she drew a five-franc piece from her reticule.

"Let's see if I have any luck," she said to us. "I believe in No. 33."

She laid the silver piece upon No. 33. At the first turn she lost. She tried again, and again

lost. At the third turn No. 33 fell, and the croupier with his rake shoved over to her one hundred and seventy-five francs, which she gathered up. Then, turning joyfully to us, "Let's go away quick," she exclaimed. "I never earned so much money in my life!"

The Emperor joined the Empress three times during her visits at Cape Martin, generally spending a fortnight with her on these occasions. While the Emperor was there the Empress would emerge to some degree from her rigid isolation. They would go out together, sometimes walking, sometimes driving, would receive such princes as might be visiting the Riviera, especially the Prince of Wales, the Czarevitch, the Prince of Monaco, the King and Queen of Saxony, and the Grand Duke Michael Michaelowitch. Sometimes they would make visits, either upon the Queen of England, who was at that time at Nice, or upon their neighbor, the Empress Eugénie. It was like a section of the Court of Vienna transported to Cape Martin.

THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON
THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH'S SISTER, WHO WAS BURNED TO DEATH IN THE CHARITY BAZAAR FIRE IN PARIS

Francis Joseph, always faithful to his habits, used to rise at five and work with his secretaries, at half past six pausing long enough to take a cup of coffee, and resuming his work until ten o'clock. The telegraph lines between Cape Martin and Vienna were kept almost continually busy. Between ten o'clock and noon the Emperor would saunter along the alleys of the park in company with the Empress, and one might almost have taken them for a young couple on their wedding journey, so young did they both seem — she graceful, slender, fragile, he wiry, alert, elegant, his figure still that of a cavalry lieutenant, emphasized by the cut of his blue suit and the way he wore his black felt hat, slightly tipped over one ear.

I was present at a memorable meeting on the day that Francis Joseph quitted Cape Martin after his last visit there with the Empress. Both were leaving at the same time, he for Vienna, she for Corfu. Their carriage had started from the hotel and was rapidly crossing a pine grove, when suddenly there appeared before them at a turn of the road, under the green plumes of a palm tree, a woman in mourning, erect under her white hair, and still bearing traces of great beauty. Leaning upon a gold-headed cane, she appeared to be waiting for them; in fact, she made a sign to them. The Emperor and Empress at once got out of the carriage, and the Emperor, taking off his hat, bowed very low and kissed her hand. Then they took a few steps in the heather, conversing the while. Finally the Empress kissed her with tender respect, the Emperor once more bowed, and the carriage rolled rapidly away, while the old lady stood motionless, leaning on her tall cane, and followed them with her eyes until they had disappeared from sight.

It was the Empress Eugénie, who never dreamed that in the kiss of the Empress Elizabeth she had received a last farewell.

III

The singular nervous restlessness from which the Empress suffered, far from yielding with time, as had been hoped, seemed to become more inveterate and agonizing as the years went on. Little by little her health gave way. She had no particular malady; she simply felt an infinite lassitude, a perpetual weariness. She fought it with wonderful energy, continually keeping up her active life, her constant travels, and her long daily walks.

She had a horror of medicines, and was con-

vinced that a simple and sound hygiene was better than any doctor's prescriptions. One day, however, seeing her more languid than usual, I begged her to let me procure for her a few bottles of vin Mariani, of which I had myself experienced the strengthening virtues.

"If it will please you," she replied, smiling, "I consent. But, in return, I shall present you with some of our famous Tokay wine. It is equally strengthening and far more agreeable."

Not long after, in fact, Count Wolkenstein Trostburg brought me, in the name of the Empress, a superb liquor-case, containing six flagons of Tokay. I was proposing to myself to take it after dinner as a simple dessert wine, when the Count said:

"Do you know how valuable a gift this is? The wine comes directly from the Emperor's estates. Just to give you an idea of its worth, I may tell you that at a recent sale at Frankfort six bottles brought eleven thousand francs. There's none like it."

I at once ceased to look upon it as an ordinary Madeira. The hotel proprietor, who meanwhile had heard of the royal present, offered me five thousand francs for the six flagons. Naturally I refused. I still have four of them, and I shall keep them.

During the last days of 1897, while she was making a visit to Biarritz, the Empress, who was more restless and melancholy than ever, resolved to take a Mediterranean cruise on her yacht, the *Miramar*. But she wished first to spend a few days in Paris.

An apartment had been taken for her in a hotel in the Rue Castiglione, and naturally she desired to preserve the strictest incognito. Still, it was known that she was in Paris, and the service of protection with which I was charged had to be only the more rigorous. She was out from morning till night, going on foot to visit churches, monuments, museums. Then, about four o'clock, she would invariably stop at a *laiterie* (milk depot) in the Rue de Surène, to drink a glass of ass's milk — her favorite beverage; after which she would return to the hotel.

One day we had a great fright: seven o'clock had come and she had not yet returned. In great anxiety, I sent to the residence of her sister, the Queen of Naples, whom she liked to surprise with a visit. She had not been there. The worst of it was, she had managed to elude the watch of the detective who was charged to follow her. We had lost the Empress in Paris!

I was about to set out myself in search of her, when suddenly she appeared.

"I have been looking at Notre Dame by moonlight," she observed, with the utmost calmness. "It was exquisite! I came back to the hotel by way of the quays. There was a great crowd of people hurrying home, and no one noticed me."

I remember that her Greek Reader (at that time M. Barcker) having confided to me that he would like to see the picturesque and characteristic features of Paris, I took him one evening to the Halles Centrales (Central Market). The visit ended, I invited him, according to custom, to partake of onion soup in one of the little restaurants of the quarter.

Enchanted with this modest dissipation, he described his excursion to the Empress the next morning, especially praising our famous national soup, which she had never tasted.

"M. Paoli," she exclaimed, all enthusiasm, "I positively must know what onion soup is like. M. Barcker has given me a most tempting description of it."

"Nothing can be easier, Madame. I will speak to the hotel people to have some made for you."

"Not for the world! They will give me some curiously made concoction which will certainly not have the same taste as yours.

AN EARLY PICTURE OF CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH'S ONLY SON, WHO SHOT HIMSELF IN HIS HUNTING-LODGE BECAUSE OF AN UNHAPPY LOVE AFFAIR

I want some brought from the restaurant where you were last evening, and served in the same dishes. I want all the local color."

Here I must make a confession. As I am personally very tenacious in questions of patriotic pride, and would not have had the sovereign disappointed in the soup, I judged it prudent to apply to the hotel people, who, lending themselves most amicably to my innocent subterfuge, prepared the onion soup, and procured at the nearest bazar a tureen and soup plate of "local color," in which our imperial visitor so greatly delighted. The illusion was perfect; the Empress found the soup excellent, and the dishes — which we had nicked a little — deliciously picturesque.

The Empress left Paris on the 30th of December for Marseilles, where her yacht awaited her. When, on New Year's morning, I presented my wishes for a long life, she seemed to be sadder and more preoccupied than usual.

"I too," she said, "wish happiness and health to you and yours." Then, with a sudden expression of infinite bitterness, "As for me, I have no confidence in the future."

I had received orders to meet the King and Queen of Saxony at Nice, and at San Remo I was obliged to take leave of the Empress and my pleasant traveling companions.

"Good-by for a short time, for I shall return to France," she said as I left her. And while the yacht's launch was carrying me ashore I gazed back at the figure leaning against the rail, standing out against the red sunset, until, little by little, it was lost in the distance and the night.

IV

Seven months had passed when I learned through the newspapers that the Empress had returned from her Mediterranean cruise, and was at Caux, a picturesque summer resort south of Montreux. I at once hastened to write, at a venture, to M. Barcker, her Greek Reader, to ask about her, and on the evening of September 9 I received M. Barcker's reply:

COUNTESS SZTARAY
WHO WAS WITH THE EMPRESS AT THE TIME OF HER ASSASSINATION

Caux, September 8, 1898.

My dear M. Paoli: I was very happy to receive your esteemed favor of the 6th instant, for which I heartily thank you. Her Majesty proposes to pass the month of September at Caux, but after that I do not know what Her Majesty will do. Her Majesty greets you cordially and charges me to say to you that she will be happy to see you here, in case business calls you to Geneva. Her Majesty intends to go to Nice (Cimiez), the first of December, and she hopes that the Ministry will attach you to her personal service.

I must thank you now for all the news you have given me concerning yourself. As for myself, I am very well, and enjoying our stay at Caux.

Her Majesty will go to Geneva to-morrow, where she expects to spend two days. Countess Sztaray accompanies Her Majesty to the Hotel Beau Rivage; General von Berzeviczy remains at Caux with me.

I do not know whether I have written you that the General has lately been created Field Marshal.

Begging you, dear M. Paoli, to greet your amiable son from me, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,
Frederic G. Barcker.

The Empress, M. Barcker said, was to spend forty-eight hours in Geneva. As I was on leave of absence, I determined to pay my respects to her, since she had so kindly expressed the wish to see me. The next morning I took the express train for Geneva. I had calculated that by arriving in the evening I still had a chance of finding the Empress at the Hotel Beau Rivage, but, if not, there was nothing to hinder my going to Caux the next day. There I should be sure of seeing her, and at the same time could grasp the hand of General von Berzeviczy and M. Barcker.

Arriving at the Geneva station, I observed an unusual stir on the platform. There were groups in animated discussion; consternation was on every face. Yet it all made little impression upon me, for I was in haste. I hailed a carriage and gave the order:

"To the Hotel Beau Rivage."

We had not gone twenty yards when the driver, turning, said:

"What a terrible crime!"

"What crime?"

"What! You don't know? The Empress has just been assassinated."

"Assassinated!"

Pale, terrified, I hardly heard the man's story. The Empress had been struck to the heart by the dagger of an Italian anarchist at the very moment when she was about to take the boat for Territet. She had sunk down upon the Mont Blanc quay. It was thought that she had merely fainted; they carried her to the deck of the boat, and when they looked at her, she was dead.

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AT THE TIME OF HER CORONATION AS QUEEN OF HUNGARY

Dead! It was true, it was indeed true, or else why this great, silent crowd motionless on Place Brunswick? It was innumerable, that crowd; it increased all through the night, gazing fixedly, unweariedly, upon the windows with closed blinds.

I sprang from the carriage at the door of the hotel, rushed into the hall,— thronged with people,— flew up the crowded staircase, and found myself in a corridor where English, German, Russian travelers, all with frightened faces, were crowding, anxious to see. Perceiving at last a servant,

"Countess Sztaray," I said.

"There," he answered, pointing to a half-open door.

I knocked, the door opened, and Countess Sztaray, greatly agitated, her eyes wet with tears, looked at me in distress; then, with a sob·

"Our poor Empress!"

"Where is she?"

"Come." And, taking me by the hand, she led me to the next room, General von Berzeviczy, who had just entered, going with us. She lay there, covered with a veil of white tulle, rigid and already cold. Her countenance, in the flickering light of two tall candles, showed no trace of suffering. A melancholy smile seemed still to stray around her pale, half-opened lips; two heavy braids of hair fell over her frail shoulders; her delicate features seemed emaciated; two purple shadows under her eyelashes gave emphasis to the fine outlines of her nose and the whiteness of her cheeks. She seemed to be sunk in peaceful, happy sleep. Her little hands were crossed over an ivory crucifix; half-withered roses, roses that she herself had gathered that very morning, and which she was holding in her arms when she received the mortal blow, were scattered around her feet.

I gazed long upon her. Before her dead body my self-possession left me; in spite of myself, tears rose to my eyes, and I wept like a child.

The Empress had stopped for the night at Geneva, intending to go on to Caux the next day. She had risen at five o'clock, and, after devoting a part of the morning to her correspondence, had taken a walk along the shady quays that border the Rhone. Returning to her hotel at one, she hastily drank a cup of milk, and then, accompanied by her lady of honor, Countess Sztaray, walked with rapid steps to the steamboat landing, intending to take the 1.40 boat for Territet. She was within two hundred yards of the foot-bridge connecting the boat with the Mont Blanc quay, when Luccheni rushed upon her, and, with a three-cornered file roughly fastened in a wooden handle, struck her a violent blow in the left side, breaking the fourth rib. Death was not instantaneous. She had

THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AS A GIRL
FROM A PORTRAIT GIVEN BY HER TO M. PAOLI

strength to walk to the boat. The weapon had pierced the left ventricle of the heart from top to bottom, passing entirely through the organ. But the blade was very thin and very sharp, and the effusion of blood had at first been almost imperceptible. The drops had oozed very slowly from the heart, and its activity was not disturbed so long as the pericardium into which they fell was not filled up. Thus it was that she was able to drag herself to the boat before she collapsed.

As she reached the deck, she swooned. Countess Sztaray, who thought her simply giddy from the effect of the blow,— for no one had seen the weapon in the assassin's hand,— tried to revive her with smelling-salts. In fact, she came to herself, uttered a few words, gave a long, surprised, bewildered gaze around her, then suddenly fell back, dead.

If the weapon had been left in the wound she might have lived much longer. The Duke de Berry, who was stabbed in precisely the same way as the empress, lived four hours, because Louvel had not drawn the poniard from the wound.

One may judge of the emotion. The boat at once returned to the wharf, and, as no bier was at hand, the body was wrapped in the sails of the vessel and carried on crossed oars to the hotel.

Had the Empress ever felt a presentiment of the dramatic death which a gypsy at Wiesbaden and a fortune-teller at Corfu had both predicted? Two singular incidents give some reason for supposing that she had. The evening before her departure, she had asked M. Barcker to read her a few chapters from a volume by Marion Crawford, entitled "Corleone," in which the author describes the abominable murder perpetrated by the Mafia in Sicily. While she was listening to the reading of these tragic incidents, a crow came and circled around her, attracted by the odor of some fruit she was eating. Much disturbed, she had vainly tried to drive him away, but he constantly came back, awakening all the echoes around with his croakings. Then she hastily left the place, for she knew that crows announce death whenever their ill-omened wings persist in flapping around a living person.

Countess Sztaray told me that, the very morning of the assassination, going, as usual, into the Empress' room to ask how she had passed the night, she had found the sovereign pale and depressed.

"I have had a strange feeling," she said. "I was awakened in the night by the moonlight which flooded the room, for they had forgotten to close the curtains. I saw the moon from my bed, and it seemed to be a human face looking at me and weeping. Is that a presentiment? I have an idea that some misfortune is coming upon me."

During the three days that preceded the removal of her mortal remains to Vienna, I remained near her, sharing with the little court the watch around her corpse. I went to see the assassin in his cell, and found a perfectly lucid creature who boasted of his crime as a heroic act. When I asked him what motive had induced him to choose for his victim a woman, and one who as far as possible kept aloof from politics and from the throne, who was so compassionate to the humble and afflicted, he replied:

"I took the first crowned head that came to hand, it made little difference which: I wanted to make a manifestation, and I have succeeded."

The body of the Empress began its journey to Austria without pomp, but surrounded by an immense and silent multitude. The Swiss Government had not had time to levy a regiment to pay her military honors, and that was best, for her escort was a sorrowful people, and her salute the church bells of every city and village through which her funeral train passed. And I am sure that this simple and poetic homage was precisely what her heart would have desired.

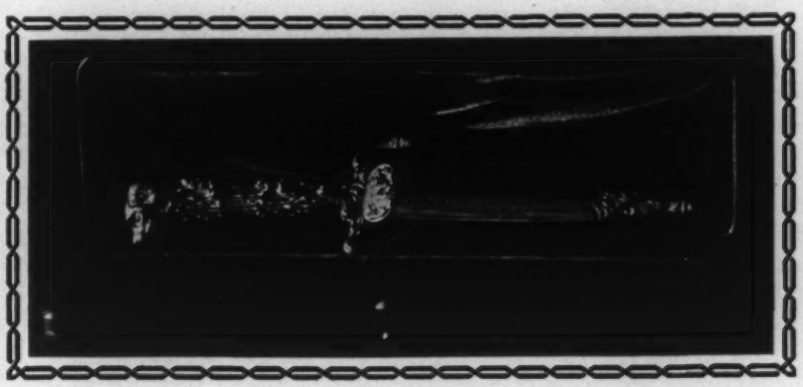
A few days after the tragedy, the Emperor Joseph deigned to recall the respectful attachment with which I had served her, and ordered the following despatch to be sent to me:

WEISSBURG, September 15.

His Majesty the Emperor, profoundly touched by your sincere service, recalls with deep emotion your devoted care of the late Empress, and thanks you again with all his heart.

PAAR
Aide-de-Camp General of His Majesty
the Emperor of Austria.

I also received from his daughters a hunting-knife of which their mother had been particularly fond. I keep it with pious care in my little museum; I sometimes look at it, and it recalls to me one of the most precious and touching memories of my life.



THE HUNTING-KNIFE SENT TO M. PAOLI BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH AFTER HER DEATH

[THE SECOND ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL DEAL WITH M. PAOLI'S RECOLLECTIONS OF KING ALPHONSO OF SPAIN]

"'WHAT'S THE MATTER WID THE LIGHT?'"

THE NEW ONE

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

IN the Casey kitchen, shrouded in the gloom of a late November afternoon, Midget and Mollie Casey were "playin' school" with Rachel and Rosie Rubovitz. It had been a sodden, rainy day, and the air was full of chill dampness. On the kitchen floor, and scarcely distinguishable from it in color, rolled Abey Rubovitz, the infant of the flock across the hall; and about him, in a nice, anxious, motherly way, toddled wee Annie Casey, "mindin'" him with all the superiority of her two and a half years.

One lid of the big cook-stove was off, and from the hole protruded a long piece of rotten sidewalk plank, evidently acquired by Johnny from some place where a new wooden walk was being laid, and as evidently *not* chopped by Johnny into stove-lengths, as directed by his Ma. In her mother's absence, Midget had replenished the fire with this stick, which she could neither break nor poke into the stove; and it stuck out, smoldering and giving forth a depressing odor.

The school was not going well. Mollie was "bein' teacher," and the Rubovitzes declared she gave Midget the littlest and easiest words and sums, to keep her at the head of the class—which, truth to tell, was a novel place for Midget. Protest against Mollie's despotic rule having failed, the Rubovitzes took another tack.

"Id's cold by your house," said Rachel, looking scornfully at the smoldering sidewalk.

"I bet yourn's colder," answered Mollie with

chill dignity, going to the stove and trying in vain to poke the plank in far enough to admit of the lid's going on.

"It aind't, iss it, Rachel?" Rosie chimed in shrilly. "Ve got two stoves goin'!"

"I niver seen 'em," said Mollie tauntingly.

"Ve joost a new von fer our frondt room got," cried Rachel, waxing in her excitement more Yiddish than usual.

Mollie and Midget looked at each other. There was sad, shamed silence for a second, but for a second only. Then, "We're goin' t' git wan fer our front room, too," said Mollie bravely.

"Ah, you ain' got no furn'ture by your frondt room," reminded Rosie.

"But we're fixin' t' git it — better'n yourn, too," answered Midget, coming to Mollie's rescue.

Rachel and Rosie didn't take any stock in what the Caseys were "fixin'" to do; the Caseys were always and always "fixin'" to do something and never doing it. But children think less of that than do other people; for are not they themselves always doing the same? So Rachel's retort passed this point by. "Anyway," she said, "ve ain' got no brudder by de bad boys' workhouse, like you got! An' my pa an' my ma says, s'posin' our Benny was like your Mikey, dey vould vish to be dead first."

"Our Mikey's all right, an' you can just l'ave 'im be!" cried Mollie angrily. "We'd ruther have 'im be in de bean-house than have him be a Sheeny!"

"Sure we would!" echoed Midget dutifully.

"Rachel," said Rosie, "ve should to go home."

"G'wan!" jeered Mollie, "that's like a Sheeny. Irish'd stay an' fight."

"Micks is cheap fightin' peoples, an' you got nodding! Jewss is fer peace und gettin' along. Come, Rosie." And snatching the astonished Abey off the floor, she took her leave, slamming the door behind her.

"I'll pay thim fer that — fer what they said about our Mikey," declared Mollie, ready to cry with rage.

"Ah," comforted Midget philosophically, "wot do we care wot Sheenies say? What I'm carin' 'bout is, will Aunt Maggie lind Ma a half a dollar to buy us some supper wid? Here she come now," she finished, as footsteps were heard outside the back door. But an instant later a loud knock on the door startled them both.

Mollie went to the door and opened it. When she saw who was there, an expression of frank disgust came over her shrewd little face. "Ma ain't to home," she said, without waiting for the man to speak.

The man viewed Mollie with no more favor than she eyed him with. "Well," he said insolently, "I ain't callin' on yer ma! Didn' she leave no money fer the stove?"

Mollie, who was holding the door only partly open and standing staunchly in the breach, cast one anxious look behind her as if to measure the chances of the stove's "bein' took" against her protest. "No," she said, "she didn'."

There was nothing apologetic in Mollie's tone or manner: rather was it resentful. The stove man was mad. "You haven' paid in three weeks," he said sharply, "an' my instructions is to git a paymint to-day er to git the stove."

Midget began to cry. "Shut up, you!" Mollie ordered, looking at her scathingly. Then she turned again to the man. "How kin we pay wot we ain't got?" she demanded of him.

"That's no business o' mine," he retorted. "My instructions is t' git ——"

"You said it wanst, an' wanst is enough," Mollie interrupted impudently.

"Mollie, don't sass 'im!" pleaded Midget, tugging fearfully at her belligerent sister's elbow.

The collector for a Blue Island Avenue emporium that sold furniture and stoves "be aisy paymints" had had a hard day: everywhere he went, tramping from back door to back door, up and down steep, dirty stairs, he had met with the same story — no work, no money. Some had entreated him; some had abused him. He was callous to both kinds of treatment, but he was not callous to what the boss would say when he got back to the store. He didn't believe all these people were as poor as they said they were. He believed they were lying to him. But lying to his boss wouldn't do him any good. He'd lose his job — that's what! "I bet," he charged angrily, "you got money in the house an' won't pay it!"

"We ain't," shrilled Mollie.

"Ixcipt th' insur'nce," put in Midget.

The collector knew all about the burial insurance of the poor — had, in fact, once been a collector of that, and often wished now that he was back at it: for the poor folk would pay their insurance money if they could pay anything at all, even if they had to starve to do it. "I told ye!" he cried, when Midget mentioned the insurance.

But Mollie's scorn knew no bounds. "I bet you'd take the buryin' money off of us," she almost sobbed, "an' l'ave us be buried be the county ——"

"You ain't needin' no fun'ral, that I kin see," the man answered unfeelingly. "An' 'twon't do you no good to have a fun'ral that you don' need an' lose a stove that you do need. You better gi' me them nickels you got laid by, an' mebbe

when I show 'em to the boss he'll leave you go another week before he takes the stove. Come, now, are you goin' t' give 'em to me, or ain't you?"

"We ain't!" said Mollie promptly.

"Then you kin tell yer Ma that I'll call to-morrer fer the las' time."

"To-morrer's Sunday," ventured Midget, catching gratefully at that saving straw.

"Well, then, Monday; an' if she don't pay then, I'll have the men here in an hour to take the stove." And with that he was gone, into the black November murk of the oozy yard and the narrow passageway.

Mollie made a saucy face after him when the door had closed, but it was the merest bravado; her poor little mouth was trembling pitifully at the corners. "I wish Ma'd come," she said forlornly, poking again at the smoldering sidewalk.

It was very black in the kitchen now, and Mollie felt her way to the sink and reached up for the lamp on the iron bracket. She struck a match, but the wick wouldn't light; she shook the glass lamp. "This's impty!" she said. "Git the oil-can, Midget."

Midget fetched the oil-can from the closet, shaking it as she came. "Not a drop," she said forlornly.

So Mollie lighted matches and hunted till she found a bit of candle; she had just set this, feebly flickering, on the kitchen table, when the back door opened and Dewey came in. Dewey had been christened William Francis, but rechristened, in deference to his warlike proclivities, after the hero of Manila Bay. In the dim light, the other children could see something with him, and, knowing Dewey of old, Mollie promptly asked, "Whose dog?"

"Mine," said Dewey, with a fine proprietary air.

"Wait till Pa see 'im!" reminded Mollie.

Dewey bridled. "I s'pose ye kin *hardly* wait!" he charged.

"I bet the dog'll l'ave of 'is own will when he see what kind of a place ye've brought 'im to," tittered Midget.

Dewey looked at the candle and at the sidewalk in the stove. "Wheer's Ma?" he said.

"Gone t' Aunt Maggie's t' see won' she lind 'er a half a dollar fer some supper," Mollie told him.

"I bet she don't," opined Dewey bitterly.

"I bet she don't neither," agreed Mollie.

And just then the door opened and Mary Casey came in. Four pairs of childish eyes turned to her in eager questioning. It was useless to ask, but a feeble little question slipped almost unaware from Midget. "Wouldn' she lind ye nothin'?" she said.

Mary was hanging up her shawl and "fascinator" on a hook near the door. "No," she said, and the children wondered to see her so dispirited. Mollie and Midget dreaded to tell her about the stove man.

"Was annybody here?" Mary Casey asked; she had gone at once to the fire and was overhauling it from its foundations.

Mollie looked at Midget and Midget looked at Mollie. "The Rubovitzes was here," said Midget. Then, by a divine intuition, Mollie added: "They made shame o' our Mikey——"

Mary Casey straightened up; her eyes flashed; dejection had gone in a twinkling before righteous ire. "Thim Sheenies!" she said wrathfully. "If thim little divils comes in here anny more, I'm goin' t' t'row water on thim — an' if I do, it'll be the first that iver r'ached thim, I'll bet!"

The children giggled. They enjoyed the thrust at the Rubovitzes, and they were relieved at their mother's return to her normal mood; they weren't used to her despondent.

When she had got the fire burning, Mary set on a saucepan half full of water, and went into the pantry and brought out a paper sack that was nearly empty; in it were about two cupfuls of yellow corn meal.

"Oh, Ma!" wailed the children in chorus. They hated corn-meal mush at any time, but they hated it for supper most of all.

"Well," she answered them patiently, "what kin I do? Unless we wait an' see will Ang'la Ann git home pritty soon an' bring her wages? But she may be havin' t' work late to-night——"

It was Mollie who was struck by a bright idea. "I know, Ma," she said. "L'ave us take the insur'nce money! He won' come fer it no more to-night, an' ye kin pay it back whin Ang'la Ann come home."

"Sure," cried Mary, brightening, "I niver t'ought o' that! Ye've the gran' hid on ye, Mollie Casey — ye take after yer Pa."

She carried the despised and rejected meal back into the pantry, and down from a high shelf she brought a handleless, noseless pitcher. "Thirty-five cints," she said, counting out the nickels. "Git a little oil——"

"An' a jelly roll!" cried Dewey.

"An' a lemon pie!" begged Midget.

"An' some fried eggs! An' some bologny!" Mollie entreated.

Mary smiled. "Thim nickels is not *rubber*," she said; "they won' stretch over no lemon pies an' fried eggs. But ye kin buy a jelly roll — git yisterday's, fer half price — an' some pitaties, an' two loaves o' bread fer a nickel——"

"Oh," Mollie begged, "can't we git it frish — jus' this wanst?"

Mary considered. "If ye do, ye won' have

"'ANOTHER DOG?' HE SAID. 'D'YE IXPICT HIM T' LAY, TOO?'"

enough fer bologny," she said. "Well, away wid ye, an' do the bist ye kin."

Happy, excited, arguing, the children started; but at the door Midget hung back, and when the other two had gone out, she closed the door after them and stood with her back against it, looking at her mother with distress in her big, dark eyes.

"What ails ye, child?" asked Mary.

Midget hesitated a moment. Then, "The man was here t' c'lect fer the stove," she said, "an' he's goin' t' take it off of us Monday unless we pay." And, with that, she opened the door quickly and went out after the others.

II

When Midget was gone, her mother stood staring into the gloom of the kitchen. On her face was an expression that Midget would not have understood. Darkness and cold and hunger were familiar to Mary Casey; familiar to her, too, was the threat of "being set out" for nonpayment of rent and having her "things took" for failure to meet payments which, somehow, were never "aisy" except in her buoyant mind at the exciting time of the purchase. She seldom gave way before any of these things; but to-night——

Her attention was attracted by wee Annie climbing toward the candle on the kitchen table. "No, no, darlin'!" she said, and caught the little thing, who had been a sickly baby and was "backward," up in her arms and held her tight. "No, no!" repeated Mary crooningly. With the child hugged to her breast, she sat down close by the threatened stove, where now the damp sidewalk was burning — smoking miserably, it is true, but giving out a little heat. Annie was cold, and the warmth of her mother's embrace was grateful, so she lay quiet. And presently something dropped on Annie's face — something warm and wet. Baby as she was, Annie knew; the first thing in this world we know is tears. She put up a little hand and touched her mother's rough cheek. "Pitty, pitty," she said; "nice, nice." Mary caught up the caressing baby hand and covered it with kisses. "Nobody know what ye mane t' yer Ma," she whispered to the baby; "no wan — not avin thim that's been mothers thimsilves, it seem."

The back door opened, and for an instant a man stood framed in the doorway; then he came inside and closed the door.

"What's the matter wid the light?" he said. He seemed cross at finding his home so dark.

"We've no oil," his wife replied.

Pa hung his hat on a peg by the door, took off his coat and shoes, and drew up a chair preparatory to putting his feet in the oven. "I'm goin' t' move out o' this shanty," he said in a disgusted tone, "an' git wan wheer there's gas."

"'Twould be all the same," his wife rejoined wearily; "the gas'd niver be paid — we'd always be gittin' it took off of us."

Pa said nothing. "Git anny work to-day?" Mary asked him presently.

"No; but a man's after tellin' me of a gran' job I kin get on Monda'."

"Monda'!" cried Mary bitterly. "To-morrer! It's been to-morrer, or Monda', or nixt wake, fer twinty years!"

"Stone-cuttin'," observed Pa gravely, "have been a bad trade fer twinty years. What wid this here new-fangled cimint, an' wid bosses imployin' scabs (which I c'd niver be, though I'd staarve!), 'tis a bad trade fer anny man."

Mary had been hearing this arraignment of the stone-cutting industry for twenty years. "Theer ain' no law," she said now, "compellin' ye t' cut stone er do nothin'."

Pa's tone as he replied was full of severity. "Stone-cuttin's me trade," he said with dignity, "an' I ain' got no caard to no other trade. You'd have me work at some trade I ain' got no caard to, I suppose? Well, I'll not be a darty scab fer anny wan! I got better pride ner that! 'Tis agin my princ'ples."

"Pride?" echoed Mary scornfully. "Seems a quare pride whin a man can't support his fam'ly because he's so proud — has t' l'ave thim take charity because he's so proud — has t' sind his childern t' work the minute they kin lie t' the law about their ages (an' git quare in the hid, like poor Mikey, gittin' th' paint-poisonin' in that wall-paper place whin he was elivin!) because he've such gran' princ'ples. Seem like a quare pride in a man that'll l'ave his wife go to her rilatives t' beg the loan of a half a dollar to buy supper fer his kids, an' not git it because her folks say they're tired o' feedin' her *loafer!* Quare pride in a man, I call that!"

Pa took this arraignment with a gentle resignation. "'Tain't in Maggie ner Pete Kavanagh t' understan' me an' my princ'ples," he said. "No, ner in you, nayther, I'm thinkin'. But I'm not su'prised. Min wid princ'ples has niver been understood by theer fam'lies — ner by the world. The world have always gone haard wid the best min — have always driven thim t' drink wid its onfeelin'ness."

"If ye're a sample o' thim, it was aisy drivin', I bet," was his wife's retort.

Pa smiled good-naturedly at this reference to his "failin'." "I wish some wan'd drive me up to a couple o' hot drinks right now," he said. "I'm that cold, I'm all rheumaticky."

"Ye'll be colder nixt wake," she hastened to tell him. "The man was here to-day t' take the stove — it's goin' Monda'."

"'Tis nothin' of the sort," assured Pa grandly. "Nixt wake I'm goin' t' pay the whole balance on the stove an' see 'bout gittin' wan for the parlie." And his tone was so confident, his manner so inspiring, that as he went on and on, unfolding to Mary what he meant to do "nixt wake," she fell once more into the easy hopefulness that had sustained her for twenty years. Providence develops in each of its creatures, great and small, those qualities that they most need to keep them alive; and in Mary Casey Providence had developed hope and patience—perhaps they are the same thing! Under the "hope-begettingness" of Pa's talk, Mary gradually lost her irony; and by and by, holding the sleeping child in her lap, she opened her heart to Pa about the tears that had been wee Annie's lullaby.

"I was to see Maggie to-day," she said, "an' she's tur-ble put out wid me, 'count o' the — the new wan. She wouldn' lind me no money t' buy supper, not avin whin I promised her I'd pay it back out o' Ang'la Ann's wages to-morrer. An' after I was theer, I wint over t' the charity place wheer they've helped us sometimes, t' see could the young lady that's there maybe help me t' git a few little clo'es. An' she says, 'I mus' say, Mrs. Casey,' she says, 'it's very discouragin'. You wid all the trouble you got — not able t' kape the sivin childern you got from starvin', an' a new wan comin' — I mus' say it's very discouragin'.' I dunno if she'll try t' do annythin' fer me — she seemed tur'ble provoked. Seem like everybody do be blamin' me, an' I'm sure whin I t'ink o' what it's comin' to, I ought t' be weepin' tears o' sorrer fer the poor little t'ing. But I got that foolish mother heart in me that kape singin' wid joy t' think how lovely it'll be to have a new wan to cuddle an' set store by. This'll be the tinth time I've known the feel o' thim little searchin' han's on me breast, but seem like I niver looked for'ard no more'n I do now to the t'rill of it. I don' git manny t'rills in my life—seem kind o' hard folks that has none o' the pains to bear should grudge me that wan!"

Pa was indignant. "I'll have none o' theer baby clo'es!" he cried, "an' none o' Maggie Kavanagh's advice! I intind t' raise this new wan mesilf! I ain' got a child yit that suit me,

but I'm goin' t' take a han' airly wid this new wan an' git him started right."

Mary ignored the implied fault with her training. The candle-light was very dim, and in it the grime and stubble on Pa's face showed hardly at all; and his voice had the same Irish sweetness it had had years before when Pa was not yet Pa, and had come to court her in her fine, comfortable home where she was "workin' out" — to woo her away with his soft words, and the look in his big blue eyes, and the dimples that played round his mouth when he smiled; with his glowing word-pictures of the "little home" he was going to make for her, with his blushing hints about the children that might some day be theirs, with the awkward caresses of his big stone-cutter's hands. She had gone gladly, full of sweet, fluttering hopes — gone from her comfortable "place" to a home that was "little" indeed, and that grew more and more squalid as each year went over their heads. And she had never been sorry for going — not even in the blackest hours of her children's want and her husband's insufficiency. Always something kept her from looking back regretfully — always something kept her expectant. Perhaps it was the memory — and the hope — of those tiny baby hands searching, groping toward her breast. Perhaps it was the memory — and the hope — of times like this, when her winsome Irish lad came back to her for a few tender moments. . . . She heard the footsteps of the returning children coming along the board walk, and as she rose to lay baby Annie on the bed, she stooped over and kissed Pa and whispered: "Ye're glad fer the new wan — ain't you, Patsy, b'y?"

"I am that," he answered her, holding her cheek for a moment close to his own, "an' I'm goin' t' do fine by 'im."

Then the door opened and the three children came trooping noisily in. They dumped their purchases on the table and began tearing open the packages. Mary took up the oil-can and was about to fill the lamp, when her glance fell on something Mollie was leading by a string. "Fer the love o' Hiven, what's that?" cried Mary.

Pridefully Mollie responded, "'Tis a hin."

"*Wheer'd* ye git it?"

"Off a b'y in the alley, fer tin cints; he said 'twas a fine *layer*, an' we t'ought it'd be gran' t' have frish iggs iv'ry day."

Mary was dubious, but she hadn't the heart to cloud the children's hopefulness. "Well, I

"'COME IN!' SAID PA. AND THE VISITOR CAME IN"

dunno," she said, "but ye kin try. What'd ye give up t' git it — the jelly roll?"

"No — the pitaties."

Mary laughed. "Fer the love of!" she cried; "ye can't live on bologny an' jelly roll an' a hin behint the stove."

"Well," said Mollie, with cheerful resignation, "we couldn' fin' that boy now no more, an' git the dime back."

"All right — I don' keer; ye kin tie up yer hin an' see what'll she do t' take the place o' pitaties."

It was while Mollie was tethering her sorry-looking fowl to a stove leg that Pa first noticed Dewey's dog. "Another dog?" he said. "D'ye ixpict him t' lay, too? Didn' I tell you I'm tired o' supportin' dogs? Maybe ye'll tell me ye bought him fer sausage?"

Pa's tone was scathing, and fearing harm to his pup, Dewey decided to offer him the cold hospitality of the back yard. "Here, Togo, Togo," he called sullenly.

"What's that?" cried Pa. "Togo? Togo? I'll have no dog in my house called Togo! Thim Jappynase is haythins — they belave nothin' at all."

"The Roosians is Sheenies," retorted Dewey, who waged a perennial war with the "Roosians" in the street and at school.

"Yer an ignyrammus!" said Pa. "The rale Roosians is Cath'lics, same's yersilf. These here Roosians on Hinry Strate was drove out o' Roosia fer *bein'* Sheenies — same's they ought t' be drove out o' iv'ry place."

"Well," muttered Dewey, "I can't call 'im no Roosian name, because I can't pernounce none of 'em."

"You can't, can't you?" Pa thundered wrathfully. "Very well, thin — ye kin call him an Amurican name, I guess. Jarge Washin'ton's a good enough name fer anny dog, I guess."

"Theer, theer," said Mary pacifically, cutting off a piece of bologna, "you take Jarge Washin'ton an' kape out o' the way a bit till yer Pa's offinded princ'ples kin raycover."

Dewey took the sausage, and was making for the door with "Jarge" when there came a rap upon it.

"Come in!" said Pa. And the visitor came in. He was a small, withered-looking, oldish man; his skin had a curious parchment look, and was almost the shade of his mode-color derby. He wore a brown plaid suit and a crimson crochet tie, and carried a book-agent's portfolio. The little man's movements were brisk, his manner was breezy.

"Good evening," he said as he came in, "good evening. Have I," bowing to Pa, "the honor to address Mr. Casey?"

Pa admitted that he had. "Won't ye come in?" he invited, and set a chair.

"Thank you, sir — thank you; I will! And is this your fine little family, Mr. Casey?"

"Part of 'em," said Pa; "the rist's not home yit."

"Well," said the agent, "I'm sure it's a family for any man to be proud of."

Pa shrugged. "Theer well enough, but theer's none o' thim as smart as I hoped they would be."

"Ah!" cried the little agent eagerly, "that's the proud, ambitious father, Mr. Casey. You aspire so high for them, it's hard for them to reach your fond expectations. That's just precisely why I called, Mr. Casey — just *pre*-cisely why I called. I know it's a little late for a business call, but I always like to catch the gentleman of the house when he's at home for supper. One of your children, Mr. Casey — this one, I think," laying his hand on Dewey's shoulder, "sent a postal to the publisher of our glorious paper, the *Daily Mercury*, answering an advertisement which said: 'Send a postal and get a book telling you how to obtain a grand education ——'"

"That ain' what it said!" objected Dewey. "It had a pitcher of battleships blowin' up, an' it said, 'Sind a postal an' git a book tellin' all about the Jappynase war.'"

"So it did!" chirped the agent, "so it did! I remember! One of the ads read just that way. Well, your fine boy, Mr. Casey, sent a postal, and our publisher says to me, says he: 'You'd better see that Mr. Casey and tell him about our wonderful offer. He's evidently a smart man, or he wouldn't have a boy like that. You see, Mr. Casey, we have a new Grand Universal Cyclopedia of World Knowledge, in twenty-seven volumes, giving complete, accurate, authoritative, up-to-date information on twenty-three thousand subjects. Think of it! Suppose you send your boy to a university, Mr. Casey. What does he get? At the most, four studies a year — sixteen studies in a four years' course — at the cost of hundreds of dollars — yes, thousands! Now, for fifty cents down, and fifty cents a week for one little year,— think of it! — we will give him an education in twenty-three thousand subjects!"

There was no mistaking the eager interest in Pa's face, and the agent took out his fountain-pen — for the joy of writing with which in the presence of his awe-struck family Pa would, had the agent but known it, have signed any paper that could have been presented to him. Pa reached for the pen, but Mary tugged at his elbow and whispered in his ear. Nodding to her to reassure her, Pa said to the agent: "Would

it be convanyent t' git the first paymint on Monda', sir?"

"Certainly, Mr. Casey — most certainly." Pa looked at Mary as if to shame her for her doubts, and began the laborious business of signing his name.

"There!" said the agent, when Pa's cramped fingers laid the pen carefully down again, "I hope these little ones appreciate what you have done for them! On Monday, Mr. Casey, the twenty-seven volumes become yours and your heirs' forever. Henceforth you have but to turn and Dewey, ignoring the girls, for whom he felt an "ixpinsive" education to be unnecessary. "Now," he said, "ye heard what th' agint said about th' Prisident. I niver see annythin' in ayther o' ye, much less in Mikey, that looked t' me like a buddin' Prisident; but I'm after buyin' this here ixpinsive education in the hopes that some day I may git a son that'll be like me, wid ambition t' have th' bist or none at all. Manewhile, though, you two can be learnin' off it. Soon's it git here, you, Johnny, will begin at wolume wan, page wan, an' I'arn ye a page

"PA HUNTED OUT A FOR JOHNNY AND M FOR DEWEY, AND SET THEM TO WORK"

to them to learn all you wish to know about, er — astronomy, Mr. Casey — about, er, geology — or theology — or about any one of twenty-three thousand subjects. Good evening to you all — delighted to have met you. I expect to hear of a future President Casey, rising to the highest office in the gift of the American people by his diligent perusal of the Great Universal Cyclopedia of World Knowledge. Good evening."

At mention of that future President, Pa shot a proud look at Mary, as if to see if she comprehended what he was doing for the New One. And after the agent was gone he laid down the law to his family. By that time Johnny had come in, and Pa addressed himself to Johnny iv'ry night, an' Dewey'll do the same——"

"It'll take about t'ree years to a wolume," said Johnny, who was pretty good at figures.

"An' I'll prob'bly die without knowin' the *ind!*" wailed Dewey; "I'll niver git past Pay an' Q!"

Pa's look of scorn was scathing. "O' course ye can't I'arn iv'rything!" he said. "Who'd wish t' live wid ye if ye *did?* I don't know iv'rything mesilf! But if you I'arn up to Pay an' Q time you die, ye'll be no slouch — which is more'n I kin say of ye now. But t' avin t'ings up a bit, Johnny kin begin at A an' I'arn t' *Im* [M], an' you kin begin at *Im* an' I'arn t' the *ind*. Then, betwane ye, whin ye're growed, ye'll know it all. 'Tis the gran' princ'ple av all labor t'

pick yer job an' stick to 't, an' not meddle wid no other felly's job whativer. An' in l'arnin', be all I hear, 'tis just the same. So 'tis you," to Johnny, "from A t' *Im*; an' Dewey from *Im* t' the ind o' the book."

"I don't ixpict thim t' do much at it," he told Mary later, when he had a chance, "but they might's well be l'arnin' what they kin off of it till the new wan git so he kin rade. They've got a start of him," he admitted, "but I bet he gits caught up wid thim before they know it."

And Mary hadn't the heart to spoil his enthusiasm by suggesting that the New One might be a girl.

III

Sure enough, Pa, spurred by pride in the new Cyclopedia, did get work on Monday; and when he came home at supper-time Monday night, there the twenty-seven volumes were, stacked upon the kitchen floor.

Out of Angela Ann's wages — three dollars and a half — Mary had restored the insurance nickels, seven of them, and paid fifty cents on the Cyclopedia, and with great difficulty managed to appease the stove collector for a few days with the payment of one dollar. Then there had been Sunday's food and a basket of coal, so that there was not much left, on Monday night, to face another week with. But when Pa came home and announced the "gran' job," which promised to be good for several weeks, the family spirits rose sky-high, and there was nothing to mar their enjoyment of the awe-inspiring new possession.

As soon as the supper dishes were cleared away, Pa set the glass lamp back in the middle of the table, hunted out A for Johnny and M for Dewey, and set them to work.

"Aw!" said Dewey, after a few moments of intense application, while his parents and sisters looked on admiringly, "this here's some furrin lang'widge." And he pointed to "Maas, an affluent of the Rhine," and "Maasin, a seaport of Leyte," and "Maass, a German classical philologist," and "Maassen, an Austrian jurist," and "Maastricht, a city of the Netherlands."

"Well, wot d'ye t'ink o' dis?" cried Johnny, inviting sympathy for himself as he struggled with "Aalborg, on the south shore of the Limfjord," and "Aard-vark, a burrowing, nocturnal, insect-eating mammal," and "Abacus, a calculating machine, occasionally employed to make the elementary operations of arithmetic palpable."

But Pa was inexorable. "'Most all l'arnin' is in furrin tongues," he said. "Sure, anny fool kin know English, but 'tis t' know what thim quare furrin words mane that fellies goes t' college."

On Saturday, when he got his week's pay, Pa bought a book-case, "be aisy paymints" — a "mahogany" book-case, smelling quite frankly of pine through its coats of sanguinary red paint, the tears of varnish trickling forlornly in places, as if in mortification at being so poor a sham. Two dollars had to go "down" for this; and thereafter the collector would call once in two weeks for a dollar more, until nine dollars and sixty-nine cents had been paid.

And that night they had fried eggs and lemon cream pie for supper; for had not Pa earned twenty-four dollars that week?

"Ye see," he said to Johnny and Dewey, when they went reluctantly to their "iducation," "what a man kin do whin he's a scholard. That's why I want youse t' try an' l'arn all ye kin, so ye won't have t' work fer no cheap wages whin yer growed. Fer 'tis much better t' work a day now an' thin fer four dollars, ner t' work iv'ry day fer a dollar an' a quarter — like an Eyetalian. Thim cheap Guineas has no standin'; but, wid me! theer ain' no better trade in the country ner what stone-cuttin' is!"

But after supper Pa went to O'Shaughanessy's saloon at the corner, to tell the men congregated there about the "iducation" he was providing for his boys, and before he came stumbling home a large hole had been made in his wages. And by and by, when the "iducation" got to be an old story, Pa lost his zest for work, and things lapsed, presently, into their more habitual state of pinching poverty.

When the New One came, there were no clothes for him, and a charity doctor ushered him into the cold world blanketed in a February fall of snow. But there was no lack of warmth in the welcome the New One got. The children acclaimed him rapturously, and even Angela Ann, who had been inclined to be bitterly resentful when she knew he was coming to add to her responsibility, softened at sight of him, and "took a-hold" like a real little mother to help Mary care for him. As for Pa! He could discern from the first, in the New One, abundant promise of all those high traits he hoped for, and he carried the mite to the book-case, adjuring him to "see the l'arnin' yer Pa have laid by fer ye"— this with scathing looks at Johnny and Dewey, who had long since abandoned the pursuit of scholarship.

When he was four days old the New One was christened. His aunt Maggie Kavanagh lent a dress for the occasion, and O'Shaughanessy contributed a bottle of wine to celebrate it. An older brother who had briefly borne his father's

"HE CARRIED THE MITE TO THE BOOK-CASE, ADJURING HIM TO 'SEE THE L'ARNIN' YER PA HAVE LAID BY FER YE'"

name was long since dead, and now the New One was to have it, and to do it honor. So Patrick he was christened, and Patsy he was called, but, alas! he was not long to be called anything, save in memory. For on the night after the christening poor little Patsy began to "wheeze" and to burn, and in two days he was gone whither he had but just come — dead of "ammonia on the lungs."

There are people in this world who seem to think it's comparatively easy to give up a little tiny baby you've only had a few days — especially if you have seven other children; but that's because they don't know how many hopes are builded about each New One, how many fair dreams die when the little New One slips away again. There were people who thought Patsy's coming and going was just a matter of "a baby more or less" to the Caseys; but it was much, much more than that. It seemed, somehow, that when he went, the promise of splendidly better things went, too.

And, what made the going harder still, there was no money to bury him with! "Me scrimpin' and pinchin' t' pay fer insur'nce all along," wept poor Mary, "an' whin I nade a fun'ral, 'tis fer the wan child that's not insured."

They owned a single grave in Calvary; in it were the two children that were dead these many years — little Mamie and little Patsy — and the law would allow them to put a third tiny body in with the others. But there was a coffin to be bought, and an interment fee to be paid, and somehow or other Patsy must be got to his burial.

Pa went to the priest who had christened Patsy, and told of Patsy's death. The priest was Irish — a big, kindly young fellow who had been a peasant boy in County Kerry and knew the sorrows of the poor. He went over to Henry Street an hour or two afterward, carrying a tiny white coffin in which he helped to lay Patsy; and out of the pockets of his overcoat the priest brought candles for Patsy's head and feet. They made a bier of two yellow-painted kitchen chairs, and laid Patsy in his little white coffin upon it, and lighted the tapers, and the other children knelt around Patsy, murmuring their

prayers for the repose of his soul. It was a picture — a great picture: the gloomy kitchen where the sunshine never came; the little bit of dazzling whiteness in the kitchen's shadows, that Patsy's coffin made; the tall tapers; the tear-drenched childish faces; the awe, the Mystery.

When he left, the priest said he would see what he could do about the funeral; and straight he went to another house in the Nineteenth Ward where also a son lay dead and many hopes were dead with him. It was the house of a powerful Irish politician and saloonkeeper, and the son was a young man nineteen years old and the pride of his father's heart — which was, after the queer fashion of human nature, no less tender because his conscience was full of callous spots. The priest told the saloonkeeper about Patsy, drew for him a sympathetic picture of the scene he had just left, and ——

"Sure, he can come along with my boy," said the Boss. "My boy was always one to share what he had when he was alive, an' I guess he'd be more'n glad to share his fun'ral — the last thing I can ever give him."

So, back to Henry Street the priest went, and told the Caseys that Patsy was to "come along" in the rich young man's funeral. If Pa would carry him over to the church in the morning, before ten, he was welcome to share in the requiem high mass, and the hundreds of tapers, and the loads and loads of flowers, and the grand, expensive singing. He was welcome, too, to ride to Calvary in the rich young man's hearse; and there'd be two carriages for the parents and children to ride in.

When Mary heard this, her tears flowed afresh. "Poor little Patsy!" she sobbed. "Seem like he was born t' be lucky, an' he died before he had a chance t' find it out."

There was one mark of respect she could show him, though — one manifestation of her grief she could afford to make: she sent Midget to Blue Island Avenue with twenty-five cents and instructions to invest it in "th' bist black dye." And into the wash-tub, on Midget's return, went the package of dye and several pails of water, and everything belonging to the Caseys that could, by any stretch of courtesy or the imagination, be called a garment.

All night the kitchen hung full of coats and skirts and capes and pinafores, all dripping, dripping, like Mary's slow, unceasing tears. And in the morning there issued from the Casey cellar a procession as sable-solemn as anything that Henry Street had ever seen.

It was a "gran', imprissive fun'ral" that little Patsy had. And when the Caseys were at home again, and the neighbors came crowding in to hear about it, the wash-tub, still half full of dye, was standing in the corner on the kitchen floor.

"If anny o' you," said Mary, indicating the tub, "'d like t' use some o' that, yer welcome. Patsy had a fine fun'ral lint 'im, an' I'm sure he'd be glad, in 'is turn, t' lind some o' his mournin'."

Which was how a considerable part of Henry Street may be said to have gone with the Caseys into mourning for Patsy.

The span between whence we come and whither we go is brief at best. And Patsy managed to bring with him a good deal of the tender glory of the place whence he came, and to take with him a great deal of new hope of the place whither he was gone. And, when all is said and done, what immortal spirit can, in its mortal span, do more than that for itself or for the rest of mortality?

APPARITIONS

BY

MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

WHICH oftener, on Helena's rock,
At midnight came, with phantom knock:
The field un-won — the cast-off Queen —
Which? — Waterloo or Josephine?

THE GALVANIZING OF OLAF LARSEN

BY

DAVID HENRY DAY

OLAF LARSEN was six feet four, and weighed two hundred and thirty-five pounds. When he moved, he reminded one of a derrick, a mogul locomotive, or a steam-shovel, both in the mighty sluggishness of his movements and in the utter absence of any apparent guiding force emanating from his own mind.

He had the stolid, insensate, stupid face of the human animal; with never a flash of intelligence illuminating it, even in moments of danger, when the dullest brains are galvanized into at least some semblance of activity.

Olaf was a deck-hand on the steamer *Marinesta*, a five-hundred-and-sixty-footer of the Cleveland Steamship Company, plying in the ore trade between Duluth and the lower lake ports. Before, he had been a north shore fisherman, and yet before that, he had helped his father haul his nets along the coast of Norway. But his utter lack of initiative and ability to think for himself had rendered his life as a fisherman an unprofitable one; and when, one day, the *Marinesta*, taking on a cargo of ore at Two Harbors, found herself short of hands, and the mate, making the round of the saloons, came upon Olaf and offered him the job, he had followed him to the boat, walking like some dumb animal at the mate's heels.

A month of work on the big freighter, and he was as much a part of her as her great triple-expansion engines, her steam winches and hoists, and he was fully as reliable and about as intelligent in his work as they.

He became known to the officers and crew as "the big Swede," although he had never been in Sweden. So quiet and unobtrusive was he that he seemed to make neither friends nor enemies. He did what he was told to do — no more, no less; and when it was done, he sat down and stolidly waited, like an engine with its throttle closed, until some one should move the levers that set him going again.

One cold, damp, foggy morning late in November, the *Marinesta* was lying at the great ore docks at Duluth, her hatches off and the ore thundering in red streams through the spouts into her hold.

Olaf was standing at the Number Eight hatch, manipulating one of the ropes that regulated the distribution of the ore in the hold.

On the opposite side of the open hatch, three men were doing, with evident exertion, the work that, alone and unaided, he was performing with ease. At the starboard rail the second mate stood, shouting directions that came to him faintly through the thunder of the falling ore.

The captain of the boat, with a party of men and a woman,— guests of the boat, evidently, — stopped to speak to the mate, and Olaf, noting the cessation of orders, looked up, and his eyes fell upon the woman.

Now, to Olaf all women were — well, just women — just as all men were simply men. He could see no difference in them, except that some were large and some were small, some were weak and some were strong.

But this woman — there was something different about her. He, who had never looked twice at a woman before, could not keep his eyes off this one.

As she laughed lightly at something the captain said to her, and passed on aft, he wanted to follow her, to look at her, to listen to the music of her voice when she laughed again. He had never heard a woman laugh like that before. It gave him a strange feeling inside which he could not define. At first he thought it might be hunger, until he remembered that it was still a long time till dinner.

The mate thundered an order to him to slack up his line, and he hauled it in with a vigor that almost pulled the three men on the opposite side into the open hatchway. A burst of profanity brought him to his senses, and he did better for a time; but always his thoughts were with the woman who had laughed.

That night he slept badly, waking many times, thinking he heard her laugh, and wondering if the sea would be too rough for her to come aft in the morning.

He was watching for her bright and early; and, sure enough, she made the trip aft, assisted

by both mates and a young man; and she and the young man went down into the engine-room, while the mates returned forward, for the sea was rising, and the decks were being swept by an occasional wave.

Olaf's duties occasionally took him to the engine-room, and always he stole a glance at her out of the corner of his sleepy eyes, as she chatted and laughed with the engineers, and watched the great engines as they rhythmically throbbed and whirled the great propeller.

Gradually the wind increased, and with it the sea. From the engine-room they could hear the waves as they thundered across the decks above. The second engineer climbed to the door and looked forward in time to see the second mate trying to make his way aft. He was going carefully along the lee rail, holding tightly to the life-lines as he went.

The boat rose on the crest of a wave, and, rolling to starboard, plunged her nose viciously into the trough of the sea, and a solid six-foot wall of water mounted her decks, and came roaring aft and to port.

The mate, glancing back over his shoulder, saw it coming, and sat down on the deck, with his feet braced firmly against the rail and both hands firmly gripping the life-line, his back to the wave, and his head drawn down grotesquely between his shoulders.

Another instant, and he was engulfed in the seething mass of water that swept across the deck and poured like a cataract over the rail.

The second engineer, standing breathless in the doorway, gave a cry of joy as he saw the mate emerge, wet and half choked, from his perilous position, and make his way back forward. Closing the door, the engineer descended to the engine-room, and went up to the chief, who was standing with his hand on the throttle, choking down the engines when they started to race as the propeller was lifted clear of the water by the gigantic seas.

"I rather guess nobody'll get for'ard — or aft, either — until this sea goes down," he said, with a half smile. "The mate just tried it, and he come within one of goin' over. Six feet of solid green water went over him, but he knew how to handle himself all right, an' he stayed."

The chief nodded silently and jammed the throttle shut with a vicious thrust of his arm as the engines started to race madly; then, as the screw took hold again, he pulled the lever out carefully, watching the engines as a trainer of wild animals watches a dangerous lion.

And still the storm increased in fury. The great boat pounded her way through the seas, reeling and staggering like a drunken sailor.

Gradually the conversation in the engine-room flagged, and the men's faces began to show the effect of the strain. They were listening to the sound of every wave that came aboard — listening for the crash of a broken hatchway, of a gangway giving way, for any one of the many noises that mean that something has gone wrong.

And so it came at last that there were but two faces among them all that showed no concern — the face of the woman, who still laughed as she clung to a stanchion in a vain effort to keep her balance, and the round, red face of Olaf, the big deck-hand, who listened only to hear her laugh, and to wonder dully at the strange hunger that still possessed him.

The second engineer again climbed to the door for a cautious look. A blinding whirl of wet, heavy snow came in. He muttered under his breath, "That's bad." The rest of the crew were silent.

Up forward, the captain, standing on the bridge, bellowed in the mate's ear:

"It's no use bucking into this thing any longer. She'll not stand it another hour. The second mate reports that the hatchway coamings are buckling, and once the hatches are off, she's done for in this sea. There's nothing for it but to turn and run for the harbor at Duluth."

"How about Two Harbors, sir?" said the mate. "It's nearer by twenty-four miles."

"We'd never find it in this blinding snow," replied the captain, as he gave the engineer the signal to "stand by." Then, as the answer came back, he said: "Besides, we could never get her into there with this wind on our beam. No, we'll make for Duluth; and if we can't find the canal, we'll lay her up on the sand on Minnesota Point. She won't hurt herself much there. It's the softest spot I know of — and the life-saving station right at hand. I'll venture to say that many a captain to-night is picking out that same spot in which to beach his boat when there's nothing else left for him to do."

The captain signaled the engineer "full speed ahead," called for the helm hard a-starboard, and the great boat swung slowly into the trough of the sea. Tons of water went over her as she came around. She went over on her beam ends until her keel was bare from stem to stern, and it seemed as though she must roll her masts and funnel out. The spray from the seas went over her funnel, and the captain and mate were almost swept from the bridge by the gigantic combers that curled high over their heads.

Gradually, however, the good boat swung, until at last she drove full before the storm, staggering, plunging, and pitching, but, for the moment at least, safe.

Back in the engine-room, the men heaved a sigh of relief as they felt the boat come about. Thus, for the balance of the day and far into the night they drove before the storm, the woman sitting on the floor of the engine-room, curled up on a pile of blankets the engineer had brought for her, her cheery laugh still ringing out occasionally, though she was getting very tired and sleepy. The men about dozed; the engines turned tirelessly, and the chief engineer almost automatically drew the throttle out and pushed it in, as the engines raced, or caught the pull of the propeller.

The bell of the *Marinesta* clanged harshly, and as every man's eyes instantly sought the dial, the indicator flashed to "full speed astern."

Like a flash the engineer reversed her, not even stopping to shut the throttle; and the great engines answered promptly, groaning and quivering under the strain.

Then came a grinding, rending crash, and every man was thrown from his feet. Hardly had the engineer scrambled back to his post when there came a dull, jarring sound from far astern; the engines stopped dead, and then, a moment later, started to race so madly that it seemed as though they would tear themselves from their bed-plates. They were running free, like a boy's humming top, with no check upon their tremendous energy.

The propeller was gone!

"The stuff's off, boys," said the engineer, jamming the throttle tightly shut, with a muttered curse. "There's nothin' more doin' in this end of the boat. The wheel's gone."

He signaled back to the bridge, "Engines disabled," and opened the port door of the engine-room. A gigantic wave rushed growlingly over the sill, almost sweeping the men from their feet before they could get the door closed and fastened. The engineer tried the starboard door cautiously. No water came in there: it was evidently the lee side. Only a wall of blackness could be seen, with a whirling mass of snow showing in the glare of light that streamed a few feet from the open door.

The boat pounded viciously on the rocks, rapidly settling by the stern. The firemen were beginning to come up the ladders, driven from their posts by the encroaching water. The engines would soon stop, and then they would be in darkness.

The stern of the boat began to work around a little, bringing her broadside to the sea. Windows began to crash in; doors gave way, bulging inward, and then bursting from their hinges with the mighty impact of the solid seas that came aboard.

The life-boats, hurled from their fastenings, splintered themselves against the deck-house, while the life-raft was ground to bits and disappeared, swallowed by the sea.

The men, with blanched faces, huddled about the woman, to give what protection they could against the force of the seas that ripped through the engine-room, filling it so that at times they stood waist-deep in water.

The woman no longer laughed, but clung quietly to the arm of the young man who had brought her aft that morning. Her face was white, yet she showed no fear, only hope and trust in those about her.

And now the snow, which so long had been wet and sticky, with dashes of rain and sleet, became powdery and dry as flour. Tiny icicles commenced to form along the casings of the doors and windows. The lights had gone out and they were in darkness.

The engineer spoke:

"We must get forward. If we stay here we'll freeze to death before morning."

"We can never make it," said a fireman, thinly clad in jumper and overalls, as he had come up from the furnaces below. "The sea must be running over her in a solid wall of water. No man could live in it. He'd be washed overboard by the first wave that struck him."

"It *can* be done," said the second engineer — "that is, if you know how. I saw the mate go through as bad a sea as this, this noon, and at least some of us can make it, but it'll take nerve to tackle it. I'll take the lead, and the rest of you that have got the nerve follow." He glanced out of the door. "The snow has quit for a spell, and we can see a little. We must make a dash between waves. They generally run in threes — the big ones. Keep your eyes on me, and when I drop to the deck, you all do the same. Sit down, put your feet against the rail, and grab the life-lines. Keep your head down and your back to the wave. Get down low, and hold on."

"But the woman, man — the woman!" There was agony in the voice. "How can she ever get across? No man can hold her and keep himself and her from going overboard." It was the chief engineer who spoke, and he gazed in pity at the woman, clinging trustingly to the man who, unused to the dangers of the water, could do nothing to help her, though one glance at his determined face was evidence enough that he would willingly die trying.

Then Olaf's sluggish brain awoke, and, for the first time in its history, evolved a plan of action.

"I tak care ov vomans, I tank," he said slowly. "I yust tie her to me close in front vit rope. I beeg strong mans. She is little vomans. I tank she don't bodder me none."

"Good!" exclaimed the second engineer, quickly cutting off a piece of heaving line. "Good boy, Olaf! It's a fighting chance; but you're the only man with strength enough to bring her through."

The line was made fast about the woman's waist; then, with about a foot of slack, it was passed about Olaf's gigantic chest and firmly secured.

"Now, then," said the second engineer, speaking to the woman, "when Olaf drops to the deck, he'll have to let go of you. Then you must put your arms around him and hang on like grim death. Don't try to breathe when the water comes over you; it will only last a minute, and then you will have plenty of time to get your breath before the next wave strikes you. Keep your head, and you will be all right. Be careful not to get your arms around Olaf's neck so as to choke him. He'll need all the breath he has, as it is." Then, speaking to Olaf: "Watch me, Olaf, and do just as I do. The rest of you fellows look out for yourselves. You'll die if you stay here; so it's up to you to get forward if you can."

Watching his chance, the second engineer waited until three waves had poured over the ship, and then, in the lull, he started carefully forward across the icy deck.

Olaf, with the woman clasped in his great arms, followed carefully behind him.

For fifty feet they went almost dry-shod, and it seemed as though the sea would stay its murderous hand and let them cross in safety. Then, with a mighty impact, a wave struck, and the deck heaved under them.

"Down!" shrieked the engineer, and Olaf, gripping the life-lines in a grasp of steel, sank to the deck, his feet planted firmly against the rail, his huge bulk bent over the woman, who clung to him desperately.

It seemed an eternity to the woman while the six-foot wall of water rolled over them, tearing and tugging at them in demoniac fury, like a wild beast at its prey. At last it passed, and Olaf, gathering the woman again in his arms, stood upright, dripping.

"Down! Down, you fool! There's more coming!" The second engineer's voice rose above the storm.

Obediently, Olaf resumed his position, while two more waves passed over them. And still he stayed.

When Olaf looked up, the second engineer was on his feet and beckoning him to follow. He got to his feet slowly, and followed on.

This time they made a good two hundred feet before they were caught again.

Once more three waves went over them, and again they rose to their feet. But, with a roar as of a thousand cataracts, a fourth tremendous sea, following closely on the heels of the third, mounted the weather-rail and rushed down upon them.

The engineer was quick, and dropped in time. Olaf, slower to act, was caught while on his feet, and, with the woman, swept over the side. Yet he had both hands on the life-lines, and he held on, while the sea whirled him straight out like a pennant in a breeze.

When the wave had passed, he drew himself up, "chinning" himself on the life-line, the woman dangling, a dead weight, at his waist.

Gasping, choking, strangling, they gained the deck, and, as he again gathered the woman in his arms, she put her face close up to his and kissed his rough cheek tenderly — and laughed!

And thus Olaf brought the woman through, just as the boat, with a report like the discharge of a siege gun, sheared the rivets from her plates, and broke in two amidships, leaving five poor fellows, who had not had the courage to try to get forward, to perish miserably on the fast-settling stern.

In the wheelman's room, huddled together, they found the rest of the crew. Here, at least, no solid water came aboard, although every sea sent the spray whirling through the windowless and doorless room, to freeze where it fell.

With numbed fingers the captain cut the rope that bound the woman to Olaf, and again she laughed as she said, her teeth chattering so that she could hardly form the words:

"I never was so attached to a man in all my life."

Olaf, not knowing what to say or do, and full of strange emotions which he could not understand, went out on the forward deck in the blinding spray and wash from the surf that was beating in a mad fury on the invisible shore.

The blackness of night was turning to the gray that precedes the dawn, and Olaf could make out indistinctly a wall of rock rising sheer above the boat — how far, he could not tell.

He went forward and peered over the rail.

Below him, he could faintly make out a shelving rock, and he could see that, when the waves receded, it was left bare, clear to the base of the cliff.

He was learning to think now. The woman's laugh had worked some miracle in his sluggish brain.

Picking up a coil of rope, he swung himself over the rail, held on until the rock showed bare, and then dropped. He fell on all fours, but got quickly to his feet and scrambled shoreward.

This much he knew: if but a single wave caught him, he would be dashed to pieces against

the rocks; and so, for the first time in his life, he hurried.

He felt the woman's soft, round arms about his neck, her warm breath on his cheek; he heard her musical laugh still in his ear; and so he clambered on, with a monstrous wave racing hungrily at his heels. It caught him just as he reached the foot of the cliff, and dashed him against it; but he dug his fingers in the crevices of the rocks and held on.

It was getting lighter now, and he thought he could see a way up the cliff, and carefully worked himself toward it, hanging on when a sea overtook him, and working his way slowly and painfully upward when the wave receded. His fingers were cut to the bone by the sharp rocks; his face was cut and bleeding where the sea had pounded him against the jagged face of the cliff: but he labored upward until at last, his great strength gone, he dropped exhausted on the level ground at the brow of the precipice.

Here he lay until a little of his strength came back to him, and then he leaned over and called to those below. But the roar of the storm whipped the words from his mouth and hurled them into space.

He picked up great boulders from the ground about him, and hurled them to the steel deck beneath where he stood; and at last the captain heard, and came out and looked up and saw him.

Olaf, weighting his line with a stone, let it down to the deck below, where a heavier line was attached, and, the woman coming first, he drew them all to safety.

When at last the captain, the last man to leave the ship, had been safely drawn to the top, the little crowd stood and looked down at the *Marinesta*, beating her brains out, like some insane thing, on the rocks below. From the great rent in her side, where the plates had parted, the water was gushing, dyed red, like a stream of blood, by the iron ore in her hold. It was as though she were bleeding her life away from a mortal wound: and so she was.

A tear mingled with the spray on the captain's cheek as he turned sadly away from his boat. "Does anybody know just where we are?" he inquired. No one spoke until he repeated the question.

Olaf looked about him in the rapidly growing light. It was snowing again; but Olaf knew the north shore as a man knows his own front hall, and it was but a few moments until he had located himself.

"I tank I go to Yonson's," he said briefly.

"How far?" asked the captain, as he beat his arms against his body to get a little feeling into them.

"'Bout half mile to Yonson's. Seventeen mile to Duloot," replied Olaf.

"Come, then," said the captain sharply; "let's be moving while we can. We'll freeze up solid if we stay here."

Many of the men were scarcely able to walk, the woman not at all; and again it fell to Olaf to pick her up in his arms and carry her the half mile to Johnson's cabin, where they found warmth and shelter, but almost no food, for Johnson was just getting ready to make his regular trip to Duluth for supplies when the storm came. But he welcomed them gladly to what he had, and his wife took the woman in charge, while the husband did what he could to thaw out the half-frozen men.

As Olaf, seated on a bench in one corner of the little room, was busily engaged in wrapping up his lacerated fingers in bits of old rags, a man left his place before the fire and came over and sat down on the bench beside him.

"Larsen," said the man kindly, laying his hand affectionately on Olaf's shoulder, "we owe our lives to your bravery and fearlessness."

"Oh, das ol right," said Olaf sheepishly, twisting the bandages clumsily about his bloody fingers.

"No, it isn't all right, Larsen. Nothing can make it all right. We can never pay the debt we owe you."

"Das ol right," repeated Olaf dully, still fumbling with the rags, and wishing the man would talk about something else.

"And my wife, Larsen — she would have been lost but for your strength and coolness. I could not have saved her — though God knows I would have tried. Only a man of your wonderful strength could have done what you did."

The man took a roll of water-soaked bills from his pocket and pressed them into Olaf's hands, saying:

"Take this, Larsen. It's nothing, God knows — but I feel as if I must do something to pay my debt to you. I feel ——"

A woman's laugh, weak but musical, interrupted him.

Olaf drew a bandaged hand tenderly across his cheek, where the woman had kissed him. Then he handed the money back.

"I ban paid," he said simply, rising to his feet and starting for the door. Then, turning to the captain, he said:

"I tank I go to Duloot now," and vanished in the storm.

THE STORY OF EUGENE AZEFF

AN UNMASKING OF RUSSIA'S SECRET POLICE SYSTEM

BY

DAVID SOSKICE

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRETS OF THE SCHLUESSELBURG"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH DRAWINGS BY F. VAN SLOAN AND WALTER JACK DUNCAN

SEVEN months ago M. Lopukhin, former Director of Police in the Russian Ministry of the Interior, was indicted on the charge of high treason for having betrayed to the Russian Revolutionary Party the fact that Eugene Azeff was an agent provocateur in the employ of the Russian police. Azeff had been for years one of the most aggressive of the Revolutionary leaders, and had the entire confidence of the Revolutionary Party. He had organized many of the most successful plots against the Government, had planned and managed the murder of Plehve and of the Grand Duke Sergius, the Tsar's own uncle.

During all this period of his activity as a Revolutionist, Azeff was actually in the employ of the Secret Police, and was respected by them as a man peculiarly successful in winning the confidence of the Socialists. He played one party against the other to further his personal ambitions. The greater the activity of the Revolutionists, the greater Azeff's value to the police. The more plots he could reveal to the Ministry of the Interior, the more valuable he was to the Government. Azeff simplified his business by first making the plots and then betraying them.

The agents provocateurs employed by the Secret Police are spies who are expected to win the confidence of the Revolutionists by professing to be of their political faith and by assisting them, up to a certain point, in their Revolutionary activities. Through these agents provocateurs the Government actually expends money for the purchase of bombs and dynamite which are supplied to Revolutionary societies. The agents provocateurs, by offering to furnish explosives and distribute Revolutionary literature, induce the Revolutionists to commit themselves. Azeff, however, took advantage of the opportunities of this disreputable calling to such an extent that it is difficult to say in which party he wrought the greater harm. He deliberately sacrificed the lives of some of the most prominent of the Government officials in order to furnish conclusive evidence against the Revolutionists who carried out his plots.

Azeff's principal activities came under the administrations of two Directors of Police: Lopukhin, and after him Ratchkovsky. In September, 1908, Lopukhin, then no longer connected with the police, admitted to Vladimir Burtzeff, a representative of the Revolutionary Party, that during his directorship Azeff was agent provocateur for the Secret Police. For this admission Lopukhin was tried for high treason, on the ground that he had rendered valuable assistance to the enemies of the State. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude and subsequent deportation for life. This sentence was afterward modified to life-long banishment in the Siberian village of Samodurofka.

By this sentence the Government admitted, not only that it employs such men as Azeff, but that the exposure of such a man amounts to an act of treason. Moreover, it must be inferred that ministers, and even members of the Tsar's own family, may be assassinated with the actual connivance of the agents of the Secret Police, in order that the perpetrators of the crime may be apprehended. This expensive method of bringing a few Revolutionists to justice presents no absurdity to a police department whose system is so largely made up of intrigue and compromises. The methods of the Russian police, like the character of Eugene Azeff himself, are almost incomprehensible to the American mind.—EDITOR.

EUGENE AZEFF

THE RUSSIAN SPY WHO FOR YEARS ACTED AS LEADER OF THE REVOLUTIONIST PARTY, WHILE TAKING PAY FROM THE SECRET POLICE

I

AN old friend of mine, a most honored leader of the Social Revolutionary Party, who has passed seventeen years of his life in Russian prisons and in exile, came one day to my house with two Russians, and introduced them to me.

"Ivan Nicholaevitch; Pavel Ivanovitch."

We shook hands, and I regarded my new acquaintances. Pavel Ivanovitch provoked little curiosity in me. He was an ordinary type of the Russian "Intellectual," with the face of an ascetic, bearing the traces of deep thought and many privations. The other was of an entirely different type, and during our conversation I observed his face intently.

"Why do you look at me like that?" he asked after a time, laughingly, with no sign of discomposure.

"I am thinking," I answered, also smiling, "what luck it is for a conspirator to have a face like yours. I should never take you for a Revolutionist. You are a typical stock-broker or bookmaker."

I had been warned by my friend that both these gentlemen were terrorists of the deepest dye. But, while Pavel Ivanovitch in every movement betrayed the conspirator, I could find in Ivan Nicholaevitch not the slightest suggestion of the man who stakes his life for his ideals. His stout, well-nourished, well-clad figure, short neck, and broad, round face, with its very thick and sensual lips, flat nose, and carefully cropped hair, gave him the appearance of that international type of professional financier that one meets upon every stock exchange in Europe. I tried in vain to find in his eyes that expression of *Weltschmerz*

so characteristic of the Russian idealist. They bore no expression at all. Protrudent, dark, filmy, they reflected as little of his mind as do those of a fish. And yet his narrow, low forehead and heavy jaws showed great strength of will and resolution, as well as insatiable instincts.

"Ivan Nicholaevitch" was the assumed name of this man, known only to a few picked and trusted people. His real name came prominently before the public some months ago. He was Eugene Phillipovitch Azeff, the great agent provocateur, the pillar for many years of Russian despotic rule, and at the same time one of the most trusted leaders of the bitterest enemy of that despotism, the Social Revolutionary Party.

Azeff's Training for His Career

Azeff's career is astonishing and unique. There are men who, through a spirit of adventure or ambition, have participated in revolutionary activity, and who, later on, when imprisoned and threatened with dire penalties, have become traitors to the cause, and even agents provocateurs, to buy their freedom. Others there are who, in the capacity of spies

NICHOLAS II., TSAR OF RUSSIA

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL, BROTHER OF THE TSAR

or agents provocateurs, track Revolutionists through sheer incapacity to earn their living by some honest method. Azeff belonged to neither of these categories. He was, so to say, born a traitor, ready furnished with the most precious and essential qualifications of a traitor.

The son of a tailor, Azeff was in the habit of inciting his schoolfellows in Rostof-on-the-Don to acts of insubordination, in order to denounce them afterward to the teachers. When a youth of twenty, he carefully weighed the chances of various careers in Russia, and chose that for which his nature was best fitted, and which justly seemed to him the most promising in Russia—that of agent provocateur.

He stole a few hundred pounds from his employer, forged the necessary diplomas, and went to Germany, where he entered a polytechnic as a student of engineering and electricity. It was there that he learned to the bottom the art of bomb-making, and obtained the grade of scientific engineer. It was in Germany also that Azeff first joined a Russian Revolutionary circle, in which he soon managed to obtain a prominent reputation.

Azeff was not an orator, still less a writer

BURTZEFF, THE EDITOR WHO UNMASKED AZEFF

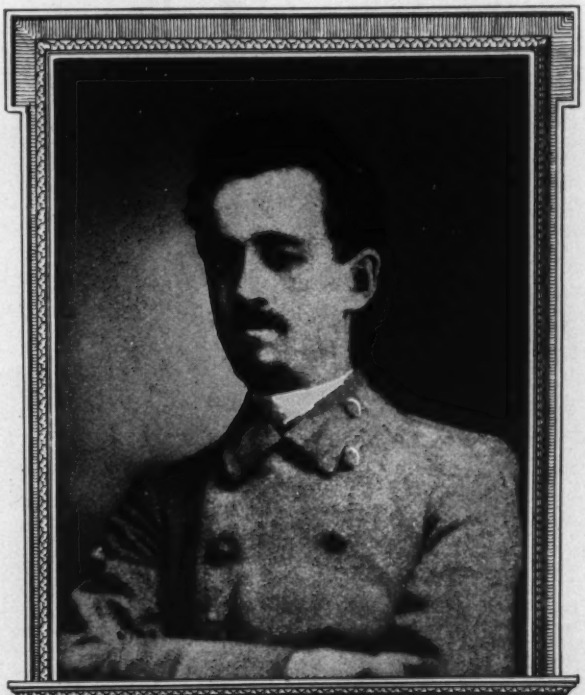
or theorist. In fact, only with the greatest difficulty could he explain on paper the course of his ideas. He spoke little, but his rare words were significant and to the point. Having finally decided the question of his career, he became, par excellence, a practical business man with a keen knowledge of human nature, indomitable persistence and will, and a rare gift of organization. Supplied with good references by his comrades, he went to Moscow and there joined the Social Revolutionists.

He was then already in close touch with Ratchkovsky, the omnipotent Chief of the Foreign Service of the Russian Political Police. Supplied with plenty of money by Ratchkovsky, and insured by him from arrest, Azeff, with the late Gershuni, a Revolutionist of the highest moral and intellectual type, visited the chief Revolutionary centers in Russia and abroad, and in 1902 they succeeded in uniting the various groups of the Social Revolutionary Party into one strong and well-organized body, which since then has carried on a dramatic and relentless struggle against Russian despotism.

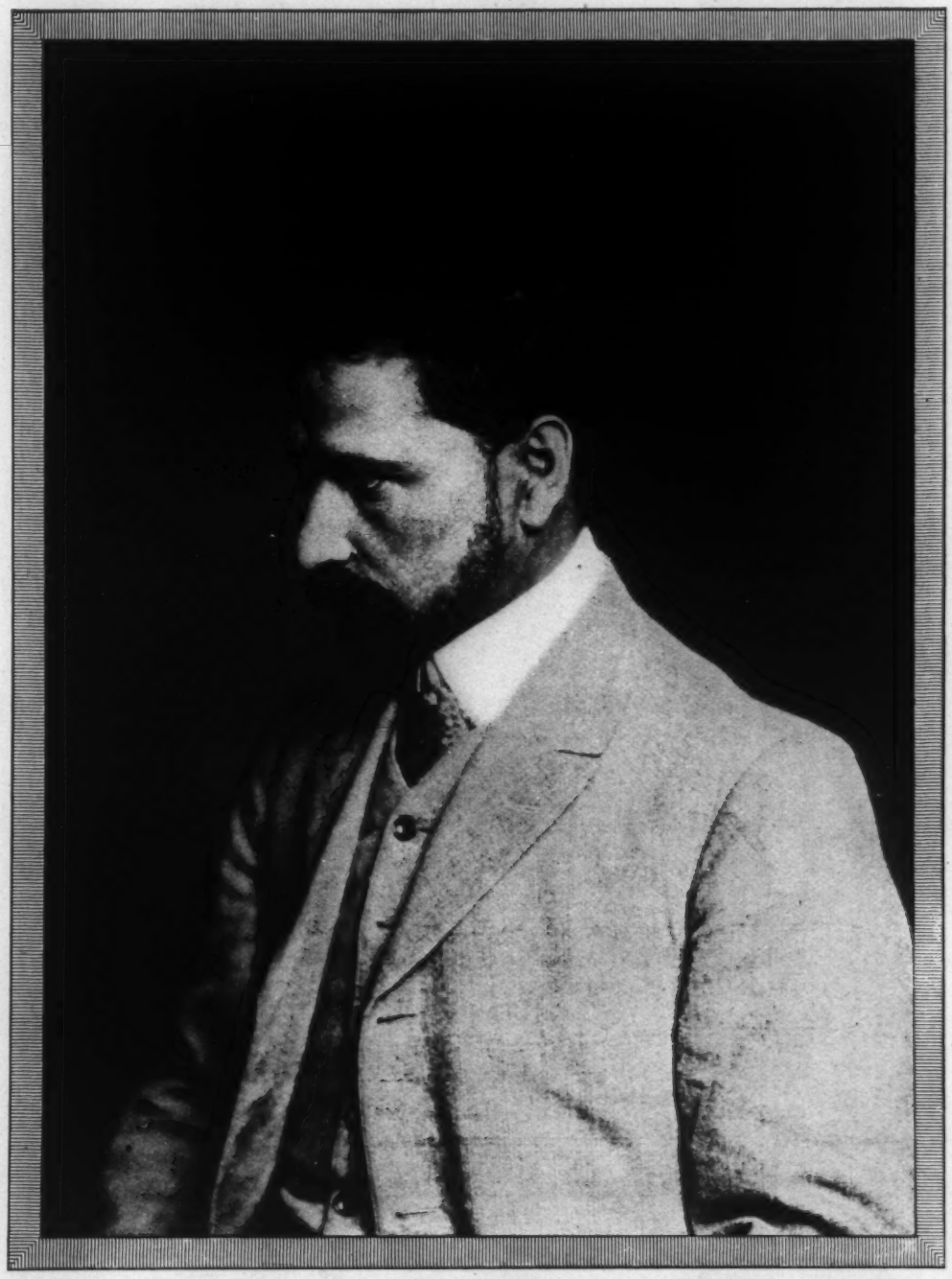
Azeff's Rapid Rise in the Revolutionary Party

During the last seven years of this struggle Azeff used intermittently the Social Revolutionary Party and the Secret Police as tools for the promotion of one end — his own career. From 1901 till the very end of 1908 Azeff took an active, often a leading part in every scheme of the Party. It would be erroneous to maintain that the Social Revolutionary Party would never have come into prominence without Azeff, or that it would not have achieved what it has achieved. Among the many thousands of its members can be found idealists ready for superhuman efforts of self-abnegation and sacrifice; and even now, after all the imprisonments and executions, there are plenty of leaders of the highest mental and moral capacities.

Yet Azeff contributed greatly to the Party's success. He perhaps beat the record in the slaying of tyrants. He was one of the leading organ-



SASSONOF, THE ASSASSIN OF VON PLEHVE



FATHER GAPON, THE "REVOLUTIONARY POPE"

WHO LED THE PEOPLE OF ST. PETERSBURG ON BLOODY SUNDAY, AND HEADED SOME OF THE MOST DARING PLOTS OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS, BUT LATER BECAME A POLICE SPY, WAS DENOUNCED BY AZEFF, AND WAS HANGED IN AN EMPTY HOUSE BY HIS FORMER COMRADES

ALEXANDRA FEODROVNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

THE ANTAGONISM OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS TOWARD THE TSARINA, AND THE FAVORITISM THAT SHE SHOWS IN BEHALF OF THE TSAR'S BROTHER, CAUSES THE TSARINA CONSTANTLY TO FEAR FOR THE LIFE OF HER LITTLE SON

izers in the murders of Bogdanovich, Plehve, the Grand Duke Sergius, and many others who were killed during those seven years. And for the last five years Azeff was actually the head of that terrible "Fighting Organization" which for a whole decade held the Tsar and his camarilla in awe and in practical captivity. His nearest Revolutionary comrades, who alone knew of his activity and who repeatedly followed him into battle, cherished toward him a deep affection and boundless confidence. How could they do otherwise, when he showed such marvelous ingenuity in the formation and execution of Revolutionary projects? His repulsive countenance was illuminated by a strangely attractive fire when he was anxious to convince or to impress, and his manners were so frank and simple that not only mere comradeship but real friendship bound them to him. In Paris and in Italy, where he passed a great part of his time with his wife and children, he lived simply and modestly, and was known as an exemplary husband and father. Azeff, who brought death upon so many youths and young girls, was himself a great lover of children.

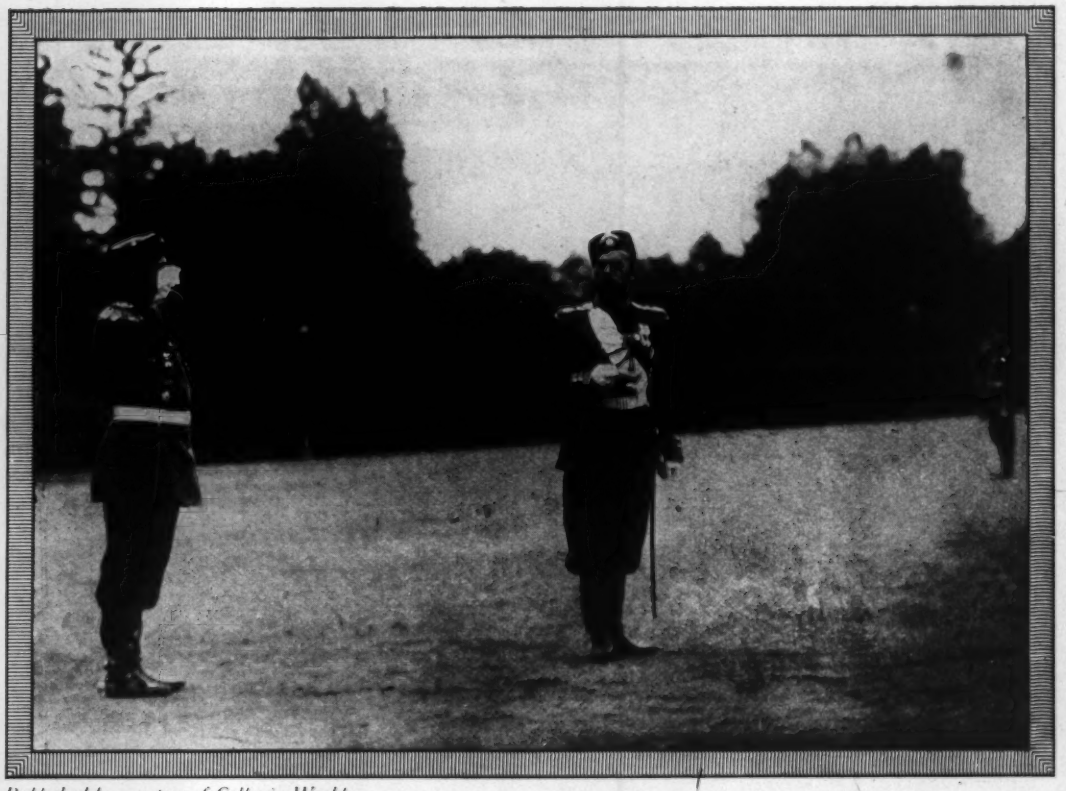
Such was Azeff as known until last November to his Revolutionary friends. And when irrefutable proofs of his treachery were brought forward, the members of the Central Committee could not believe their senses.

The List of Azeff's Betrayals

When the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party tried Azeff, it was in possession of a document proving that in 1902 Ratchkovsky, the head of the Foreign Service of Russian Political Police, wrote to the Department of Police asking for five hundred rubles which his "secret agent" must "subscribe to the funds of the Social Revolutionary Party." The famous Minister Durnovo, in answer, requested that the agent should visit him personally. The agent therefore visited Durnovo. It was Eugene Azeff. At the request of Durnovo, Azeff delivered to him the names of the members of the Central Committee of the Party. Other documents prove that Azeff at about the same time betrayed the existence of a secret printing press at Penza, and many arrests were made. He invented and realized a plan of smuggling the

MARIA FEODROVNA, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

WHOSE JEALOUSY OF HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, ALEXANDRA, HAS RESULTED IN AN ESTRANGEMENT BETWEEN THE TSAR AND HIS MOTHER, AND HAS LED TO THE LATTER'S PARTIZANSHIP OF HER YOUNGER SON, MICHAEL



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NICHOLAS II., "MOST HIGH"

AT THE LEFT IS GENERAL TREPOFF, THE TSAR'S BODY-GUARD, AGAINST WHOSE LIFE A PLOT WAS ORGANIZED BY THE REVOLUTIONISTS, BUT WAS BETRAYED BY AZEFF

literature of the Party into Russia in refrigerators of foreign make. And when this ingenious plan began to work successfully, he denounced it to the police, and many of the Party perished.

He then organized another method of smuggling literature by placing it in cleverly constructed double-bottomed oil-barrels. A special workshop was set up in London for the construction of these barrels, and a mock trading company for their importation was established in a Baltic port. Everything went on smoothly until Azeff denounced the scheme to the police.

The Russian police were scrupulously careful to follow up Azeff's denunciations in such a manner as to shield him from suspicion in the eyes of his Revolutionary companions. In the case of the oil-barrels, the manager of the trading company was suddenly arrested upon an entirely different charge having nothing to do with the smuggling of literature. The cargo of oil-barrels, therefore, for many months remained unclaimed, and only when the term for claiming them had passed were they sold by public auction, the police still feigning ignorance of their contents. A disguised agent of the Secret Police bought in the cargo, and some time later, as if by accident, found the literature hidden in them, and informed the police of his discovery. Then an inquiry was instituted, and various persons in Russia connected with the case were arrested. By such methods Azeff continued to escape suspicion.

In the beginning of 1904 a circle of Revolutionists, led by a young girl, Sophie Klichoglu, elaborated a plan for the destruction of the then dictator of Russia, Plehve. The group worked independently of the Fighting Organization, of which Azeff was the head. Azeff gave away the organizers of the attempt, and they were all arrested and perished.

Assassination of Plehve

A few months later Azeff himself elaborated a scheme for the blowing up of Plehve by bombs. He arranged the fabrication of the bombs and himself worked out the smallest details of the conspiracy. He personally directed the group of Revolutionists upon whom he imposed the task of watching Plehve's movements. He distributed the various functions, appointing Sassonof as first bomb-thrower,

Drawn by F. Van Sloan

PRINCE HILKOF, THE INTIMATE FRIEND OF TOLSTOY, WHO WAS BETRAYED BY AZEFF

while Sikorsky, Kalyaev, and Savinkov, the "Pavel Ivanovitch" I mentioned in the first part of this article, were to follow if the first bomb should fail.

The attempt took place on July 21, 1904. Sassonof and Kalyaev were stationed at their posts, both armed with their bombs, and waiting for the passing of Plehve's carriage. Azeff was awaiting the result of the attempt at Vilna, which is a few hours distant from St. Petersburg. An unexpected hitch in the traffic on this occasion stopped the Minister's carriage, and the bomb was not thrown for fear of injuring many innocent persons. Sassonof and Kalyaev immediately went to Vilna and, together with Azeff, deplored the failure, and decided to make another attempt on July 28, the day when Plehve would go to report to the Tsar. On July 28 the four Revolutionists were again upon the spot, while Azeff awaited news in Warsaw. This time Plehve was killed. But, apart from the two bomb-throwers, Sassonof and Sikorsky, who were taken on the spot, the participants in the plot escaped, and are safe at this moment, although they have since repeatedly visited Russia.

Assassination of the Tsar's Uncle

A few months later the Tsar's favorite uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, was killed by a bomb in broad daylight. In this event, also, Azeff, as head of the Fighting Organization, played a leading part. He elaborated every detail of the attempt several months before it actually took place. He appointed the above-mentioned Kalyaev and a young girl, Dora Brilliant, as bomb-throwers. He knew the assumed names under which they lived in Moscow, and was kept continually informed of their preparations. He even provided them with the dynamite. Kalyaev was ready at his post on the appointed day, when the Grand Duke's carriage was to pass by. But in the carriage beside the Grand Duke sat his wife, the Duchess Elizabeth, and Kalyaev did not wish to kill an innocent woman. Therefore the carriage was allowed

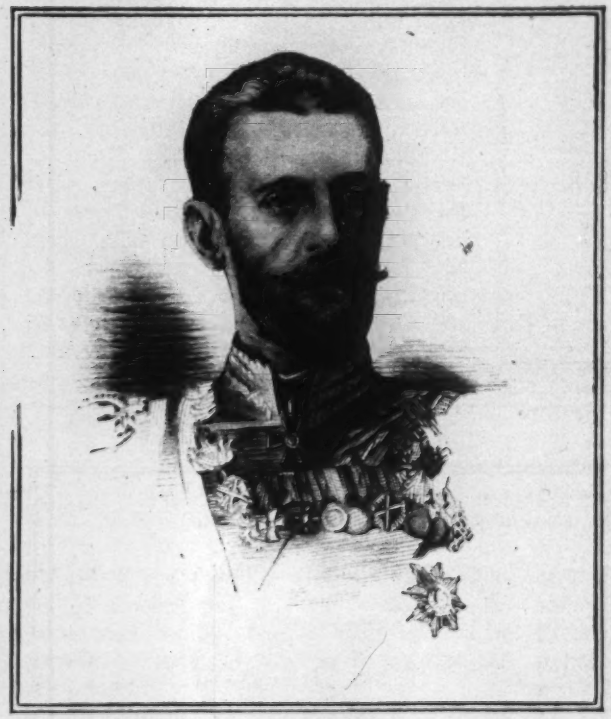
Drawn by F. Van Sloan

LOPUKHIN, LATE CHIEF OF POLICE, NOW EXILED TO SIBERIA FOR DENOUNCING AZEFF IN HIS DUAL RÔLE OF SPY AND REVOLUTIONIST

to pass unmolested. Several days elapsed before another opportunity occurred, and this time the Grand Duke fell. The assassinator was hanged, but the other participants escaped, as in the case of Plehve's murder.

Attempts upon the Lives of High Officials

Directly after the murder of Plehve, Azeff busied himself in sending denunciations to the police. He betrayed Prince Hilkof, the friend of Tolstoy, and several other Revolutionists with whom he was upon the most intimate terms. As a representative of the Social Revolutionists, he took part in a conference of all the opposition parties, held in Paris in 1904, and immediately sent to the then Director of Police, Lopukhin, the full report of the conference, which had been intrusted to him for transmission to the Revolutionists. He then returned to Russia, and there, guarded by agents of the Secret Police, traveled from town to town, participating in various Revolutionary conferences. Then followed a number of attempts, mostly unsuccessful, on the lives of high officials. In St. Petersburg an attempt was planned against General Trepoff, the bodyguard of the Tsar. This plot was clumsily organized, and was denounced by Azeff, who took no direct part in it. Ten persons, among them seven women, one of these a niece of Trepoff himself, were arrested and tried. Several attempts against the life of General Dubassoff were planned. They all failed, though in the last one, directed by Azeff personally, Dubassoff's lieutenant was killed. An unsuccessful attempt against Stolypin, made in May, 1906, was also organized by Azeff. He then left Russia, and declared to his Committee in Paris that bombs had ceased to be reliable weapons, and that new methods must be tried. He maintained that these new weapons could be nothing but dirigible aëroplanes, from which bombs, filled with a new explosive of terrific force, could be hurled down upon the Tsar's Palace and the governmental buildings, to wipe out the very nucleus of the hitherto invincible despotism.



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GRAND DUKE SERGIUS

UNCLE OF THE CZAR, KILLED BY A BOMB THROWN AT AZEFF'S INSTIGATION

Revolutionists Warned Against Azeff

Meanwhile, in August, 1905, one of the members of the St. Petersburg Committee of the Party received an anonymous letter in which a certain "Azyeff" and a former exile with the initial "T" were denounced as betraying the Party to the police.* It happened that when the letter arrived Azeff was in the room, together with the doctor to whom the letter was addressed, and his wife. The doctor opened the letter, and began to read it aloud. He was not aware of the real name of his guest, knowing him only as "Ivan Nicholaevitch." When he had finished reading the letter, he remarked musingly:

"I wonder who this 'Azyeff' can be."

"I am Azeff," declared Ivan Nicholaevitch.

They looked at him in astonishment. His face was deathly pale and distorted. The doctor and his wife embraced him, and with the greatest emotion endeavored to console him.

"Dear friend," they said, "don't be upset by these calumnies. They are the work of spies."

But Azeff said firmly:

"When such a letter comes, however trusted may be the person it accuses, it is the duty of the Party to make a thorough inquiry."

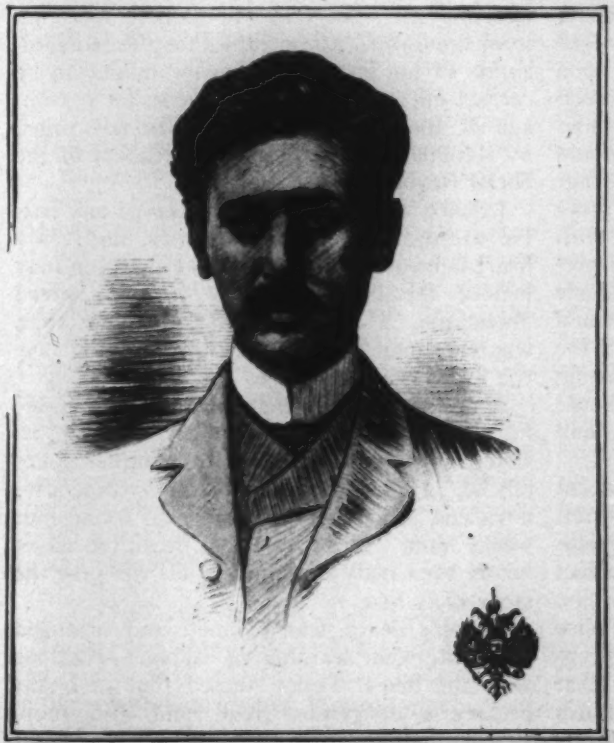
An inquiry was accordingly made, and a

* The author of this letter, as I now learn from private sources, was a colonel who bore a bitter grudge against Ratchkovsky, head of the Foreign Secret Police. Ratchkovsky was then enjoying great popularity and confidence at Court because of the many arrests he had made among Revolutionists. The colonel knew that all Ratchkovsky's information about Revolutionists came from Azeff, and that to expose Azeff's treachery to the Revolutionists would put a stop to Ratchkovsky's extraordinary success.

secret tribunal of the Revolutionary Party sat to try the case. Azeff furnished proofs that "T," who appeared to be Tatarov, had really, upon several occasions, betrayed Revolutionists. And in the end the trial was that of Tatarov, but not of Azeff. In vain Tatarov asserted that he was only the subordinate agent; that the real great traitor was Azeff himself. The judges would not hear these "ridiculous libels." Azeff, the fearless organizer of the murder of Plehve, that greatest of Russian tyrants! Azeff, the "eagle," who had slain the Grand Duke Sergius, Bogdanovich, and so many others! He was like the wife of Caesar,— above suspicion. Tatarov was condemned to death by the tribunal; Azeff himself was the first to sign the death-warrant, and arranged the execution. One of the greatest friends of Azeff, who had taken part in all his famous assassinations, the fearless Revolutionist "Pavel Ivanovitch," was sent by Azeff to Warsaw, where he called at Tatarov's rooms, and there stabbed Tatarov to death. The whereabouts of Tatarov was revealed to Azeff by his chief Ratchkovsky, the head of the Secret Police, who was probably only too glad to sacrifice the smaller fry in order to preserve the more valuable Azeff.

Drawn by F. Van Sloan

VON PLEHVE, AT ONE TIME DICTATOR OF RUSSIA, WHOSE ASSASSINATION, PLANNED BY AZEFF, GAVE THE LATTER THE COMPLETE CONFIDENCE OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS



Drawn by F. Van Sloan

STIFFTAR, A REVOLUTIONIST, BETRAYED AND CONVICTED ON NO FURTHER EVIDENCE THAN THE WORD OF AZEFF

A year later Azeff in a similar manner "removed" a man of far higher importance than himself — the famous "Revolutionary Pope," Father Gapon.

Father Gapon and the "John Grafton"

The world still remembers how the people of St. Petersburg were met on "Bloody Sunday," when, led by Gapon, they went to the Winter Palace to present their monster petition for mercy to the "Tsar — Little Father." Thousands of them were shot by the troops, and Gapon himself escaped with his life, thanks to the loyalty of an admirer of his, a certain engineer, Rutenberg.

Gapon fled abroad, burning with hatred toward the "venomous brood, the Tsar and his family," as he called them in a subsequent proclamation. Though he had formerly worked among

the laboring classes under the patronage of the police, he was, at this time, undoubtedly and absolutely sincere. He joined first the Social Democratic Party and afterward the Social Revolutionists, in order to organize an armed insurrection in St. Petersburg. But he soon had to leave both these parties; being of an autocratic disposition, he was unable to work on equal terms with other leaders. He then decided to organize a party of his own, to consist of the working classes, with himself as sole leader of unlimited powers. He was then staying with me in my London house, and kept me fully acquainted with all his movements.

A little group not belonging to the Social Revolutionary Party was just then engaged on the Continent in arming the celebrated gun-runner, the *John Grafton*. With astonishing skill, energy, and resourcefulness their leader armed the *John Grafton* with 17,000 Swiss military rifles, several thousand revolvers of the British military pattern, several tons of explosives, three machine-guns, a great quantity of Mausers, etc. Azeff, of course, was in the secret, and warmly supported the scheme. The gun-runner, according to the plan, was to rush the port of St. Petersburg, and to be met there by a few hundred armed workmen, who would overcome the resistance of the police, seize the *John Grafton*, and arm the picked crowd that would immediately gather upon the banks of the Neva. It was, however, necessary to assure the presence of a leader whom the population of St. Petersburg would obey. The Social Revolutionists knew that this leader could be none other than Father Gapon. An offer was therefore made, with the approval of Azeff, that Gapon should prepare beforehand the necessary body of reliable armed workmen in St. Petersburg, and should himself sail upon the *John Grafton* to lead the people. Gapon readily agreed, stipulating only that some concrete plan of action should be drawn up for him. This was done, and Gapon approved it.

I am not at liberty now to publish this document. Azeff, as I have said, was in the secret. The Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party later publicly admitted the fact of Azeff's participation in the *John Grafton* affair. Whether he informed the Secret Police of all the details of the conspiracy will probably never be known. The fact remains that the gun-runner arrived safely in Finnish waters, and would probably have made its way to St. Petersburg had not a storm arisen and wrecked it. The ship was lost, with some of its cargo; but the Finnish fishermen picked out of the water a great many cases in which were arms, hermetically sealed, so that thousands of Finns became possessed of excellent rifles. This fact, which in a greatly exaggerated form became known to the Russian Government, caused the Tsar in 1905 to grant to Finland all the concessions it demanded, for fear of an effective insurrection. Gapon saved his life by swimming, and after a short stay in Finland returned abroad again.

At that time political events in Russia began to develop with such lightning rapidity that Gapon, Azeff, and even the Revolutionary parties were left behind. The whole country had turned against the Government, and several million workmen arranged a general strike. The October Manifesto followed, together with the sanguinary "pogroms" arranged by Trepoff and the Black Hundred. Witte was then Premier.

Gapon's decline then began. He was temporarily carried away by the pleasures of lay life, and gradually became estranged from the Revolutionists, who lost every confidence in him.

Azeff Arranges Gapon's Death

When Gapon returned to Russia and found that the Revolutionists distrusted him, he entered into communication with Witte and Ratchkovsky, the Chief of Police, receiving from the former 30,000 rubles for the reorganization of his former workmen's unions, to be carried on, as before, under the secret patronage of the police, and being strongly urged by Ratchkovsky to betray the leaders of the Social Revolutionists.

I doubt whether he really betrayed any one. He wrote me a letter in which he said: "My heart is breaking at the thought that you may believe the libels that my enemies spread about me. I implore you to believe that, whatever may happen, I care for nothing save the welfare of the People."

A few weeks after that, on March 28, 1906, he was hanged in an empty house near St. Petersburg, which belonged to a former police official. He had evidently been overcome after a violent struggle. His body was found four weeks later. This mysterious death has never before been truly explained, and I will give the story of it here.

Gapon's death was planned and arranged by Azeff, who, learning of Gapon's relations with the Secret Police, feared that he might become a dangerous rival, and still more that he might discover Azeff's own connection with the police. Two things were of immense importance to Azeff: that the confidence reposed in him by the Social Revo-

lutionists should be in no way weakened, and that he should remain of first importance in the eyes of Ratchkovsky and the Secret Police. These two things being assured, his position in the world of conspiracy was practically omnipotent, and, needless to add, eminently lucrative. He had been informed by Ratchkovsky that Gapon had agreed to betray him — Azeff — and another leader of the Social Revolutionists for a large sum of money. Acting on the strength of this, in the spring of 1906 he prepared a fictitious plan and laid it before the Party. Informing the Party that he had heard that Gapon had promised to betray him and another to Ratchkovsky, he proposed that Ratchkovsky should be murdered. His real object was to rid himself of Gapon. But the suggestion to kill Ratchkovsky was, of course, calculated to strengthen his prestige with the Social Revolutionary Party.

In the meantime Gapon, with the object of keeping his promise to Ratchkovsky, had approached his old and formerly devoted friend, the engineer Rutenberg, offering him 50,000 rubles to help in the betrayal of Azeff and the other leader. Gapon evidently believed that his personal influence with Rutenberg, coupled with the great devotion that the latter had formerly felt toward him, would overcome his loyalty to the Social Revolutionary Party, of which he was a member. Rutenberg, inwardly indignant, affected to agree, and, bearing in mind the proposal of Azeff to murder Ratchkovsky, suggested that the details of Azeff's betrayal should be arranged in the presence of Ratchkovsky. A meeting was therefore planned between Gapon, Rutenberg, and Ratchkovsky. Azeff thereupon proposed that at this meeting both Gapon and Ratchkovsky should be killed. But on the day of the meeting Ratchkovsky failed to keep the appointment, and Gapon alone fell into the trap. Upon Gapon's body was found a visiting card of Ratchkovsky, excusing himself for non-appearance. Needless to say, the whole thing had been previously arranged between Azeff and Ratchkovsky. Azeff's prestige in the Party was increased both by his proposal to kill Ratchkovsky and by the latter's anxiety to apprehend him.

Plots Against the Tsar's Life

During the year 1906 Azeff worked hard for the police, obviously to improve his situation in the Okhranka (Secret Police), which, with the triumph of reaction, had again become omnipotent. He betrayed a great number of Revolutionists, among them Stifftar, Ronsky, Lieutenant Nikitenko, together with his comrades who were supposed to be plotting against the Tsar, Karl Trauberg and many others. There were absolutely no tangible proofs against them; but they were all court-martialed, and hanged or shot, on the bare word of Azeff. In February, 1908, a little group of men and women were induced by Azeff to attempt the life of the Minister of Justice, Scheglovitoff. At the critical moment they were all taken with bombs or other weapons in their hands, tried, and hanged. A person who saw them a few hours before their execution told me that they had not the slightest notion who had betrayed them.

But warnings of Azeff's rôle as agent provocateur became more and more frequent. They always came from agents of the Secret Police who were jealous of Azeff's influence, and therefore carried little weight with the Revolutionary Party. Nevertheless, Azeff evidently began to think it necessary to play a big trump to insure his position in the Party. He returned to St. Petersburg in February, 1908, after a long stay in Paris, and began to prepare an attempt against the life of the Tsar. During earlier years Azeff had always scornfully rejected any such suggestion. "It is impossible," he used to say; "the Tsar is inaccessible." He severely criticized every plan proposed by other members, and, thanks to his great authority as the slayer of Plehve, he always succeeded in defeating them. If one may believe the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who seems at times to be inspired by Ratchkovsky, there was an understanding between Azeff and the Secret Police that, whatever happened, the Tsar's person was to be inviolate. Be that as it may, I have good reasons for maintaining that at this time Azeff found it feasible to attempt the assassination of Nicholas II. Several attempts were arranged, and, though they failed, it was through no fault of Azeff. The police did not arrest the persons involved in these plots. The last attempt, of which Azeff had full knowledge, failed exclusively through want of firmness on the part of the person who was to be the actual perpetrator. Twice he had the Tsar entirely at his mercy, and twice his courage failed.*

Factions in the Tsar's Court and Family

Perhaps in time history will throw a searching light upon the part played by Ratchkovsky in

* During the sittings in Paris of the secret tribunal which tried Azeff, the details of one of the attempts were revealed by a member of the Fighting Organization; the names of the conspirators were given, all the plot was recounted, and the causes were related that prevented the success of the attempt. He made it perfectly clear that Azeff was the organizer of the plot, and that he did not denounce the conspirators.

Drawn by F. Van Sloan

PRINCE KROPOTKIN

A CELEBRATED REVOLUTIONIST, ONE OF THE TRIBUNAL THAT MET IN PARIS TO TRY AZEFF'S CASE

these latest attempts upon the life of the Tsar. I personally believe that Ratchkovsky was fully informed about them by Azeff, as he was of the contemplated murder of Plehve. Ratchkovsky had been for the last two years practically the head of the Secret Police in charge of the Tsar's personal safety. Though, officially, he is only one of Stolypin's secretaries, he really occupies an entirely independent position, being responsible only to the Tsar, and having the right to try personally any political case he chooses. Without Ratchkovsky the assassination of the Tsar could only have been unprofitable to Azeff, as Ratchkovsky, his patron, would have blamed him for allowing the Party to accomplish it. And only Ratchkovsky could have informed Azeff that there was a party at Court that would not be displeased by such an event.

The relations between the Empress Dowager, Maria Feodrovna, and the reigning Empress, Alexandra Feodrovna, are very unpleasant, as are those between Nicholas II. and his younger brother Michael. In old times Nicholas was the pet of his mother, the Dowager Empress, and her influence over him was supreme. But since his marriage she has gradually become estranged from him through the jealousy of the young Empress, who could not stand constant interference in her domestic affairs, and her mother-in-law's power over her husband. The incessant friction between the two royal ladies at last developed into open quarrels. When the young Empress at last had the good fortune to give birth to an heir, she definitely insisted upon the complete emancipation of Nicholas II. and the royal nursery from the tutelage of the Dowager Empress. When, after that, Maria Feodrovna visited the St. Petersburg "College for the Daughters of Noblemen," which is under her patronage, she did not hesitate, in the presence of the girls, bitterly to lament the fact that her daughter-in-law had forbidden her to play with her grandchildren.

Estrangement of Nicholas from His Mother

Thus Maria Feodrovna gradually transferred her maternal affections from Nicholas II. to her younger son, Michael. Her favor toward Michael and her grudge toward Nicholas were perhaps augmented by the exceedingly haughty manner in which Nicholas is wont to treat his brother Michael.

Though Nicholas II. is a narrow autocrat in heart and creed, and though he is not conspicuous for special gifts of intellect or appearance, or for personal charm, he is in many ways superior to his brother, who is actually dull-witted and spiteful. The exalted position of Nicholas fills his brother's heart with a jealousy he is not always able to conceal. Michael frequently criticizes the Emperor's policy toward the members of the Court, declaring that, were he in power, he would quickly apply such stringent measures as would stamp out the Revolution forever. This kind of talk agreeably tickles the extreme reactionaries at the Court, who know very well that in case of the death of Nicholas II., the heir presumptive being still an infant, Michael would become the Regent. During his Regency, who knows but what the infant heir presumptive might fall ill and die, from diphtheria or some other childish ailment?

So there is a party at the Court that would be highly contented to see Michael in the place of his brother Nicholas. The reigning Empress knows this very well, and constantly trembles for the life of her little son. As a result of this she has developed a veritable mania of persecution. Her fears were aroused

first over three years ago, by a sudden seizure of her son, which really seemed to be of a suspicious nature. During the last eighteen months she has suffered from several nervous breakdowns due to this constantly increasing fear.

Such is the position of affairs at the Court, well known to Ratchkovsky, who throughout his whole career has shown so great an inclination to fish in troubled waters. Who can tell what might have been, had Azeff continued in his dual rôle of terrorist and agent provocateur?

Azeff Unmasked

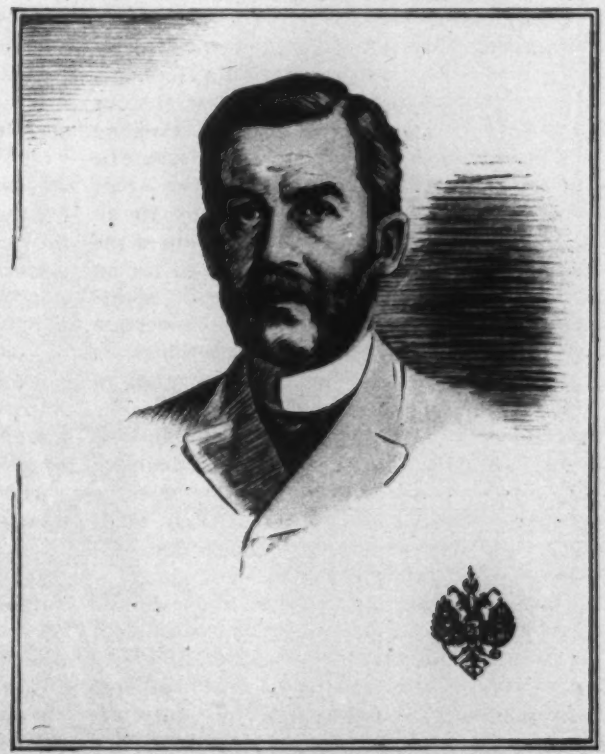
Toward the close of 1908 Vladimir Burtzeff, editor of the historical review *Byloe*, and a strong member of the Revolutionary Party, succeeded in gathering together conclusive evidence of Azeff's alliance with the police and his treachery to the Revolutionists. In September of that year Burtzeff, who was returning from the Rhine, accidentally met Lopukhin in the railway train between Cologne and Berlin. When Burtzeff entered the compartment in which Lopukhin was seated, he immediately began to talk to him about the proofs against Azeff, which were already in his hands. Lopukhin had been Director of Police under Plehve, and Burtzeff was determined to get from him an admission that Azeff had been in the employ of the police during his directorship. This was the final evidence against Azeff that he needed to present before the Central Committee of Revolutionists in Paris. He told M. Lopukhin that Azeff had become head of the Social Revolutionary Party after the arrest of Gershuni, and that in that capacity the choice of both victims and perpetrators of terroristic outrages rested with him. Azeff had organized the murders of the Grand Duke Sergius and M. Plehve, and also an attempt made on the Tsar's life in the summer of 1908.

M. Lopukhin was at first skeptical regarding Burtzeff's statements, but was eventually convinced of their accuracy. Burtzeff asked him whether he knew that Azeff was an agent of the Russian police, saying that he wanted the information for himself and not for communication to the Revolutionary tribunal. Burtzeff added that if M. Lopukhin gave a false denial he would be morally responsible for the future victims of terrorism and the hangman. M. Lopukhin thereupon gave Burtzeff an affirmative answer, but on the understanding that his name should not be mentioned before the Revolutionary tribunal without his receiving previous warning. He also urged that Azeff should not be "executed" in consequence of his denunciation. The interview then terminated.

Two months later—that is, November of 1908—Azeff came to see Lopukhin, and begged him to deny that he had said anything about his (Azeff's) connection with the police. M. Lopukhin, in reply, promised that he would not give evidence before any Revolutionary tribunal, but he refused to authorize Azeff to cite his name in his own justification, saying that if he did so, he (M. Lopukhin) would be compelled to speak the truth.

At the end of December a secret tribunal, composed of the three most famous members of the Revolutionary Party, Prince Kropotkin, Herman Lopatin, and Mme. Vera Figner, met in Paris to try Azeff's case.

M. Gerassimoff, Chief of the Secret Police, received a letter from Azeff informing him that he (Azeff) had been finally compromised by M. Lopukhin. He was irrevocably undone, owing to the visits paid by himself and



Drawn by F. Van Sloan

MINISTER DURNOVO
TO WHOM AZEFF MADE MANY OF HIS BETRAYALS

M. Gerassimoff to M. Lopukhin. M. Lopukhin had given the Revolutionaries an account of these visits—"our fatal error," Azeff called them. Azeff endeavored to prove an alibi, and with this object produced his alleged bill at a Berlin hotel. The attempt failed, however, owing to his inability to give an accurate description of the room in which he was supposed to have been staying. There was, therefore, no chance of his acquittal by the Revolutionary tribunal, and, with death facing him, he sought refuge in flight.

After Azeff's disappearance his wife, a faithful Revolutionist, still continued to believe in him. So did many of his old friends. It was only after Lopukhin was tried and sentenced for revealing Azeff's connections with the police that they were convinced that their friend and leader was a Government spy, whom the Government had thus avenged.

Lopukhin's trial occurred in May, seven months ago. The indictment against him charged Lopukhin with having furnished valuable information to the Revolutionists by betraying to them Azeff's connection with the Secret Police, and set forth an enumeration of Azeff's services. The Judge appointed to preside at Lopukhin's trial absolutely forbade either Lopukhin or his counsel to utter a word upon any point save the question, Did Lopukhin answer in the affirmative when asked by some political refugees whether or not Azeff was an agent provocateur? Lopukhin was anxious to prove that his only motive for revealing Azeff's rôle was one of pure patriotism, because he feared that the audacious activity of this agent provocateur was a menace, not only to all highly placed officials, but also to the life of the Tsar himself. But he was not allowed for an instant to touch upon the subject of agents provocateurs, or to hint at their connection with the Government, although these things are realities that threaten the very existence of the Russian Empire.

At the conclusion of his trial Lopukhin was allowed to address the court. He attempted to explain his motives in denouncing Azeff to the Revolutionists, but was continually interrupted by the court. Accordingly he said merely:

"I see I am not to be allowed to speak, and I therefore say these words in conclusion: It has been said that I was in coöperation with the Revolutionaries. That is a lie. My political opinions are well known. My duty was to rescue the victims of terroristic plots and save hundreds from the gallows. I affirm that even the Tsar's life was in danger, and that His Majesty would eventually have fallen a victim at Azeff's hands. Azeff was an agent provocateur. I could not be silent. You may judge and convict me, but I know I acted in the interests of humanity."

Burtzeff's Exposure of Harting

After the editor Vladimir Burtzeff had unmasked Azeff, he succeeded in exposing an equally dangerous man in Gekelman, alias Landesen, alias Harting. Harting's career is a typical product of the Secret Police, and its parallel could scarcely be found outside of Russia.

Harting's real name was Gekelman. In 1884 he was an agent provocateur in the service of the St. Petersburg police. In 1889, with the consent of Ratchkovsky and the Police Department, he provided the Russian refugees in Paris with bombs, inciting them to an attempt to murder the Tsar, then Alexander III. Harting then betrayed the whole company of Revolutionists whom he had drawn into this plot. They were tried in the French courts, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Harting was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, but he escaped back into Russia, where, under a new name, he received many rewards and decorations from the Russian Government for his valuable services as agent provocateur in Paris. This condemned criminal became a personal friend of Nicholas II., the son of Alexander III., and was charged, in 1896, with the special mission of safeguarding the Tsar during his visit to France. By gradual steps of promotion Harting became assistant chief of the Russian political police in Germany. At last he was provided with false documents by the Russian Government and appointed chief of the Russian political police in Paris. At the special request of the Tsar, he received the decoration of the *Legion d'Honneur*. Thus the responsible powers of Russia did not hesitate to place in Paris, as one of the most influential officials, a man actually condemned, twenty years before, to penal servitude in that very city.

Harting was appointed to safeguard the Tsar during his recent visit to Cherbourg, in France, in 1909, when Burtzeff sent an official letter to the French Minister of Justice, M. Briand (now Premier), formally denouncing Harting as the condemned convict, Gekelman-Landesen, and submitting proofs of his statement.

The American public has learned from the newspapers how Harting immediately disappeared from France, and how the Russian Government, unable to refute Burtzeff's revelations, formally promised to expel every member of the Secret Police from France.

Azeff and Harting in Hiding

The disappearance of both Azeff and Harting was shrouded in mystery. They seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. There were theories of suicide or flight to remote parts of Asia. But it seems that the Russian Government is looking after its own. Harting's whereabouts was discovered last July by the Russian writer, Komkov. Harting was then living in a house in the Italyanska Ulitza, in St. Petersburg, and whenever he went out was accompanied by a gendarme officer. Komkov succeeded at last in meeting Harting alone, and managed to get him into conversation. Harting believed Komkov, whom he had several times noticed watching his house, to be an agent of the Secret Police charged with his protection, and therefore spoke more or less frankly with him. He admitted that at one time he had called himself Landesen, and was a member of a circle of terrorists. He said that, in spite of his expulsion from France, the Government was pleased with him, and was not going to try him. On the contrary, he had received many expressions of gratitude, and a pension of five thousand rubles a year. When Komkov asked him whether he knew Azeff, he replied:

"I knew him well for many years. I knew that he had penetrated into the very heart of the Revolutionary Party, and had extensive connections there, and that he was very highly appreciated in St. Petersburg. He was my right hand."

"Is he now in Russia?" asked Komkov.

"Yes, he is in Russia, and in a good post," was the answer.

"What kind of a post?"

"That I cannot disclose," said Harting.

The Azeff-Lopukhin scandals thus came to nothing. They resulted in no reform of the fathomless corruption of the Secret Police.

The desire to preserve the old régime, autocratic bureaucracy, oppresses every branch of the Governmental activity—legislative, judicial, administrative, and military. Even upon the battle-field in Manchuria during the last war, an Okhranka was established among the soldiery, with unlimited secret powers, under the direction of a colonel of gendarmes, Vassileff, who was responsible, not to the field marshal or military authorities, but to his chief in St. Petersburg. The evils consequent upon this multiplicity of government are a standing danger even to the lives of the ministers and of the Tsar himself. Lopukhin may have saved the life of the Tsar by causing the fall of Azeff, but the Secret Police remains.

Any Chief of the Okhranka is at perfect liberty to make any plots he likes, or to provoke any number of political crimes; nobody but himself and his agent need be any the wiser. Every policeman, every gendarme, every political spy or agent provocateur, acts according to his own discretion. The civil and political police are filled with persons ejected from every other path of life as opprobrious characters. The participation of members of the secret and common police in various murders, robberies, and criminal plots has become of daily occurrence.

Russia, more than ever, is divided into two irreconcilable camps. On one side the nation, reduced temporarily to sullen silence by gallows and prison; on the other side the Court, the bureaucrats, and the greater landowners. And the wise man who will build the bridge between the camps has not, as yet, been born.

MACQUOID [*furious*]. GET ANOTHER DRAMATIC CRITIC. I'VE DONE WITH YOU. GOOD DAY

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS*

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

CHARACTERS

SIR CHARLES WORGAN, Newspaper Proprietor. } Brothers.
FRANCIS WORGAN, Wanderer. } Brothers.
JOHN WORGAN, Provincial Doctor. } Brothers.
SAUL KENDRICK, Manager of Worgans, Ltd.
HOLT ST. JOHN, Theatrical Manager.
SAMUEL CLELAND, His Stage Manager.
SIMON MACQUOID, Dramatic Critic.
JAMES BRINDLEY, Earthenware Manufacturer.
EDWARD BRINDLEY, His Son.
PAGE-BOY.
EMILY VERNON, Widow.
MRS. CLELAND (Henrietta Blackwood).
ANNIE WORGAN, Wife of John Worgan.
MRS. WORGAN, Mother of the Worgans.
MRS. DOWNES.
SERVANT at John Worgan's.

TIME: To-day.

ACT I

NOTES ON CHARACTERS IN THIS ACT

SIR CHARLES WORGAN.—Brusque. Accustomed to power. With rare flashes of humour and of charm. Well dressed, but not too carefully. Strong frame. Decided gestures. Age 40.

FRANCIS WORGAN.—A traveller, a philosopher, and something of a dilettante; rather afraid of coming to grips with life. Very well dressed, but with a touch of the unusual—for example, a quite fashionable collar with a soft necktie tied in a rather obtrusive bow. Talks quietly. Always punctiliously polite. Age 41.

SAUL KENDRICK.—Gross, stoutish, sporting. Dressed correctly, but without taste. Loud. His cigar is several sizes too large. His gestures are vulgar. Not gentlemanly, though by fits and starts he seems to remember that he is a gentleman. Age 50.

EMILY VERNON.—Beautiful; but conscious that her youth is passing. Charming. Her moods change rapidly. She is dressed with distinguished taste, but not expensively. Her face is sad when she isn't alert. She has been through sorrow and through hard times. Age 29.

SIMON MACQUOID.—The only thing to note is that he is angry throughout his scene. Age 45.

Private office of SIR CHARLES WORGAN. *Doors* R., L., *and back centre. Utmost possible richness of office furniture. Grand central desk, with dictaphone and telephone. Side tables, full of papers, correspondence, etc. Large date-calendar prominent. A red disk showing on wall at back. General air of orderliness and great activity.* SIR CHARLES WORGAN *and* KENDRICK *are opposite each other at central desk, with two piles of assorted magazines and journals on the desk.* KENDRICK *is smoking a large cigar. Time, afternoon, November.*

KENDRICK. Now, then, there's this confounded *Sabbath Chimes!* [*picking up a periodical from the pile at his left hand*].

SIR C. Well, what's it doing?

KENDRICK [*referring to a list of figures*]. Eighteen thousand.

SIR C. It's dropping, then.

KENDRICK. Dropping? I should say it was! But it never was any real good. We bought it for a song and——

SIR C. [*interrupting him sharply*]. That's no reason! We bought the *Evening Courier* when its shares were at sixpence, and now it's earning a thousand pounds a week.

*See page 326.

KENDRICK. Yes, but the *Courier* isn't religious. You wouldn't call a halfpenny evening paper exactly religious, would you?

SIR C. What's that got to do with it? Do you mean to say there isn't a religious public?

KENDRICK. I've never met it [*flicking ash off his cigar*].

SIR C. [*very slightly nettled*]. Now look here, Kendrick, we don't want to waste time in facetiousness. We still have quite twenty papers to go through [*fingering pile*].

KENDRICK [*very slightly more deferential*]. I'm not joking, Sir Charles. What I say is, there are two things that are absolutely U.P. in this country: one is limericks and the other is religion.

SIR C. That be damned! No one ever expected limericks to last; but let me tell you there's a lot of money in religion yet. [KENDRICK *shrugs his shoulders.*] Let's have a squint at *Chimes* [*he turns the pages over*]. Hm! No! It isn't crisp enough. I ask you — does it look snappy? . . . [*Reading from it in a startled tone.*] "Problems of the Day: Are we growing less spiritual?" [*Angry.*] Great heavens! Whose idiotic notion was that?

KENDRICK. Haliburton's.

SIR C. Well, that really is a bit too thick! You know, seriously, you ought to keep an eye on things better than that.

KENDRICK [*hurt*]. I've been giving all my time to the sporting department. Think of the trouble I've had with the *Billiard Ball* alone, to say nothing of putting the *Racecourse* on its legs. I can't attend to everything, Sir Charles.

SIR C. [*still fuming*]. "Are we growing less spiritual?" As if anybody cared a tuppenny curse whether we are growing less spiritual or not! No wonder the thing's dropping! What does the Reverend Mr. Haliburton get?

KENDRICK. Fifty pounds a month.

SIR C. Does he imagine he's going to earn fifty pounds a month *here* by asking the British public if it's growing less spiritual? Sack the fool. Where did you pick him up?

KENDRICK. Religious Tract Society. Fished him out myself.

SIR C. Well, you'd better return him with thanks.

KENDRICK. That's all very fine. Where shall we find some one to take his place? It isn't the first starving curate that comes along who will be able to run Haliburton's department. He's a worker.

SIR C. What's the good of his being a worker if he's never got the hang of our style? [*Holding out periodical.*] Look at it!

KENDRICK. I'm not defending him. I'm only saying that to find ideas for *Sabbath Chimes, The Sunday Comrade, The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Record, Sunday Tales, The Sunday School Teacher's Friend,* and *Golden Words* is none so much of a blooming picnic. I wouldn't like to have to do it myself.

SIR C. [*less angry, persuasively*]. All right; as you please. You're responsible. But wake him up.

KENDRICK. Why can't *you* give him a lead, Sir Charles?

SIR C. Me! You know perfectly well I have all I can do for at least a couple of months, shoving the *Mercury.*

KENDRICK. I was forgetting that for the moment.

SIR C. It must not be forgotten even for a moment that the *Daily Mercury* is the leading line of this company. It must also not be forgotten that the circulation of the *Mercury must* touch a million before the Annual Meeting — even if the country has to go to war for it. No, my boy; you've done wonders in the sporting department; and I'm sure you can do wonders in the religious department, once you really give your mind to it. [*Voices outside the door, back.*]

KENDRICK. It doesn't seem to come so natural.

SIR C. Oh, nonsense! The first thing you have to do is to make Haliburton understand what snap is. Take him out to lunch. Pour it into him. And tell him, from me, that if every one of those papers doesn't show a satisfactory profit in six months' time he will be at liberty to go into the mission field, and the farther off the better. Of course that "Are we growing less spiritual?" rubbish must be stopped in the next number. [*Turning casually.*] What's going on outside?

KENDRICK [*ignoring the question*]. Yes, and supposing he asks me what's to take its place?

SIR C. It's his business to find out [*handing paper to* KENDRICK].

KENDRICK. But what *sort* of thing?

SIR C. Well, now. Here's a good idea. What's the series called?

KENDRICK. "Problems of the Day."

SIR C. What about this, then: "Ought curates to receive presents from lady parishioners?"

KENDRICK [*enthusiastic*]. By Jove! That's a great idea, that is! I wish you had a bit more time to spare, Sir Charles. [*Nods his head approvingly.*]

SIR C. [*pleased with himself*]. That ought to give him a start, anyhow.

FRANCIS WORGAN [*off*]. Open that door, or you are a doomed boy. This dagger is tipped with a deadly poison.

SIR C. What in the name of —— [*Goes quietly to door, back, and opens it. The figures of*

FRANCIS WORGAN *and* PAGE-BOY *are seen. A slight pause.*]

FRANCIS [*entering, a sword-cane in his hand, very quietly*]. How d'ye do, Charlie? [*A pause.*]

SIR C. How do, Frank? [*They shake hands.*] Excuse me, will you, Kendrick?

KENDRICK. Certainly, Sir Charles. [*Exit* KENDRICK R. PAGE-BOY *closes the door from outside.*]

FRANCIS. Well, Charlie, I sympathise with you. I feel just the same as you do — very nervous.

SIR C. Nervous? What about?

FRANCIS [*shutting up the sword-cane*]. About my demeanour. How ought brothers to behave who haven't seen each other for nineteen years?

SIR C. I perceive you aren't altered. [*They sit.*]

FRANCIS. That's a hard thing to say. While I was waiting in your waiting-room I saw, in a magazine called *Golden Words*, under the heading "Pregnant Utterances of the Month": "We should all strive to do a little better every day.—Archbishop of Canterbury." That is what I've been doing for nineteen years — and you tell me I haven't altered!

SIR C. You know what I mean. I mean that you still make people wonder what the devil you will say next.

FRANCIS. *You've* altered, anyhow. You couldn't have said anything as clever as that nineteen years ago.

SIR C. [*pleased*]. Think so? [*Pause.*]

FRANCIS. However, physically you're astoundingly the same.

SIR C. So are you. [*A pause.*] I should have known you anywhere. When did you arrive?

FRANCIS. Yesterday.

SIR C. Then I'm the first to see you. And where have you turned up from?

FRANCIS. I've "turned up" from Japan, *via* New York.

SIR C. What do you think of New York?

FRANCIS. I don't think of it, except by inadvertence. [*Rising and going to disk, in a puzzled tone.*] What *is* that? I saw something like it outside the door, and downstairs in the den of the commissionaire.

SIR C. [*rising*]. That? It's an apparatus that shows whether I can be seen or not. The red disk is up now. That means I'm engaged and can't be seen by any one, appointment or no appointment! Putting it up here puts it up outside the door and in the commissionaire's room. Here's the green disk — that means that I'm engaged but can be disturbed. Blue means that I'm here, alone. Yellow means that I'm not in my office, but somewhere in the building. And white means that I'm out. Ingenious, eh? [*In a serious tone.*] Absolutely necessary, you know.

FRANCIS [*as they both sit down again*]. So that explains why I had such an exciting time in getting to see you.

SIR C. [*smiling*]. I'm supposed to be the most difficult man to see in London.

FRANCIS. Yes. I noticed the commissionaire was wearing several medals. Doubtless for valor. First he made me fill up a form as inquisitive as an income-tax paper. When I told him I had an appointment, he instructed me to sit down. So I sat down and read *Golden Words* for ten minutes. Then I thought it would be a good idea to tell him I was your brother, and not merely some one of the same name.

SIR C. What did he say then?

FRANCIS. He told me to sit *down*, and gave me a sceptical look, as much as to say: "You're his brother, are you? Well, so am I!" So I sat down and read *The Lad's Own Budget* for ten minutes. Then, while he was busy torturing another applicant, I nipped into the lift just as it was going up, and began wandering about passages. I managed to catch a boy. What a lot of boys you have!

SIR C. By the way, is that stick really poisoned?

FRANCIS. No. It was a notion I got out of *The Lad's Own Budget*. I was determined to see you, or perish in the attempt. I felt sure you couldn't be coming the great man over me, especially as I'd made an appointment. I'll say this for our family, at any rate — there's no affected nonsense about any of us.

SIR C. My dear chap, I hadn't the slightest notion you were in London. But how did you make an appointment? With my secretary?

FRANCIS. Secretary! Didn't know you had one! No, I dropped you a line last night, and marked the letter "Private and Immediate."

SIR C. That's just where you made a mistake. We get about five thousand letters a day here. A van brings the first post every morning direct from St. Martin's-le-Grand. [*Going to a side-table and fingering a large batch of letters.*] Our sorting clerks have instructions to put aside all letters addressed to me personally and marked private or urgent, and they are always opened last. [*Opening a letter.*] Yes, here's yours.

FRANCIS. Why are they opened last?

SIR C. It's the dodge of every begging-letter writer in England to mark his envelope "Private and Urgent." [*Throws letter into waste-paper basket, after glancing at it.*]

FRANCIS. I see. You may be said to have an organisation here!

SIR C. [*putting his hands in his pockets and smiling superiorly*]. You bet! Considerably

over a thousand people earn their bread and butter in this building, and wages run from five bob on to a hundred pounds a week. What price that, eh?

FRANCIS. Well, Charlie, we were never given to praising each other, but I'll go this far — you're a caution!

SIR C. I believe I am. In fact, I must be. I've revolutionised journalism, and I'm only forty. [*A pause.*] You're forty-one.

FRANCIS. And the staid Johnny is forty-three. I was asking the mater the other day, in a letter, what she thought of having three sons all over forty.

SIR C. Does she make you write to her every week?

FRANCIS. Yes.

SIR C. So she does me, too. I never know what to say to her.

FRANCIS. Been down to the Five Towns lately?

SIR C. No — not lately. No time, you know.

FRANCIS. And Johnny? Does he come much to London?

SIR C. Not often, I think. I imagine, from what the mater says, that his practice must be growing pretty rapidly.

FRANCIS. What's his wife like?

SIR C. Oh, very decent woman, I should imagine.

FRANCIS. Your relations with the family appear to be chiefly a work of imagination, my boy.

SIR C. And what about yours? Seeing that not a single member of the family has set eyes on you for nineteen years ——

FRANCIS. But I'm different. I'm a wanderer. I'm one of those people who seem to have no pressing need of a home, or a national anthem, or relatives, or things of that kind. Of course one likes to meet one's relatives, sometimes.

SIR C. No home? But what on earth do you do with yourself?

FRANCIS. I just go about and keep my eyes open — and try to understand what I see.

SIR C. Nothing else?

FRANCIS. That takes me all my time.

SIR C. [*staring at him*]. It's you that's the caution, not me!

FRANCIS. We're getting over it rather well, I think.

SIR C. Getting over what? What *do* you ——

FRANCIS. Over the awkwardness of this first interview. I hope I'm not interfering with business.

SIR C. [*heartily*]. Not in the least. My theory is that if a really big concern is properly organised, the boss ought to be absolutely independent of all routine. He ought to be free for anything that turns up unexpectedly. Anyhow, I am.

FRANCIS. Well, I candidly confess that this business of yours is just a size larger than I expected.

SIR C. Yes, it's big — big. We own about forty different publications: two London dailies, three provincial dailies, five popular penny weeklies, two sixpenny weeklies, three illustrated monthlies, four ladies' papers, six sporting and athletic, five religious papers, two Sunday papers ——

FRANCIS. What's the subtle difference between a religious paper and a Sunday paper?

SIR C. Oh, they're — well, they're quite different!

FRANCIS. Really!

SIR C. Four halfpenny comic papers, four boys' papers, and I don't know what else.

FRANCIS. I distinctly remember your saying once at school there wasn't a schoolboys' paper fit to wipe your feet on — you were always buying them to see.

SIR C. And there wasn't! It was a boys' paper I began with — *The Lad's Own Budget.* The schoolboy was the foundation of this business. And, let me tell you, our capital is now nearly two and a half millions.

FRANCIS. The deuce it is!

SIR C. Yes, didn't you know?

FRANCIS. No, and I suppose you're the principal proprietor?

SIR C. What do *you* think? Kendrick and I, we control a majority of the shares. Kendrick — that's the man who was here when you came in — gets a salary of five thousand a year.

FRANCIS. Well, this is very interesting. I've had all sorts of disconcerting impressions since I reached Charing Cross twenty-four hours ago — when I saw that Exeter Hall was gone, reason tottered on her throne. But, really, Charlie! Really, Charlie! It sounds a strange thing to say of one's own brother — but you are the most startling phenomenon of the age.

SIR C. That's what I'm beginning to think myself.

FRANCIS. Of course, you're a millionaire.

SIR C. Pooh! I was a millionaire six years ago. Surely you must have got a notion from the mater's letters?

FRANCIS. Very vague! She chiefly writes about Johnny's babies.

SIR C. [*laughs shortly*]. It's true I never give her any precise details, lest the old lady should think I was bragging. She hates that.

FRANCIS. I'm just the least bit in the world staggered.

SIR C. Well, there it is! [*Leans back in his chair.*]

FRANCIS. All this, I suppose, from Uncle Joe's ten thousand.

SIR C. Precisely. What have you done with *your* ten thousand?

FRANCIS. Nothing. Just lived on it.

SIR C. Do you mean to say you can live on the interest of ten thousand and travel?

FRANCIS. Why, of course! All an Englishman has to do is to avoid his compatriots. What puzzles me is how you can get through even a decent fraction of *your* income.

SIR C. Oh! what with one thing and another, I get through a goodish bit. You heard I bought Hindhead Hall?

FRANCIS. Yes. What did you buy it for?

SIR C. Well, I thought I ought to have a place in the country.

FRANCIS. To go with the knighthood?

SIR C. If you like. You must come down and see Hindhead.

FRANCIS. Great joke, that knighthood! What did they give it you for?

SIR C. Well, I'm supposed to be somebody.

FRANCIS. I always thought knighthoods were given to nobodies.

SIR C. [*a little testily*]. That depends! That depends! And let me tell you that the knighthood is only a beginning.

FRANCIS [*shortly*]. Ah! Only a beginning! Really! [*smiling*]. I say, what did Johnny say about the knighthood?

SIR C. Nothing.

FRANCIS. What interests me is, *how* you managed to do it.

SIR C. Do what? Get the knighthood? That's ——

FRANCIS [*interrupting him brusquely*]. No. The — the success, the million, the splash.

SIR C. I can tell you this — I did it honestly. That's another thing about me — I'm probably the only millionaire in the world with a clear conscience. What d'ye think of that? People say that no one can make a million in ten years and not be a scoundrel. But I did. I've never tried to form a trust. I've never tried to ruin a competitor. I've never sweated my chaps. They have to work hard, and I give 'em pepper, and I'd sack one as soon as look at him; but they are well paid — some of 'em are handsomely paid. The price of labour in journalism has gone up, and it's thanks to me. Another thing — I give the best value for money that ever was given.

FRANCIS. Yes, but *how* did you do it? What's your principle?

SIR C. I've only got one principle. Give the public what it wants. Don't give the public what you think it ought to want, or what you think would be good for it, but what it actually does want. I argue like this: Supposing you went into a tobacconist's and asked for a packet of cigarettes, and the tobacconist told you that cigarettes were bad for you, and that he could only sell you a pipe and tobacco — what should you say? [*He rises, excited.*]

FRANCIS. Now what *should* I say? I don't think I should be able to think of anything clever enough until I got outside the shop.

SIR C. [*not laughing, but insisting on his argument*]. You see my point, eh? You see my point? I've got no moral axes to grind. I'm just a business man [*more excitedly*].

FRANCIS. My dear boy, I'm not contradicting you.

SIR C. I know, I know. But some people make me angry. There seems to be a sort of notion about that because it's newspapers I sell, and not soap or flannel, I ought to be a cross between General Booth, H. G. Wells, and the Hague Conference. I'm a manufacturer, just like the fellows that sell soap and flannel; only a damned sight more honest. There's no deception about my goods. You never know what there is in your soap or your flannel, but you know exactly what there is in my papers, and if you aren't pleased you don't buy. I make no pretence to be anything but a business man. And my specialty is what the public wants — in printed matter.

FRANCIS. But how did you find out what it wants? I suppose it wasn't vouchsafed to you in a dream.

SIR C. [*hesitating*]. I — I don't exactly know. . . . I began by thinking about what I should want myself. *The Lad's Own Budget* was the first. I knew well enough what I wanted when I was a boy of twelve, for instance; and as most boys are alike — you see! . . . I put on the market a paper that I actually did want when I was twelve. . . . And you may believe me when I tell you that hot cakes were simply not in it, not *in* it! . . . And so I went on, always keeping in mind —— [*Enter* PAGE-BOY *with newspaper and letters, etc., on a salver. Exit.*]

FRANCIS. So the red disk doesn't absolutely bar the door to everybody?

SIR C. What do you mean? Oh, the messenger! He always comes in at this time [*looks at clock*]. He's four minutes late, by the way [*looks at his watch*]. No, it's that clock [*glancing at paper and letters, then resuming his discourse*]. Always keeping in mind how I captured the boy of twelve. I've sometimes thought of having an inscription painted over the door there: "Don't forget the boy of

twelve"— [*hastily*] just for a lark, you know. At last I got as far as the *Daily Mercury*, and I don't fancy any newspaper proprietor in my time is likely to get much further. A twelve-page paper for a halfpenny and the most expensive news service on earth! What do *you* think? [*glancing again at letters*].

FRANCIS. I must confess I've never read the *Mercury*.

SIR C. [*astounded*]. Never read the *Mercury!* Everybody reads the *Mercury*.

FRANCIS. I don't.

SIR C. [*solemnly*]. Do you seriously mean to say you've never read the *Mercury?* Why, man, it's nine years old, and sells over nine hundred thousand copies a day!

FRANCIS. I noticed it about everywhere in the streets this morning, and so I bought a copy and put it in my pocket, intending to have a look at it, but I forgot. Yes, here it is [*taking folded paper from his pocket*].

SIR C. [*still astounded*]. Well, I *said* it was you who were the caution, and, by Jove, it is! What *do* you read?

FRANCIS. When I'm out of reach of a daily post I read the *Times'* weekly edition. Of course, my first care this morning was to get the *Manchester Guardian*. I always have that when I can.

SIR C. Surprising what a craze there is among you cultured people for the *Manchester Guardian!* I'm always having that thrown at my head. Here! [*tossing over newspaper from salver*]. Here's the fourth edition of the *Evening Courier* just off the machine. Never read that either, I suppose!

FRANCIS. No.

SIR C. [*nodding his head as one with no further capacity for surprise*]. Well, well! It's a sort of evening *Mercury*. Have a look at it! Just excuse me for two minutes, will you? I must dictate one or two things at once. [*Sits down to dictaphone and begins speaking into it.*] Mr. Cookson. Write Medways — you know, the clock people —— .

FRANCIS [*curious, examining*]. Hello! What's that dodge?

SIR C. It's a dictaphone. Never seen one before? Shorthand clerks get on your nerves so. You blaze away into it, and then it repeats what you've said to the clerk — elsewhere, thank heaven!

FRANCIS. How amusing!

SIR C. [*into dictaphone*] — to cancel their contract for regulating clocks. They've been warned twice. Mine's four minutes fast. Write to Pneumatic Standard Time Company, or whatever its name is, and get an estimate for all the clocks in building. Typewriter. My dear Lady Calder: Many thanks for your most ——

FRANCIS [*looking at "Courier"*]. I say, who's Chate?

SIR C. Chate? He's a convict who got ten years for killing his mother or something. Let off lightly under the First Offenders Act, I suppose. Immensely celebrated for his escape from Dartmoor Prison. They didn't catch him again for a fortnight. . . . Why?

FRANCIS. Only because of this, all across the front page of the *Courier:* [*pointing*] "Chate, now at Holloway, comes out to-morrow."

SIR C. Ah! [*He suddenly gets up and goes to door* R. *and opens it.*] I say, Kendrick, are you there? Just a second. [*Enter* KENDRICK.]

KENDRICK. Yes?

SIR C. Oh, Francis, this is Mr. Kendrick. Kendrick, my brother.

KENDRICK [*surprised*]. Glad to meet you, sir. [*They shake hands.*]

SIR C. [*to* KENDRICK]. You arranged about Chate? [FRANCIS *returns to study his newspapers.*]

KENDRICK. Chate?

SIR C. I told you three months ago we must have his story written by himself for the *Sunday Morning News*.

KENDRICK. Oh, yes! Well, it couldn't be done!

SIR C. Why?

KENDRICK. We found that the *Sentinel* people had been paying his wife a pound a week for years on the understanding that they had his stuff when he came out.

SIR C. What do I care for the *Sentinel* people? If they have been paying a pound a week, that's their lookout. We have got to have the story. If it's worked up properly it'll be ——

KENDRICK. Afraid it's too late now.

SIR C. Too late! Not a bit! Look here. Send young Perkins with a shorthand clerk. He must take the Renault car, and be outside Holloway Prison at five-thirty to-morrow morning. Let him have two hundred pounds in gold — gold, mind! You've time before the bank closes. He must be ready for Chate. The wife is certain to be there. Let him make friends with her. Tell her the car is absolutely at their disposal. He can suggest breakfast. They're bound to accept. Anyhow, let him get Chate into some private room somewhere, out of London if possible. Then he can show the money. He must *show* the money. Roll it about the table. Explain to Chate that the money will be handed over to him after he has talked for a couple of hours about his escape and so on, and signed his name. The clerk

SIR C. [*With a furious outburst.*] THE CURSED SWINE!

can come back here by train with the stuff; but Perkins must take Chate, and his wife too, if necessary, off to the seaside for a jaunt. He must take 'em out and lose 'em till Saturday morning. It'll be too late for the *Sentinel* people to do anything then. And you must begin to advertise as soon as the clerk turns up with the stuff. Is it all clear?

KENDRICK. Yes.

SIR C. Well, there's just time for the bank. Thanks very much.

KENDRICK. By the way, I find there's a silly sort of mistake in the *Mercury* leader this morning.

SIR C. Oh! What?

KENDRICK. Cettinje is mentioned as the capital of Bosnia.

SIR C. Well, isn't it?

KENDRICK. Seems not. It ought to be Sarajevo. The worst of it is that it can't be explained as a slip of the pen, owing to unfortunate circumstantial details.

SIR C. Don't refer to it at all, then. Sit tight on it. I suppose that's Smythe's fault. [KENDRICK *nods*.] Pity he's so careless — he's got more snap than all the rest of the crowd put together. I say, don't let them be too late for the bank.

KENDRICK. No. [*In a lower voice*.] I hear a question is to be asked as to us in the House this afternoon.

SIR C. [*after a little pause*]. That's good! You might send that in to me as soon as it comes along.

KENDRICK. Right oh! [*Exit* R.]

SIR C. [*after looking at* FRANCIS, *who is absorbed in newspapers, turns to dictaphone*] — kind invitation, which I am very sorry not to be able to accept, as I shall be out of town on Sunday. With kind regards, believe me, Yours sincerely. Typewriter. Don't type this on *Mercury* paper. Mr. Cookson. Ask Mr. Smythe to come round and see me at my flat at nine to-morrow morning. Mark the appointment for me. [*Enter* KENDRICK.]

KENDRICK. Sorry to disturb you [*shutting door between the two rooms carefully, and speaking low*]. Here's ——

SIR C. Have you given those instructions?

KENDRICK. Yes, yes. Here's Macquoid. He insists on seeing you, and as I know you want to humour him a bit — —

FRANCIS [*looking up from papers sharply*]. Is that Simon Macquoid, the critic?

SIR C. Yes. I've just taken him on for *Men and Women* — our best sixpenny weekly. He's pretty good, isn't he?

FRANCIS. Pretty good! He's the finest dramatic critic in Europe. I should like to meet him.

SIR C. Well, you shall. Bring him in, Kendrick, will you? [*Exit* KENDRICK.]

FRANCIS. He knows what he's talking about, that chap does, and he can *write*. [*Enter* KENDRICK *and* MACQUOID.]

SIR C. How do you do, Mr. Macquoid?

MACQUOID [*very curtly*]. How do you do?

SIR C. May I introduce my brother, Francis Worgan, an admirer of yours.

FRANCIS [*rising, and showing his pleasure*]. I'm delighted to ——

MACQUOID [*cutting him short*]. How do you do? [*Exit* KENDRICK.]

SIR C. Take this chair.

MACQUOID. Sir Charles, I want to know what you mean by allowing additions to be made to my signed articles without my authority.

SIR C. [*quickly resenting the tone*]. Additions — without your authority!

MACQUOID [*taking an illustrated paper from under his arm and opening it*]. Yes, sir. I have gathered since seeing this that you do it to other contributors; but you won't do it to me. My article on the matinée at the Prince's Theatre ended thus, as I wrote it: "Despite the strange excellence of the play — which has in a high degree the disturbing quality, the quality of being *troublant* — the interpretation did not amuse me. Mr. Percival Crocker, 'abounding,' as the French say, 'in his own sense,' showed pale gleams of comprehension; the rest of the company were as heaven made them." That's how I finished. But I find this added, *above* my signature [*in a shocked tone*]: "This performance is to in all probability be followed by three others." [*Stands aghast*.] Look at it! [*hands paper to* SIR C.]

SIR C. [*stiffly*]. Well, Mr. Macquoid, there's surely nothing very dreadful about that. I have no doubt we put it in to oblige the theatre. Moreover, I see that without it the page would have been two lines short.

MACQUOID. Nothing very dreadful? "To-in-all-probability-be-followed." It's an enormity, sir, an enormity!

SIR C. [*very stiffly*]. I'm afraid I don't quite follow you.

FRANCIS. Mr. Macquoid no doubt means the split infinitive.

MACQUOID. I should think I did mean the split infinitive! I was staggered, positively staggered, when I looked at my article. Since then I've been glancing through your paper, and I find split infinitives all over it! Scarcely a page of the wretched sheet without a portrait of a chorus girl and a split infinitive! Monstrous!

SIR C. I regret the addition, but I'm bound to say I don't understand your annoyance.

MACQUOID. Regret is useless. You must put in an apology, or at any rate an explanation, in next week's issue. I have my reputation to think about. If you imagine, Sir Charles, that because you pay me thirty pounds a month you have the right to plaster my work with split infinitives, you are tremendously mistaken.

SIR C. [*shortly and firmly*]. We shall not apologise, Mr. Macquoid, and we shall not explain. It would be contrary to our practice.

MACQUOID [*furious*]. You are unscrupulous, Sir Charles. Get another dramatic critic. I've done with you. Good day. [*Exit quickly.*]

SIR C. [*laughing in spite of himself*]. Well, of all the infernal cheek! That's the worst of these cultured johnnies. They're mad, every one of 'em. [*In a different tone.*] I say, what *is* a split infinitive?

FRANCIS. A split infinitive is a cardinal sin.

SIR C. Apparently. But what is it?

FRANCIS. In our beautiful English tongue, the infinitive mood of a verb begins with the particle "to."

SIR C. [*thinking of* MACQUOID]. Damn the fellow!

FRANCIS. Thus, "to swear." Now the "to" must never, never be separated from its verb, not even by a single word. If you write "To swear foolishly," you are correct. But if you write "To foolishly swear," you commit an infamy. And you didn't split your infinitive with one word, you split it with three. Imagine the crime!

SIR C. And do you mean to say that you cultured people care about that sort of thing?

FRANCIS. You see it's worth thirty pounds a month to Macquoid.

SIR C. Ah! But he's in the Civil Service. Half of them are. [SIR CHARLES *has rung a bell and taken the record out of the dictaphone. Enter* PAGE-BOY, *to whom he hands the record in silence. Exit* PAGE-BOY.]

FRANCIS [*putting his two newspapers on his knee*]. I suppose the question in Parliament that Mr. What's-his-name mentioned is about the Anglo-German crisis that I see in both these papers.

SIR C. You may depend it is. We're running that for all it's worth. If that two-column special telegram from Constantinople doesn't wake up the B.P. to what Germany is doing in the Near East, then nothing will. The fact is, no Government could ignore that telegram. And I may tell you, strictly between you and me — even Kendrick doesn't know it — I practically *arranged* for a question to be put.

FRANCIS [*raising his eyebrows*]. Really, you can do that sort of thing, eh?

SIR C. Can I do it! Ah, ah!

FRANCIS. Well, I read both the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* this morning, and I hadn't the least idea that there was any war scare at all. Everything seemed calm. But now I've looked at your *Mercury* and your *Courier*, I feel as if the world was tumbling about my ears. I see that not merely is Germany mobilising in secret, but the foundations of Westminster Abbey are in a highly dangerous condition, and according to seven bishops the sanctity of the English home is gravely threatened by the luxury of London restaurants. Also you give on page seven of the *Mercury* — I think it is — a very large portrait of a boy aged eleven who weighs two hundred pounds.

SIR C. No, the *Courier*.

FRANCIS. It's all the same, except for the difference in colour.

SIR C. We paid five pounds for that photograph.

FRANCIS. Well, as you say here, it's amazing. I've counted the word "amazing" twenty-three times [*glancing at papers*]. "Whirlwinds of oratory. Bryan speaks ten million words. Amazing figures." "Gold despised by burglars. Amazing haul of diamonds." "Colonel as co-respondent. Amazing letters." "Child-cruelty in a vicarage. Amazing allegations." "Strange scene in a West-End flat. Amazing pranks." "Sudden crisis in Wall Street. Amazing rush." "Kidnapped at midnight. Amazing adventure." "The unwritten law. Husband's amazing coolness." "The fresh-egg industry. Amazing revelations." And so on, to say nothing of Germany. Do you keep it up to that pitch every day?

SIR C. [*not altogether pleased*]. They like it.

FRANCIS. You ought to serve a liqueur brandy with every copy of these papers.

SIR C. Of course, superior people may laugh — but that's what the public wants. I've proved it.

FRANCIS. I'll only say this, Charlie: if that's what the public wants — how clever you were to find it out! I should *never* have thought of it!

SIR C. [*rising and taking up the "Mercury," which* FRANCIS *has dropped on the floor*]. See here, my boy, you think yourself devilish funny, but look at that front-page ad. Look at it!

FRANCIS [*reading*]. "Uric acid. . . . Life's misery. . . . All chemists. . . . A shilling and a halfpenny." Well? What about it?

SIR C. Nothing. Only we get three hundred pounds for that ad. — one insertion. I'm a business man, and that's what I call business. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

FRANCIS. I suppose the *Mercury* must appeal specially to the uric-acid classes.

SIR C. [*sitting down to dictaphone*]. You may laugh — you may laugh! [*Into dictaphone.*] Mr. Ricketts. Macquoid has ceased to be the dramatic critic of *M. and W.* Before definitely making another appointment you might submit names to me. We want something superior, of course. I notice a number of split infinitives in this week's issue. They are out of place in a high-class illustrated. Watch this.

FRANCIS. I say, Charlie.

SIR C. Well?

FRANCIS. What do you say to giving *me* a trial as dramatic critic of *Men and Women?*

SIR C. [*after a pause*]. Can you write?

FRANCIS. Can *you?*

SIR C. [*taken aback and recovering himself*]. Writing is no part of my job. . . . [*Reflectively.*] But I suppose you *can* write. In fact [*as if studying him*], you ought to be able to turn out something pretty smart. You might even be a "find" in journalism.

FRANCIS. There's no knowing. Anyhow, one could try. You may take it from me I can write. I've got an idea that the English theatre must be a great joke.

SIR C. I never go myself. But they say it's a most frantic bore.

FRANCIS. Yes. That's what I meant. I gather that on the whole it must be frantic enough to be worth studying. By the way, I went to a matinée at the Prince's Theatre yesterday.

SIR C. Sort of freak theatre, isn't it? Queer?

FRANCIS. It's one of the most artistic shows I ever saw in my life.

SIR C. [*seriously*]. Artistic! Yes, I was told it was queer.

FRANCIS. Who d'ye think I saw there — on the stage? Little Emily Nixon — you know, from Bursley.

SIR C. What? Sister of Abraham Nixon?

FRANCIS. Yes. Don't you remember when we used to go to Nixon's on Saturday nights? She would be about five then. Don't you remember she used to call you "Tarlie"?

SIR C. Oh! That child! Nice kid, she used to be.

FRANCIS. Nice! She's delightful. I went round to the stage-door after, and took her out to tea. She's a widow. Hasn't a friend in the world, and must be deuced hard up, I should think. But she's charming. And as clever as they make 'em.

SIR C. What's she doing on the stage?

FRANCIS. Oh! St. John took her on. She reads plays for him.

SIR C. St. John? Who's St. John?

FRANCIS. He's the man that's running the Prince's Theatre. *There's* an artist, if you like. . . . In spite of weak acting, the way that chap got what they call the Celtic glamour over the footlights was amazing! [*Laughing at himself, half aside.*] Yes, "amazing," since I'm in the *Mercury* building. By the way, she's coming to see you this afternoon.

SIR C. Who? Emily Nixon? But ——

FRANCIS. Now don't be a martyr. It's like this. She's been wanting to come and see you for some time. But she thought it would be no use — she'd heard so much about your being invisible.

SIR C. What does she want to see me for?

FRANCIS. Some business, I suppose. I told her that of course you'd see her — like a shot. Or any one from Bursley. She asked when. So I said I should be here this afternoon and she'd better come then, and I'd arrange it. You might send word downstairs that when she comes she's to be shown up here at once.

SIR C. [*looking at him*]. No, *you've* not altered. Dispose of me, my boy. I am yours. The entire staff is yours. Your wish is law. [*Into dictaphone.*] Mr. Ricketts. Later. Dramatic critic of *M. and W.* I have appointed Mr. Francis Worgan, 11 Hamilton Place.

FRANCIS. 11 Hamilton Place? I'm at the Golden Cross Hotel.

SIR C. You must leave it, then, and come to my flat. I want you to see my flat. Look here, about screw?

FRANCIS. Oh! that doesn't matter.

SIR C. [*into dictaphone*]. Salary fifteen pounds a month. [*To* FRANCIS.] That's quite fair. You aren't a Macquoid yet. [*Enter* PAGE-BOY *with letters to sign, on a salver.*]

SIR C. [*taking letters, to* BOY]. Tell the Sergeant that if —— [*To* FRANCIS.] What name does she go by, Frank?

FRANCIS. Her husband was Sam Vernon. Mrs. Vernon.

SIR C. [*to* BOY]. Tell the Sergeant that if a Mrs. Vernon calls to see me she is to be shown up at once. [*Exit* PAGE-BOY.] Just let me sign these letters. [*Begins to sign them. Re-enter* PAGE-BOY.] Hello! Oh! it's the tape. Give it to that gentleman. Look at it, Frank. [FRANCIS *takes the slips from the boy. Exit* BOY. SIR CHARLES *continues to sign letters.*]

FRANCIS [*after looking at the slips*]. The Foreign Secretary seems to have guessed your ideal pretty closely.

SIR C. What do you mean?

FRANCIS. Only instead of the boy of twelve he said the errand-boy.

SIR C. What on earth ——

FRANCIS [*reading*]. "In reply Foreign Secretary said no particle of truth in statements of newspaper in question. Our relations with Germany perfectly harmonious. Every one ought to be aware that, after Hong-Kong, Constantinople was the worst manufactory of false news in the world. Every one ought also to be aware that journal referred to was written by errand-boys for errand-boys. Cheers!"

SIR C. [*rising*]. Give it here. [*Takes slip, reads it, and drops it on desk; then goes up to the disk-signal and changes it from red to green, then comes slowly down stage. With a sudden furious outburst.*] The cursed swine!

FRANCIS [*tranquilly*]. But you said yourself——

SIR C. [*savagely*]. Oh! go to hell!

FRANCIS [*tranquilly*]. Very well! Very well! Who is the Foreign Secretary, by the way?

SIR C. Who is he? Lord Henry Godwin!

FRANCIS. Oh, yes. Wrote a book on Dryden.

SIR C. I'd Dryden him if I had him here! [*Still savagely.*] If I had him here I'd——! Whenever he meets me you'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. When his idiotic daughter was married to that braying ass of a duke, he wrote me to say how *pleased* she had been with the *Mercury's* special description of the wedding.

FRANCIS. Wrote to you, did he?

SIR C. No mention of errand-boys then!

FRANCIS. Where do you meet him?

SIR C. Where do I meet him? At the Club — the Whitehall.

FRANCIS. Do you belong to the Whitehall?

SIR C. Considering that I was specially elected by the Committee under Rule 9, I should say I did! Errand-boys! I sent Teddy Marriott specially out to Constantinople. I suppose nobody will deny he's the showiest of the whole gang of specials. Do you know what I pay him? Two thousand a year, all his expenses, and a pension of five hundred a year to his widow if he's killed on duty. What price that? Not much errand-boy about that! Look at his copy. Is it readable, or isn't it?

FRANCIS. But, after all, supposing what he says isn't true?

SIR C. Isn't true! Nobody ever said it was! *Look* at the thing!

FRANCIS [*looking at paper*]. Well! [*Reads.*] "England and her enemy. Grave situation. Is the Government asleep?" All across two columns.

SIR C. Yes, yes. But what does he say at the end? [*looking over* FRANCIS' *shoulder*]. "The above facts, which I have no wish to unduly emphasise, and which I give with due reserve, are the staple of current conversation in certain circles here, and I should be failing in my duty if I did not bring them to the attention of the British public."

FRANCIS. Why didn't he begin by saying that?

SIR C. Oh, rot! You don't know what journalism is. He said it, and that's enough. We've got to give all the news there is going about, and we've got to sell the paper. And, by heaven, we do sell it! We spend money like water, and we have the largest circulation in the country. We please the largest public. We pay the highest prices. We make the largest profits. You may or may not like the paper, but nine hundred thousand of Lord Henry Godwin's esteemed fellow citizens like it. And it's a national institution, let me tell you. It's a national institution! The swine might just as well say at once that the British nation is a nation of errand-boys.

FRANCIS. You may bet he does do, in private.

SIR C. Let him say it in public, then! He daren't. None of 'em dare. I'm the only one that makes no pretences about the British nation. I know what they want, and I give it 'em. And what then? Am I to be insulted? Are they to be insulted? What's the matter with the British nation, anyhow? From the way some of you superior people talk, one might think the British nation ought to be thankful it's alive.

FRANCIS. But——

SIR C. [*carried away*]. I'm told I'm unscrupulous because I "fan the war fever," as it's called, so as to send up my circulation. I'm told I want a war. Damned nonsense! Nothing but damned nonsense! All I want is for the public to have what *it* wants. It's the public that would like a war, not me. The public enjoys the mere thought of a war. Proof: my circulations. I'm told I pander to the passions of the public. Call it that, if you like. It's what everybody is *trying* to do. Only I succeed. . . . Mind you, I *don't* call it that. I call it supplying a legitimate demand. When you've been to the barber to be shaved, do you round on him for pandering to your passions? You superior people make me sick! Sick! Errand-boys, indeed! Cheers! There's a lot of chaps in the House that would like to be errand-boys of my sort. Cheers, eh! I could have scores of the swine to lick my boots clean every morning if I wanted! Scores! I don't make out to be anything except a business man, but that's no reason why I should stand the infernal insolence of a pack of preposterous hypocrites.

FRANCIS. But——

SIR C. If I couldn't organise some of their

departments better than they do, I'd go out and sell my own papers in the Strand! Let 'em come here, let 'em see my counting-house, and my composing-rooms, and my special trains — I'd show 'em.

FRANCIS. But ——

SIR C. And I'll tell you another thing. [FRANCIS *gets up and approaches the door.*] Where are you going to?

FRANCIS. I'm going to hell. I'll come back later, after the monologue.

SIR C. Hold on. What were you going to say?

FRANCIS. I was merely going to ask why, if you're only a business man, you should worry yourself about these superior people. Why not leave them alone? You mentioned flannel; or was it soap? Supposing they do accuse you of having persuaded nine hundred thousand errand-boys to buy soap — dash it, you ought to take it as a compliment! You aren't logical.

SIR C. Yes, I am. Let them leave me alone, and I'll leave them alone. But they won't. And it's getting worse. That's the point. It's getting worse.

FRANCIS [*after a pause*]. This is really very interesting.

SIR C. [*snorting, offended*]. Is it? Thanks!

FRANCIS. Now look here, Charlie. Of course we're strangers, but still I'm your brother. Don't be an ass. When I say that this is really very interesting, I mean that it *is*. I'm not laughing at you. My attitude to you — and to everybody, as far as that goes — is entirely sympathetic. Because, after all, we're all in the same boat.

SIR C. All in the same boat? How in the same boat?

FRANCIS. Well, on the same planet. Always getting in one another's way. And death staring all of us in the face! You keep on talking about superior people. There aren't any.

SIR C. There's a lot that think they are.

FRANCIS. And if there are! They can't do you any harm. So why shout? What do you want?

SIR C. I want to give them beans.

FRANCIS. Well, from what I know of you, I would have been ready to wager that if you wanted to give them beans, beans they would instantly get. Now, as regards this Godwin person, for example. What's to prevent you from conferring upon him the gift of beans in the presence of your morning audience of nine hundred thousand, and your afternoon audience of I don't know how many? You've got paper, ink, printing-presses, special trains, writers ——

SIR C. That's just where you're wrong. I haven't got a writer in the place that can do what I want doing.

FRANCIS. Didn't you mention some one named Smythe as being very wonderful?

SIR C. Yes, he's the chief of the editorial staff of the *Mercury*. But he couldn't do this. You don't understand. He could give Lord Henry beans for the benefit of our public, and he will! But he couldn't persuade Lord Henry that the swine had *got* beans. He couldn't *do* it. It's a different sort of thing that's needed — not *our* snap, something else. Smythe doesn't know enough.

FRANCIS. Well, why don't you go out and get some one who does?

SIR C. Can't. I've tried. I've had several of you superior people in this shop, and at fancy salaries too; but it doesn't work. Either they lose their own snap because they think they must imitate ours, or they come down with stuff that nobody else in the blessed building can make head or tail of, and that would ruin the paper in a fortnight. . . . [*In a different tone.*] How do I *strike* you, straight, now?

FRANCIS. How do you strike me?

SIR C. Yes. As a man. Am I a born fool, or something just a bit out of the common in the way of ability?

FRANCIS. Well, it's quite impossible to believe that a man is a genius if you've been to school with him, or even known his father. But I don't mind telling you, in the most unbrotherly way, that if I were meeting you now for the first time, I should say you were something in the nature of a genius — a peculiar kind, of course — but still ——

SIR C. [*quickly*]. Well, let me tell you this: somehow, your intellectual, your superior people won't have anything to do with me — anything serious, that is! There seems to be a sort of boycott among 'em against me! I don't think I have an acquaintance that I don't despise, and I haven't got any pals at all. Mind you, I've never said as much before to any one. I can put it in a nutshell. It's like this. Supposing some people are talking about Swinburne, or theosophy, or social reform, or any of those things, and I come along — well, they immediately change the conversation and begin about motor-cars!

FRANCIS. But do you really care about Swinburne — and those things?

SIR C. I don't know. I've never tried. But that's not the point. The point is that I'm just as good as they are, and I don't like their attitude.

FRANCIS. There's only one thing for you to do, my boy — get married.

SIR C. [*continuing his train of thought*]. I object to being left out in the cold. They've no right to do it.

FRANCIS [*repeating his own tone*]. There's only one thing for you to do, my boy — get married.

SIR C. [*quietly*]. I know.

FRANCIS. Some nice, charming, intellectual woman. You could have an A1 house — first class, but not stiff. Tiptop dinners, without a lot of silly ceremony. A big drawing-room, and a little one opening off it where they could talk to her — you know the sort of thing. You'd soon see how she'd rope 'em in for you. It would really be very interesting to watch. Once get the right sort of woman ——!

SIR C. Exactly. But you rattle on as if these nice, charming, intellectual women were sitting about all over the place waiting for me. They aren't. I've never *seen* one that would do.

FRANCIS. Well, you won't get where you want to be without a woman. So you'd better set to and find one.

SIR C. Where?

FRANCIS. I don't know. . . . Who's Lady Calder, for instance?

SIR C. Lady Calder? Oh! she wouldn't wait to be asked twice.

FRANCIS. What age?

SIR C. Oh! younger than me.

FRANCIS. Much?

SIR C. No! Besides — well, she's a nice woman, but there's too much of the country-family touch about her. Sporting, you see. The late Calder lived for nothing but the abolition of wire fences. Before I knew where I was I should be let in for a steam yacht. She's a widow, of course, and that's in her favour [*besitatingly*].

FRANCIS. Is she intellectual?

SIR C. She would be if I wanted her to be [*half sheepishly*].

FRANCIS. That's no good, no good at all! [*With a sudden outburst of discovery.*] I know whom you ought to marry.

SIR C. Who?

FRANCIS. Emily Vernon.

SIR C. Me marry an actress! No, thanks!

FRANCIS. She isn't an actress.

SIR C. You said she was.

FRANCIS. No, I said she was on the stage. She can't act for nuts. But she's the very woman for you. Pretty; and awfully decent. Oh! and she can talk, my boy, she can talk. And she knows what she's talking about. Intellectual, eh? I bet she could wipe the floor with some of these women novelists.

SIR C. And I suppose she hasn't a cent.

FRANCIS. What does that matter?

SIR C. Not a bit.

FRANCIS. You'd never guess she was hard up, to look at her. She'd run a big house for you, and be even with the best of them. And then, she comes from Bursley. She's our *sort*.

SIR C. Go on! Go on! I shall be married to her in a minute.

FRANCIS. No, but really!

SIR C. What's she coming here for to-day, by the way?

FRANCIS. I gathered that it was a question of —— [*Enter* PAGE-BOY.]

PAGE-BOY. Mrs. Vernon.

SIR C. [*after a pause*]. Show her in! [*Enter* EMILY VERNON. *Exit* PAGE-BOY.]

FRANCIS [*approaching her*]. Well, Emily, I'm here, you see. We were just talking about you. [*Shakes hands.*]

EMILY. Arithmetic, I suppose?

FRANCIS. Arithmetic?

EMILY. Adding up my age. [*Taking* SIR CHARLES' *hand.*] So it's you? Exactly the same!

SIR C. Really?

EMILY. Yes. I'm quite relieved. I expected something majestic and terrible, something like a battleship. I did, truly. Now, what am I to call you?

SIR C. What you used to call me.

EMILY. Charlie?

FRANCIS. No, you always called him Tarlie.

EMILY. I'm sure I never did. Every one used to say that I talked just like a little woman. The fact is, I was born at the wrong end, and I'm getting more childish every day. I say, Charlie, I do wish I'd known a little earlier that you weren't a battleship. I'd worked myself up into a fine state of nervousness.

SIR C. You don't seem nervous.

EMILY. No. But I am. At least, I was. When I'm amusing and clever, that's a sure sign I'm very nervous. People say, "How bright she is!" And all the time I'm shivering with fright. When I'm quite at my ease I become quite dull. Natural idleness, I expect.

SIR C. Well, suppose we sit down? [*They sit.*]

EMILY. How nice it is of you to see me like this! Now, there was another illusion. I always thought you were most frightfully difficult to see.

SIR C. Not to any one from the Five Towns, and especially from Bursley.

FRANCIS. Don't you believe it! I assure you that I only got at him this afternoon over the dead bodies of a soldier and five office-boys.

EMILY [*to* FRANCIS]. Yes; I guessed it was you who had made straight the pathway. [*To* SIR C.] Francis and I got rather intimate yesterday — didn't we, Francis? — over the Yeats play.

FRANCIS. Very! Very! But the butter-scotch helped, you know.

EMILY. I never asked you how you thought I said my lines, and you never told me.

FRANCIS. Oh, well. I daresay you've seen what Macquoid said of the first performance. He said you were as heaven made you! . . . So you must have been very fine.

EMILY. How horrid he is! He really is horrid! . . . I suppose I oughtn't to say that to you, Charlie, as he's on one of your papers now. Of course I know he's generally right. That's what makes it so annoying.

SIR C. Say anything you choose. He's no longer on our staff.

EMILY. You've dismissed him?

SIR C. It comes to that.

EMILY. Oh! Rejoicing in Zion! A sigh of relief will run through the whole profession. And who's going to take his place?

FRANCIS. Me, madam.

EMILY. Well, it's just like a fairy-tale. But I wonder if our young and untried friendship will stand the awful strain.

FRANCIS. I've decided what I shall do in regard to you. If I can't honestly praise you, I sha'n't mention you at all.

EMILY. Charlie, let me beg you to dispense with his services at once. He'll be more disliked even than Macquoid. [*To* FRANCIS.] Do you know what we're going to produce next — if we can keep open? Ford's "Broken Heart."

FRANCIS [*recites*].

> "Crowns may flourish and decay;
> Beauties shine, but fade away;
> Youth may revel, yet it must
> Lie down in a bed of dust."

EMILY. Yes, isn't it lovely? Don't you think it's a lovely play, Charlie?

SIR C. Never read it. Ford, did you say? Don't know him. You see, I'm so taken up ——

EMILY [*sympathetically*]. I know how busy you must be. But if you *could* find time to read "The Broken Heart," I'm sure you'd enjoy it. Has Francis told you what I've come about?

FRANCIS. I was just beginning to explain when you arrived and interrupted me.

EMILY. How clumsy of me! [*composing her features*]. Well, it's like this, Charlie. [*Laughs.*]

SIR C. What's the joke?

EMILY. Nothing. Only nervousness! Mere hysterics! I was just thinking how absurd I have been to come here and worry you. Francis, do explain.

FRANCIS [*to* SIR CHARLES]. The creature is after money.

EMILY [*with a cry of protest*]. You appalling and unprincipled bungler! [*To* CHARLIE.] It's like this. Our Chief is a very great man.

SIR C. St. John — is it? [*Turns to* FRANCIS *as if for confirmation.*]

EMILY. Yes. We always call him the Chief. He's a most fearful brute. He stamps on us and curses us, and pays us miserably, miserably, and we all adore him, and nobody knows why. He simply cares about nothing but his theatre; and of course, for producing a play, there's only him. But as a man of business — well, it would be no use trying to describe what he is as a man of business; an infant in arms could give him lessons in business through the post. Now, only a fortnight ago, when the Chancellor of Oxford University made that appeal for funds, what do you think the Chief did? He sent twenty pounds, just because he rowed once in the boat-race. And he simply hadn't got twenty pounds.

SIR C. Clever chap!

EMILY. Wasn't it splendid of him? The Prince's might be a success if somebody with money would come in and look after the business side, and never let the Chief see a chequebook.

SIR C. Isn't it a success? I thought I saw an advertisement in the *Mercury* to-day that the new matinées were very successful.

EMILY. Artistically, yes. Artistically, they're a record. But the fact has escaped the public. We are not at the moment what you'd call turning money away. Most of the notices were very bad — of course.

SIR C. Were they? Was the *Mercury* bad? I forget.

EMILY. No, I fancy it was rather nice.

SIR C. They say a good notice in the *Mercury* will keep any theatre open for at least a month.

EMILY. Personally, I love the *Mercury*. It's so exciting. Like bread and jam, without the bread. To me it's a sort of delicious children's paper ——

FRANCIS [*throwing his head back*]. There you are again, Charles.

EMILY [*half laughing*]. I don't know what you're laughing at. I meant that for a compliment, Charlie. [SIR CHARLES *nods good-humouredly.*] Its domestic hints are splendid. But somehow the people who would be likely to come to the Prince's don't seem to read the *Mercury* — at any rate, not for its dramatic criticism. The Prince's is a very special theatre, you see.

SIR C. Superior, you mean? Intellectual?

EMILY [*half mocking*]. Oh, yes! It's almost like a church.

SIR C. And this Chief of yours wants some one to put money into this church?

EMILY. Yes. We're all of us trying to find capital, except him. You see, it's our livelihood. If the theatre were to close, where should I be, for instance? [*Laughs.*] I just happened to think of you, Charlie. The idea ran through my mind — like a mouse.

SIR C. How much would be needed?

EMILY. Oh! I don't know. A thousand.

FRANCIS. You mean five thousand.

EMILY. Didn't I say five? I quite meant to. But my lips went wrong all by themselves.

SIR C. [*shortly*]. Oh! [*A pause.*]

EMILY. Of course. Now that I'm here, I can see how absurd it is. I said the Prince's might be a success — I mean financially — but honestly I don't believe it ever would. It's too good. And the Chief is too much of a genius. . . . Oh! whenever I think of him sending twenty pounds to Oxford like that, I wonder why millionaires can't attend to those great lumbering University things, instead of men like St. John. The thought of that twenty pounds always makes me perfectly furious. But the Chief's incurable.

SIR C. Well, I don't mind putting five thousand into the thing.

EMILY. Really? But — but — supposing you lost it?

SIR C. Well, I don't mind losing it. Besides, I've never lost any money yet.

FRANCIS. A new sensation for him!

SIR C. [*ignoring* FRANCIS' *remark*]. If St. John would let me *run* him a bit.

EMILY [*with a solemn air*]. Charlie, do you mean to say that you'll put five thousand pounds into the Prince's Theatre, just on the strength of me coming here and telling you about it?

SIR C. Yes.

EMILY. When?

SIR C. Now.

EMILY. I never heard of such goings-on. I hadn't the slightest idea it was so easy as that to get five thousand pounds.

SIR C. It isn't, usually. But this is a special case. I should like to help along a really superior — er — intellectual ——

EMILY [*heartily*]. It *is* an honour, isn't it, after all? But people with money never seem to see that. . . . [*Pinches herself.*] Yes, I'm awake. Can I go and tell the Chief now, from you, that you're ready to ——

SIR C. You can telephone to him this instant, if you like [*pointing to telephone*].

EMILY. No, that won't do.

SIR C. Why not?

EMILY. They cut off the theatre telephone this morning [*a brief sobbing catch in her voice*]. St. John would have had to close on Saturday if something hadn't turned up. I — I don't know what *I* should have done. I've been at the end of my tether once before. [FRANCIS *rises, alarmed by her symptoms.*] I'm all right. I'm all right. [*Laughs.*]

SIR C. Shall I order up some tea?

EMILY. No, no. I must go and tell him. I'm quite all right. I was only thinking how awkward it is to alter one's old frocks to this high-waisted Directoire style.

SIR C. [*lamely*]. Why?

EMILY. Because you can always shorten a skirt, but how are you to lengthen it? Well, I must go and tell him.

FRANCIS. So much hurry as all that?

EMILY. Let me go.

SIR C. But look here. When shall we see you again?

FRANCIS. Yes, when shall we ——

EMILY. Can I bring St. John to-morrow morning?

SIR C. Certainly.

EMILY. What time?

SIR C. Any time.

EMILY. Eleven o'clock?

SIR C. All right. [EMILY *shakes hands with* SIR CHARLES, *appears to be about to speak, but is silent; then shakes hands quickly with* FRANCIS, *and exit quickly, under emotion. The men look at each other. Pause.*]

FRANCIS. Well! Have a cigarette?

SIR C. [*moved*]. No, thanks. She must have been through a thing or two, by heaven!

FRANCIS. Knocks you about a bit, doesn't it — when it comes out sudden like that? I hadn't a notion. What do you think of her? All right, isn't she?

SIR C. [*nods, after a pause*]. She gave me another idea.

FRANCIS. Oh? [*Lights a cigarette.*]

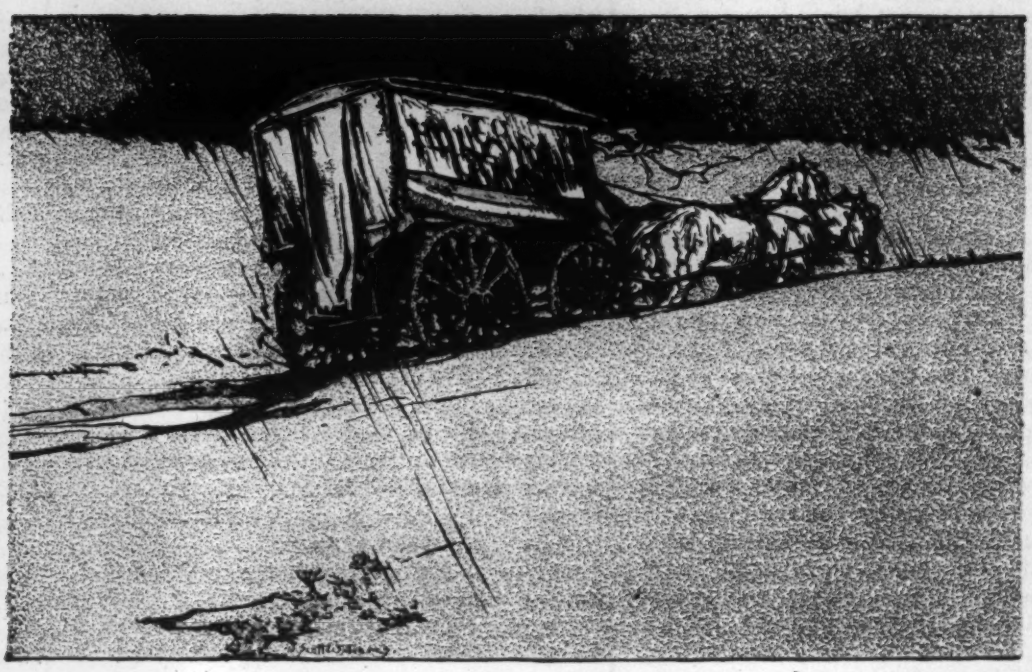
SIR C. Yes. I'm damned if I don't give a hundred thousand pounds to Oxford University. Never occurred to me! That — and running the Prince's Theatre ——

FRANCIS. But you never went to Oxford.

SIR C. Do you think they'll make that an excuse for refusing it?

CURTAIN

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER)



A BELATED BOOM

BEING A TALE OF THE WAYSIDE ADVENTURES OF THE LORD OF THE BARREN STRAND, THE LADY, AND THE EX-LAND PROMOTER

BY

STELLA WYNNE HERRON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

IT was clearly a gala-day rig — the huge, canvased-in bus. It had intended to be gay and debonair; its wilted red, white, and blue bunting, its bow on the driver's whip, its white muslin signs bearing the inscription TO HOLLYWOOD COVE in alluring red letters (now beginning to run and discolor the white cloth with sanguine streaks), all bore witness to that. But now, under the pouring sky, it wore that discomfited look of a thing inappropriate to its setting. It was as much out of place in the drenched and sodden landscape as a comedian at a funeral. Indeed, its misplaced gaiety was almost an insult to nature, who with wailing winds and lugubrious gray lights, weeping over everything, seemed bent on eternal sorrow.

The young man on the seat of the bus, holding slack reins between his fingers, seemed in secret sympathy with the day. His face was overclouded with gloom. This gloom deepened as he saw a girl, who had just alighted from the first train of the day that stopped at the little San Jacinto station, unfurl a neat umbrella and make her way across the mud to his bus — deepened, notwithstanding the fact that she was a very pretty girl.

"Is this the bus," she asked, standing tenta-

tively between it and the station platform, "that it was advertised in the city papers would take excursionists to see the lots at Hollywood Cove to-day?"

"It is," said the young man. "I presume," he added a trifle grimly, "that you are the excursionists. In view of the weather, and the fact that you are only one, and that there are twenty miles of bad road between here and the Cove, I will call the excursion off and refund you any expense you have incurred in getting here, if you wish it."

"No, indeed," said the girl, with quite a little air of determination; "I have come all the way from the city purposely to see those lots, and you have taken the trouble to decorate the bus and everything, and the sun *may* come out——"

The young man glanced up at the uncompromising sky and said, a trifle more brusquely than absolute politeness might approve:

"Very well, then — jump in and we will be off."

The girl climbed quickly into the dim interior of the huge bus; the young man hooked the oil-cloth shield in front of him and cracked his whip, and the real-estate excursion to Hollywood Cove was off.

As he drove his solitary passenger over the green, drenched hills toward the sea, young Hollywood's gloom did not lift. Indeed, if anything, it grew deeper and blacker, for it was not the transitory irritation of a morning, but the concentrated grouch of the last half year. As he thought over the events of that time, the principal cause of his grouch stood out clearly — the land boom. The land boom had begun in all its glory six months before. In the great metropolis a hundred miles distant a new railroad had started hesitatingly southward, skirting the coast. It had laid thirty miles of track, then run into financial difficulties out of which it was very doubtful if it would ever come. Whether or not the other seventy miles of track would eventually be laid was one of those highly problematical things that only God and the president of the company knew.

The thirty miles of track, however, were enough for the land-owners — mostly citizens of the thriving little town of New Athens, five miles inland — in the vicinity of Hollywood Cove. There was a land boom. They had their respective beaches surveyed and staked out into twenty-five-foot lots. They rechristened them with flowery names ending in On-the-Sea or By-the-Sea. They inserted huge full-page advertisements in all the papers of the near-by cities. They got out bushels of posters and booklets. They had excursions twice a week. On excursion days they furnished four-horse buses which met the prospective land-buyers at the San Jacinto station and carried them the twenty miles over the mountains to the beaches. On the way they stopped at New Athens, and every one was provided with a free chicken dinner with unlimited wine and beer. At the beach they were met by a band playing "Hail Something or Other-on-the-Sea" or "The Something or Other-by-the-Sea March." There was dancing on huge platforms erected for the purpose; there were races, and games for the children.

All this merriment and good cheer were the fruit of excellent psychology. They caused the lot-buyers to lose sight of the fact that the only source within twenty miles for a water supply was barely sufficient to furnish water to New Athens; that nothing would grow in the sand; that only thirty miles of the new railroad were actually laid; and that this was about to go into the hands of a receiver. All afternoon long the silver-tongued real-estate men held forth eloquently. There was much enthusiasm. Many lots were sold.

Not so at Hollywood Cove! Young Hollywood had little money. The best he could do was to insert a small advertisement in one of the city papers from time to time, and to hire a bus, which he drove himself, against the day announced for the excursion to Hollywood Cove. He could not think of giving dinners, of hiring a brass band to play "Hail Hollywood Cove"; he could not afford the salary of even one silver-tongued real-estate man. And his beach, like an uncomely woman, needed all the kindly offices of art; for it was, as he himself frankly admitted, the worst and most inaccessible of them all. Each time, as he drove out the meager busful of buyers who had appeared in answer to his advertisement, he rehearsed the arguments he would use. He, too, like the professional real-estate men, would work up enthusiasm. He would talk and talk until he had built up before them on his beach a city out of words.

But when he drew rein and landed his unfed and unbrass-banded busful on the cold gray sea-sands, over which an icy wind was chasing a clammy white ocean fog, his heart failed him. He could not imagine any one fool enough to want to own a lot on this deserted beach. All his eloquence collapsed into a single sentence. He waved his arm over the sand-dunes, out of which the white stakes poked like thin young gravestones, and said:

"There are the lots."

And unconsciously his tone implied what he was thinking: "You can see how rotten they are! Buy them at your peril."

Nobody ever *had* bought one. Young Holly-

wood remained in undisputed possession of the one piece of property he owned, and his real-estate operations became the jest of the surrounding counties. Somebody dubbed him Lord of the Barren Strand, and the name stuck, for it was singularly appropriate. The number of his excursionists had dwindled and dwindled until, this rainy morning, the dwindling process had culminated in the one girl inside.

The Lord of the Strand smiled half bitterly, half humorously as he thought of her.

"Although one swallow does not make a summer, one girl seems to make an excursion," he said softly to himself. "Well, I hope she'll buy a lot for making me take this drive — and that's the worst I can hope of any one."

For the last few miles the road had been going from bad to worse. Now it passed through a sort of scoop between two hills, where, for about two hundred yards, it turned into one unbroken stretch of clayey mud. A sharp bend in the road prevented Hollywood from knowing whether or not the mud continued beyond that. Ordinarily he would have hesitated to embark on that stretch of sticky blackness, but to-day his mood was obstinate and a trifle reckless. He cracked his whip, and the horses waded in. They pulled valiantly, going from side to side like horses working up a hill; but just as they reached the bend where the mud was deepest, the straining bus gave a groan, settled, with a squashing and gurgling, a final six inches into the mud, and refused to budge.

The real-estate expedition to Hollywood Cove was hopelessly stuck.

The Lord of the Strand drew aside the oil-cloth flap and called down into the bus a little triumphantly — for, after all, it was her own fault for wanting to go out on such a day:

"We've stuck!"

"So I see," said the girl placidly. She made her way to the back of the bus and gazed out on the chocolate-colored, semi-liquid sea that surrounded them. "Looks just like fudge before it hardens, doesn't it?" she said gravely.

The Lord of the Strand noticed a little grudgingly that she looked very graceful and pretty, framed in the narrow opening of the bus, between the dimness of the canvased-in interior and the light outside. Her presence seemed, in some subtle way, to make even the inside of a canvas-covered bus homelike and agreeable to a surprising degree.

She went out on the step, and, leaning as far out as she dared, tried to see around the bend in the road. Suddenly she gave a little cry and called out:

"Come here quickly; there is somebody else stuck on the other side of the bend."

The Lord of the Strand slid hastily from his high seat, went to the back of the bus, and poked his head out into the rain. The horses, in their efforts, had drawn the bus almost horizontally across the road, so that its back nearly touched the right bank, while the horses were crowded over toward the left bank. From the steps of the bus it was possible to see completely around the bend. There, in the midst of the mud, stood a grindstone, such as itinerant scissors-grinders use, set up in a rickety old frame. It was raised a little above the level of the road, and rested upon something which, after a careful scrutiny, the Lord of the Strand made out to be the upper part of a battered and ancient wagon. The seat of the wagon, sticking out above the mud, washed by the down-pouring rain, had the ludicrous appearance of a bench placed there to tempt the leisure of a passer-by.

On the left bank of the road, seated against the trunk of an oak tree, trying to get what shelter he might, squatted an old man, with a felt hat pulled down over his ears. At his side stood an ancient horse, his legs caked and swollen with mud, his yellow hide pied with sticky black spots. His head hung down as though bowed by the weight of years; his eye, as he gazed out on the gray, rain-filled world, was fixed and pessimistic. As he stood there shivering in the wash of wind and water, he seemed a sad cartoon of Age and Toil.

"That must be the scissors-grinder," said the girl, pointing to the old man. "Let us ask him in. Goodness knows, there is room enough here — and we will have luncheon presently. I brought three ham sandwiches with me — and he looks awfully hungry."

"He looks awfully dissipated, too," said the Lord of the Strand objectingly; "look at his nose. It is always a doubtful venture to make free with these wanderers of the road. This scissors-grinder may prove offensive."

"Goodness," said the girl, with a little laugh, "how aristocratic and un-Christian and uncharitable you are! I admit he looks dissipated, but he looks old and cold and lonesome, too. I am sure he is hungry. Maybe he is starving to death and my ham sandwich would save his life!"

Reaching a determination with this thought, she leaned far out and called a long-drawn "Ou — e — ou — h-o-o — o-o-o — o-o-o-o," such as children use to attract one another's attention.

The old man and the horse both looked up inquiringly.

"Won't you come in and have a sandwich?"

"AT HIS SIDE STOOD AN ANCIENT HORSE"

she asked. "It's dry in here — that is, it's dryer than out there. If you'll go around the curve, you'll find the front end of the bus — it's near enough for you to climb on."

The scissors-grinder, after a long stare of surprise, rose slowly and rheumatically to his feet, and began to walk cautiously along the slippery bank in the direction of the bus. His old horse gazed after him sadly but philosophically, like one who is being deserted by his last friend, yet scarcely expects anything better of the race of man.

The scissors-grinder appeared a moment later opposite the bus. The Lord of the Strand scrambled up to the high seat and held out a helping hand. A moment later the scissors-grinder had bridged the chasm of mud between wheel and bank, and was in the bus.

The girl held out her hand with the manner and smile of one who stands within her own drawing-room, and said, as effusively and hospitably as if she were welcoming a wealthy uncle who contemplated making her his heir:

"*So* glad you came. I thought that so long as we were both stuck, we might as well lunch together. Lunch will be ready in a moment."

She dived into a little black silk bag she carried, spread a clean napkin on the seat, and began to arrange three sandwiches and two pieces of cake to the best advantage. While she did this the scissors-grinder watched her in silence, and the Lord of the Strand, in turn, watched him.

The old man's face was deeply rutted with lines, like a much-traveled road. The wind and sun had tanned and dried him out like an old piece of leather. His nose alone had color, and this, like a high light wrongly placed, shone over-ruddily. His gray hair rimmed this battered physiognomy as a dusty frame an old daguerreotype. Suddenly, as the Lord of the Strand watched him, ready to eject him at a moment's notice, he saw a new expression — as of something long forgotten, called up by an effort of the will — come into the scissors-grinder's eyes. The old man straightened his shoulders, cleared his throat, and, turning to the girl, bowed and said:

"I am delighted to accept your hospitality."

Both the Lord of the Strand and the girl cast quickly veiled, surprised looks at him. The words in his mouth were so unexpected that they startled that subtle instinct of class distinction that is in all of us. His voice, moreover, although hoarse and cracked, had a hint of former unction and polish in its tone — an ancient ceremoniousness. It was like a bell that has some silver in its casting, and that, although cracked and rusted, still sounds a mellow note.

The girl finished the arrangement of her improvised table in silence, then looked up.

"I am sorry," she said, "that we haven't more of a variety than just sandwiches and cake. If I'd thought we were going to be marooned in a bog, I'd have brought something awfully good to cheer us up. However, there is lots of ham between the bread, and I spread the mustard thick. I do hope you like mustard," and she handed a sandwich apiece to the Lord of the Strand and the scissors-grinder.

"May I ask," said the scissors-grinder, "without appearing too curious, if I am assisting at an elopement? I can think of nothing else that would have brought you out on such a day."

"No, indeed," said both the girl and the Lord of the Strand together.

"This is a real-estate excursion," added the girl.

"But where are the excursionists?" asked the old man, with a puzzled look.

"I am the excursionists," said the girl, with dignity. "I am afraid, though," she added, "that I sha'n't see the lots at Hollywood Cove, after all."

"It doesn't matter," said the Lord of the Strand pessimistically. "They're probably washed away by this time, anyway — I mean the stakes. The stakes, you see, are what make them lots; otherwise they'd be just beach. I expect we'd find just beach."

"Are you the owner of Hollywood Cove — the boy they call the Lord of the Barren Strand around here?" asked the scissors-grinder.

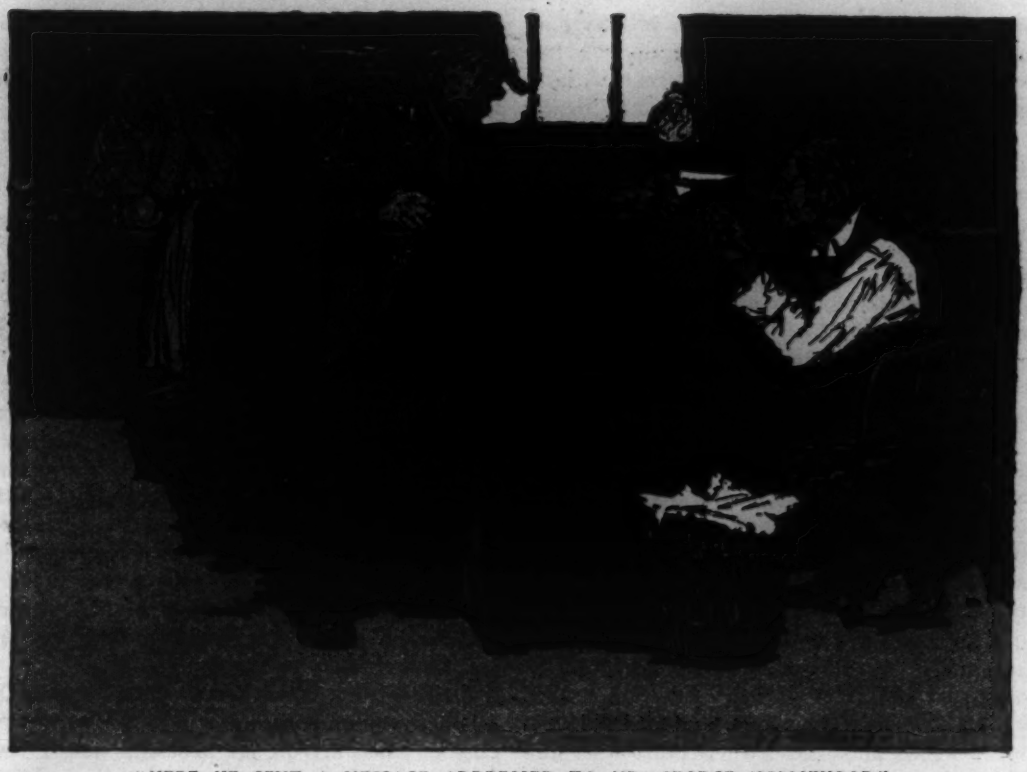
"I am," said young Hollywood grimly. "I have been trying for the last six months to shift my ownership on to the unsuspecting public — but somehow the public seems to suspect. I haven't sold a single lot yet. This expedition is about my last. I haven't money enough left to hire another bus, and, if I had, there probably wouldn't be any people to ride in it."

The old man looked him over gravely.

"I have heard your story," he said. "In traveling from town to town, grinding knives and scissors at the back doors of houses, one hears a great number of things. Your father was once wealthy, wasn't he?"

"He once owned about all the country around here. The whole of the site upon which New Athens now stands was his. About a year before he died, when his judgment was weakened by age and illness, and while I was away at college, Archibald Devin, now the wealthiest man in New Athens, got him to exchange his land holdings for worthless stock in Mexican silver-mines. Oh, it was all done legally

"THE SCISSORS-GRINDER WATCHED HER IN SILENCE, AND THE LORD OF THE STRAND, IN TURN, WATCHED HIM"



"HERE HE SENT A MESSAGE ADDRESSED TO MR. GEORGE HOLLYWOOD"

enough, so legally that I could not get it undone — but, nevertheless, it was one of the worst frauds ever perpetrated. All that Devin left was Hollywood Cove, and he only left that because he did not think it was worth the notary's fee to witness a deed of it to him. And that is why I became Lord of the Barren Strand when father died."

"I know this Devin," said the scissors-grinder reflectively. "He always tries to jew me down in my price for grinding. With one exception, he is the meanest man in New Athens."

"Who is the exception?" asked the girl.

"James Taggart, the telegraph operator. He is just a shade meaner, I think. They are the same type, though. Either of them would do anything for money. The only difference between them is that Devin has managed to get rich out of his policy, while Taggart is still as poor as a church mouse."

"I see," said Hollywood, "that you keep your eyes open as you go from place to place."

"An old habit — one that was at one time of great use to me. You may be surprised to hear it, but I was once — too many years ago to remember — in your business. I was a land promoter. My name would have been recognized by your father if he were alive, for it was a well-known one."

The old man stopped a moment, lost in thought, then went on: "It was necessary for me then to be able to read men — to know what pride or passion or prejudice I could best appeal to in them. For instance, if I had to deal with such men as Devin or Taggart, the telegraph operator at New Athens, I should appeal to their greediness and dishonesty — for that is all that is in them to appeal to."

"Why did you give up real-estate work?" asked the girl gently, after a moment's silence. "Why did you — er — adopt your present business?"

The shadow of a smile crossed the scissors-grinder's face.

"I can tell you that in a word — not a very elegant but a very expressive one. *Booze.* A man can travel a long way downhill in twenty years when he has that for company. You see me sober at the present moment solely because it is impossible for me to be otherwise. I have just left New Athens, which is unfortunately a prohibition town, and I attempted this mudhole in spite of my better judgment and the better judgment of Methuselah (my horse), solely because the next town is not prohibition. The only reason that I am different to-day from my kind is that you have treated me like a human being — and made me remember that I once was one. Usually I prefer to forget it."

The Lord of the Strand and the girl remained

silent, for there did not seem to be anything to be said. The three finished up the last crumbs of their sandwiches and cake without further words. Then Hollywood said suddenly:

"Our two horses ought to be able to pull your wagon out. It is a very different proposition from our heavy bus. Let us try."

The scissors-grinder had some strong rope. They hitched the two horses to the old wagon, and finally succeeded in dislodging it from the deep mud and rolling it out on the comparatively hard road. The two bus horses were unhitched and Methuselah rehitched. The wagon, although oozing black mud from every pore, appeared none the worse for its immersion.

"I am glad that one of us is freed, anyway," said the Lord of the Strand. "We will stay an hour or so longer; then, if no one appears with horses strong enough to drag us out, we will abandon the bus and walk to New Athens — it can't be more than six or seven miles from here at the most."

The scissors-grinder extended a hand to each. Suddenly a quizzical smile lit up his face.

"In the old fairy stories," he said, "when two amiable children met a wretched old man in the woods and shared their crust with him out of the goodness of their hearts, he always turned out to be a powerful magician who gave each of them a wish. As I can't give you anything else, I might as well be the magician and give you each a wish."

The Lord of the Strand laughed, and the girl clapped her hands gleefully, like a child.

"I will give you a hard one," said the Lord of the Strand. "I wish that I may sell all of my lots before sundown."

The girl thought seriously a moment, then said:

"May I make my wish in my mind, without telling any one?"

"Certainly," said the scissors-grinder; "in fact, they are more powerful that way."

"I have made it," she said after a moment's thought. "It, also, must come true before sundown," she added with an embarrassed little laugh. The old man smiled, and for some reason the girl blushed up to her damp, tightly curling hair.

Bidding them good-by, the scissors-grinder ascended the seat of his wagon and made a chuckling noise in his throat to Methuselah, and the ancient steed started off sadly along a road in which he had no confidence.

"They were kind little ones," said the scissors-grinder, speaking half aloud, as was his custom when driving Methuselah, "and I wish I really had the power to grant their wishes!"

Methuselah swished his tail — gravely, as became a horse of his years — to show that he

"THE TWO IN THE BUGGY RODE ON MILE AFTER MILE IN THE GLOAMING"

was in entire accord with his master, and they jogged on in silence for another half mile.

Suddenly the scissors-grinder gave a terrific jerk to the reins and cried:

"I have it, Methuselah — a plan! And we will use Taggart, the telegraph operator at New Athens, to carry it out for us. If my estimate of him is correct, he is mean enough and dishonest enough to do what I think he will do when he receives the telegram I am going to send to young Hollywood at New Athens. If he isn't, and doesn't do it, no harm will be done; but if he does do it, young Hollywood's wish will be granted."

He jerked the reins and the old steed accelerated his pace.

"Do your best, Methuselah," said his master; "we have no time to lose. They will stay with the bus for an hour or so, and of course nobody will appear to help them,— for who is mad enough to be out on these roads to-day? — then they will set out for New Athens. It will take them at least three or four hours to make it by the beach road, in this weather, on foot. I shall reach Scroggs Corners in an hour and a half, and can send the telegram from there — and it will reach New Athens in time for what I want."

An hour and a quarter later, the scissors-grinder and Methuselah, panting from his unwonted exertions, entered the hamlet of Scroggs Corners. The scissors-grinder alighted and entered the general merchandise store, in one corner of which was the telegraph office. Here he sent a message addressed to Mr. George Hollywood, Hollywood Cove, via New Athens.

"There are not many people," he said, with a chuckle, "who send a telegram and hope it won't reach the person they send it to; but I hope that Taggart will suppress this one. Well, Methuselah," he said to the horse, as he climbed into the wagon, "our work is done, and you know where to go," and he headed him in the direction of the corner groggery.

About the time that the scissors-grinder was sending his telegram, the Lord of the Strand and the Lady were tramping along the road about a quarter of a mile from where the abandoned bus stuck in the mud.

"I am sorry," the Lord of the Strand was saying, "that the direct road over the mountain is impassable — we shall have to cover a much greater distance in making this detour around by the coast."

"Never mind," said the girl, "it has one advantage. I shall have a chance to see Hollywood Cove and those wonderful lots. I feel quite tempted to buy one — even after what I've heard!"

"I wouldn't sell you one," said the Lord of the Strand in the shocked tone of a person to whom one has suggested the robbing of a friend.

"Why, that was what you brought me here for," said the Lady, with a laugh.

"I didn't know you then," said the Lord of the Strand firmly. "By the way, I don't know you yet — by name."

"Fenton — Miss Claudia Fenton."

They plodded on in silence for another half mile, walking in the road where it was hilly and the water had drained off, slushing through the thick wet grass along the bank when the mud made the road impassable. The rain had thinned to a fine, gray drizzle that permeated fabrics and turned them into damp, sodden masses. The Lord of the Strand cast frequent glances at the girl beside him. Her turban was limp, her skirts were draggled and muddy, and her blue tailor coat had lost its trimness and clung to her supinely. But this ruin of perishable things in no way dampened her spirits. Her eyes danced as she trudged along, her cheeks were rosy and damp with the rain, her hair had rolled up into tight little curls which looked as if no comb would ever persuade them to unwind. The Lord of the Strand reflected that she was an excellent companion in adversity, and would probably be as good a one in prosperity. A sudden thought shot across his mind. If he only had his lots sold — if he only had sufficient money to dare to think of such a thing! He would ask no better ——

His meditations were interrupted by an exclamation from the girl herself. They had come in sight of the sea. The breakers stretched out in long, cold lines. Everything was unutterably gray, wet, and dismal. For the next half hour they walked along in silence, and even the girl's impregnable good humor seemed in danger of capitulating to the surroundings.

Suddenly the Lord of the Strand stopped and pointed ahead into the blurred distance.

"There," he said, "is Hollywood Cove, otherwise known as the Barren Strand, of which I am sole heir and owner."

"It *isn't* very comfortable-looking," acknowledged the girl. "Some beaches seem just the right background for a little four-room bungalow, but one would have to build a turreted, medieval castle, all in gray stone, to go with this beach. However," she added, afraid that she might have hurt his feelings, "it may look better when there are some people on it."

"There's somebody on it now, if I'm not mistaken. Look! I wonder who it can be?"

Claudia also now saw a solitary black figure on the beach, which was coming toward them in what seemed a hurried manner.

"Maybe it is some one conjured up by the scissors-grinder to buy your lots," she said, with an excited little laugh. "Let us hurry down before he disappears in thin air."

They walked briskly down to the beach. The black figure, instead of disappearing, advanced solidly to meet them. Now that they were near enough to notice details, Hollywood saw that he was a short, pudgy man dressed in a mackintosh and high boots, and that a buggy, which had evidently conveyed him here, was hitched to a tree a little way up from the beach.

"Why, that is Devin!" he exclaimed,—"the man who cheated my father," he added in a hasty aside to the girl.

He had time to say no more, for the pudgy man was upon them with outstretched hand.

"Ah, my dear young Hollywood," he cried with florid and effusive heartiness, "you are the very man I want to see! You are doubtless surprised to see me," he continued, as he caught his breath, which he had lost in his haste to greet the pair, "here upon such a — er — *dismal* day. I will explain my object as briefly as possible. I have come out to inspect your lots here, the estate your good father left you, with the — er — intention, I may state at once, of buying. We of New Athens feel that our little city is growing, sir, growing like the proverbial bean-stalk. We feel the need of an outlet — a harbor — a — er ——" the banker of New Athens dove heroically into the depths of almost forgotten history, and brought up triumphantly — "a Piraeus, sir. I have decided, after a great deal of consideration, that this is the most available site."

"But," said the Lord of the Strand in amazement, as he looked out upon the angry white breakers, which seemed to gnash their teeth in rage at the very thought of navigation, "it would be utterly impossible to make a harbor here. The rocks — the cliffs — the ——"

The banker waved a deprecatory hand.

"Ah — ah, my dear young sir — modern methods of construction — the gigantic strides in mechanical science — the recent wonders of civil engineering ——"

At each of these potent terms the banker lowered his voice reverently. He spoke in a half-soothing, half-confidential tone, like one who is both a father and a confider. The mere sound of his voice seemed to create a seaport, with its warehouses, wharves, and harbors; the mere wave of his hand was enough to fill the sea with ships of commerce. He stopped a moment to allow the full effect to reach the Lord of the Strand, then said suddenly, with a metallic ring, like the clinking of coins, in his voice:

"And now, to come down to business, how much will you ——"

His sentence was cut short by the sound of galloping horses, and a moment later a couple of men in a buggy, drawn by two horses all in a lather of sweat, raced down the beach. They were followed by a wagon in which there were two more men. All of these newcomers hurried over to the Lord of the Strand. Devin watched them with uneasy eyes.

"We heard that you were selling lots to-day, Mr. Hollywood, and we have come to buy," said the first to reach him, without any preliminary remarks.

"We also wish to buy lots," said the men who had come in the wagon, pushing their way to the front.

Before the bewildered Lord of the Strand had time to answer them, more buggies and wagons began to arrive from the direction of New Athens, the occupants of which descended in headlong haste and hurriedly made known their desire to buy lots. All these New Athenians looked at one another with the quick, suspicious glances of men mutually distrustful. The blackest-looking among them was Devin, the earliest arrival. They one and all stared jealously at Hollywood, like a host of suitors at the object of their affections.

"It is your wish coming true," whispered Claudia, with wide eyes. "The scissors-grinder was a magician and has bewitched all these people."

The Lord of the Strand smiled at her, then turned to the waiting buyers and said briefly:

"I am here, gentlemen, to sell lots."

There was a sigh of something akin to relief among those waiting, as if they had almost expected him to refuse.

Devin stepped up and said rapidly in an undertone:

"I will take all your lots — I believe there are thirty-two — at the price you were asking for them, and pay fifty per cent advance on the gross price for the option of buying them all."

"I am sorry," said the Lord of the Strand, aloud, so that all might hear him, "but since there is so great a demand for lots, I don't think it would be fair to sell them in bulk. I might be depriving some worthy citizen of a home on this delightful beach. Give every one a chance, is my motto! I will, therefore, put up the lots one by one at auction. There are thirty-two lots in the tract. You can have your pick, gentlemen, as not a single lot is missing. We will begin with this fine corner lot, equally advantageous for a residence with an unobstructed view of the sea, or a centrally

located business site. What am I offered for this exceptional lot?"

The bidding began a little lower than the original price that Hollywood had been asking for the lots, but it soared up until it was double and treble that. There was a kind of hysterical eagerness among the bidders — a sort of tenacious rivalry that made them slow to give up. Every man present seemed possessed of a mania to own Hollywood Cove real estate.

The first lot, after a hot struggle, was knocked down to Devin. The other lots were rapidly put up, one after another, and in each case Devin outbid all the others. A fever for land accumulation seemed to have seized him. He was not satisfied until the whole tract had passed over to him. The moment the last lot was declared his, he detached himself from the group of his disgruntled townsmen, and seizing the Lord of the Strand and Claudia each by an arm, hurried them over to his buggy, which happened to be a two-seater.

"We will drive at once over to New Athens," he said nervously,— "at once. There the deed can be signed, and I will give you my check immediately."

"I've never seen any one in such a hurry to pay before," whispered Claudia, as the banker unhitched the horses.

"I am too glad to be rid of these lots to inquire closely into any one's reason for wanting them," said young Hollywood gaily. "I prefer to believe that the scissors-grinder bewitched old Devin."

After a five-mile drive, they arrived in the bustling little town of New Athens, and drove at once to the office of Devin's lawyer. Here an iron-bound deed was drawn up, and the banker's check for thirty-four thousand four hundred dollars was given to Hollywood in exchange for the land, comprising thirty-two lots, at Hollywood Cove.

A quarter of an hour later, the Lord of the Strand — now lord no longer — procured a top-buggy and a couple of strong horses for the homeward trip. It was now late afternoon, and Hollywood figured that he could get Claudia back to San Jacinto in time to catch one of the evening trains to the city.

As they drove down the main street of the town, they passed the telegraph office. A hallo from within stopped them. Taggart, the telegraph operator, a wizened little man with beady eyes like a snake's, ran out and handed Hollywood a yellow envelop.

"This just came for you, Mr. Hollywood," he said. Before the Lord of the Strand had time to ask any questions, he disappeared.

Hollywood gave the reins to Claudia, tore open the envelop, and read the message as they drove along:

> Do not sell an inch of Hollywood Cove. Oil has been discovered on your land.
>
> S. GRINDER.

"This," said the Lord of the Strand, as he handed the telegram to Claudia, "explains the boom in Hollywood Cove real estate."

The girl studied the telegram gravely for a few minutes, then asked: "*Who* is S. Grinder?"

"I don't know him from the man in the moon. Never heard the name before," and he bent over and studied the telegram with her. Then suddenly the same thought struck them at the same instant, and they burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"S. Grinder — Scissors-Grinder, of course," said the girl, when she could speak. "He sent that teelgram to make your wish come true!"

She stopped, suddenly puzzled.

"But how," she asked, "did he know that his scheme would work? — that the telegraph operator at New Athens here would suppress the telegram long enough to give the people he had told time to buy before you knew anything about it?"

"He didn't know for a certainty," said the Lord of the Strand reflectively. "But what he did know was the weakness of human nature in general, and that of Taggart, the operator here, in particular. He knew that he was both poor and dishonest — a strong combination for unrighteousness when the chance offers — and he provided the bait of an excellent chance. Of course, Taggart had to do the biting. And he seems to have bit pretty hard. Not only did he tip off Devin, who always has ready money on hand to snap up a good thing, but, after Devin had started out, he evidently tipped off a good many more people — thereby increasing his own pocket money."

The Lord of the Strand drove along in silence a few moments, then laughed aloud.

"*This* time," he said, "Devin has overreached himself. By his own act, in trying to cheat me, he has managed to cheat himself. It is the first case of poetic justice I have ever known."

By this time the rain had stopped, and the last of the day gave promise of a fair evening with a little starlight. Even a few rays of watery sunshine slanted down through the dripping tree-branches. The two in the buggy rode on mile after mile in the gloaming in silence, for a certain constraint had fallen upon them. At last the Lord of the Strand turned to Claudia and said:

"Half of this money is yours by right. If it hadn't been for you, I should never have started out to-day. Moreover, it was you who insisted on inviting the scissors-grinder in to lunch. I consider you a partner in this enterprise, and insist on your accepting one half the profits. As the Strand was absolutely worthless, there are nothing but profits."

"Nonsense. Of course, I will not take a cent. You are quixotic. Under no circumstances will I accept a penny of your money."

"Under no circumstances?" said the Lord of the Strand anxiously.

"Under no circumstances."

"Then I suppose there is no use asking you to marry me, since I would have to support you on it, for a time at least. And I'd wanted to ask you so much! I thought, in the bus, how nice and homelike it all was — not that I wanted to live in a bus, of course——" The Lord of the Strand let his sentence trail off into a confused murmur. For the next few minutes the silence remained unbroken. Then Claudia said in a very little voice, demurely:

"Of course, under the circumstances you mention, I might possibly sometime see my way clear to accept——"

"Me!" said the Lord of the Strand joyously.

"Look!" exclaimed Claudia irrelevantly, pointing to the west, where the orange rim of the sun was just disappearing from view. "I just got my wish in time. I——" But the rest of her sentence was smothered and inaudible.

"WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS"*

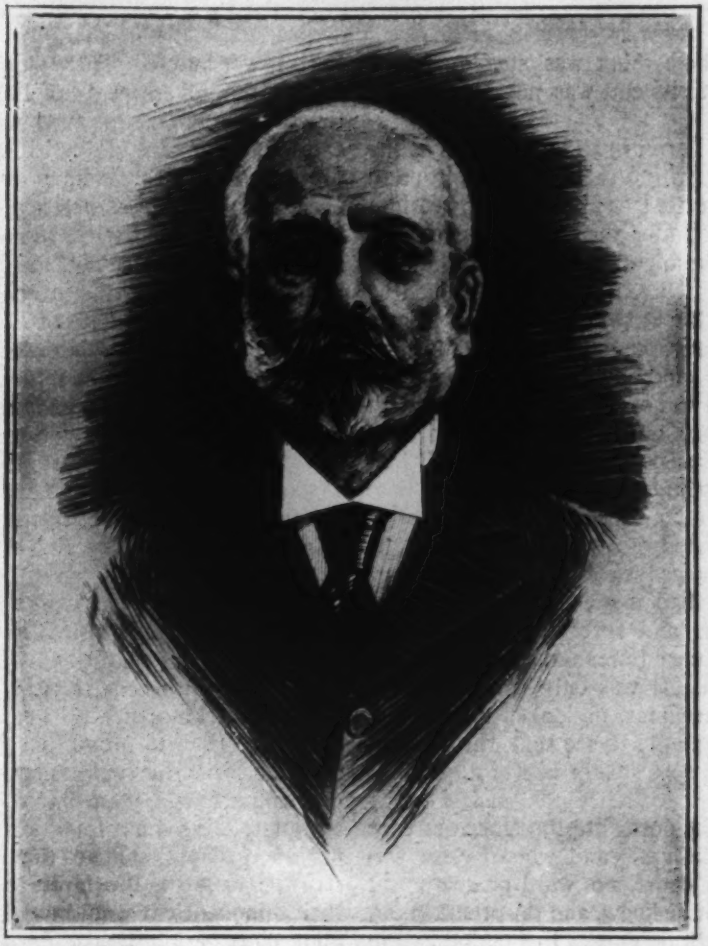
THE publication of an acting play in serial form is perhaps unusual enough to warrant a word of explanation.

Arnold Bennett's play, "What the Public Wants," is one of very timely interest, not only because it satirizes a characteristic phase of modern journalism, but because it is indicative of the most active form of literary enterprise in England to-day. Unquestionably, for the last ten years the number of good plays written in England has been rapidly on the increase, while the output of good novels has been comparatively small. J. M. Barrie and George Bernard Shaw, both of whom began as novelists, now write plays exclusively. John Galsworthy, perhaps the most accomplished of the younger novelists, has brought out three successful plays, two of which are well known in this country: "The Silver Box," produced by Miss Ethel Barrymore, and "Strife," lately produced with remarkable success at the New Theater in New York. Granville Barker's two plays, "The Voysey Inheritance" and "Waste," are among the most notable of recent additions to English literature; and John Masefield, in "Nan," has told in dramatic form a story worthy of Thomas Hardy. The new literature of Ireland, under the leadership of William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, and the lamented J. M. Synge, consists almost entirely of plays.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, the author of an unusually successful novel, last summer joined this strong company of successful play-makers with "What the Public Wants." The comedy was first put on by the Stage Society, but because of its popular qualities was quickly transferred to the stage of a commercial theater. The strength of the younger English writers is going so largely into plays, that the serial publication of one of the newest and cleverest of these seems to be but following the main current of England's present literary activity.

EDITOR.

* See page 301.



Drawn by F. Van Sloan

SEÑOR FRANCISCO FERRER

THE FERRER TRIAL

AN ACCOUNT OF THE COURT MARTIAL AND EXECUTION OF FERRER, THE SPANISH RADICAL

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND WITH A DRAWING BY F. VAN SLOAN

THE trial of Francisco Ferrer in the Model Prison at Barcelona was a State function of the highest importance; besides the reporters, only privileged spectators were present to witness an end being made of the Government's enemy. There was a good deal of competition for a place in court; Ferrer was not known by sight to many people in Spain, and there was curiosity as to the personality and appearance of this powerful Revolutionary, the leader of a school of political thought. A colonel and six captains were appointed to try him, and a captain of engineers was deputed to conduct his defense, with a prospect of arrest and imprisonment if he went too far on the prisoner's

behalf. The whole thing was stage-managed like a drama, and its end was not less certain and foreseen.

They brought Ferrer in and placed him at the bar of the court, with a sentry beside him; and the spectators rustled and fidgeted to see him close at hand. Under their curious eyes, the doomed man shrank and was uneasy. People saw him with astonishment. He had the manner and all the outward look of an elderly clerk or a country schoolmaster, of anything subordinate and plodding and uninspired. He was middle-aged and of the middle stature, with a round, dull face, and a short, pointed gray beard. There was nothing to distinguish him from thousands of men in Spain to-day, in whom the national character of reserve and incuriousness are exaggerated to a sort of atrophy of the faculties. He showed no trace of that fervency and power that had made him the enemy of the Government, and sustained him through years of war against bureaucracy and clericalism in Catalonia. It was only when, at some turn in the proceedings, he looked up quickly, that people were able to see that the eyes in the patient face were steady and of a peculiar brightness.

A military court does not pronounce sentence at the end of the case, and when Ferrer was taken out from court, no word of death had been spoken. But he knew, and the others knew, that he went forth doomed. In London and in Paris it was known. There were attempts to influence the governments of Great Britain and France to intervene to save him; and the advocates at the Palace of Justice in Paris signed a protest against the manner in which he had been denied justice and an opportunity to clear himself. In Rome also it was known. The Pope addressed an inquiry to the Papal Nuncio in Spain as to whether his intervention would be taken well, and the date of Ferrer's execution was actually advanced in order that the young King might not have to refuse a request from the Vatican. Those who advise the Pope were not blind to the fact that clericalism in Spain can ill afford to make martyrs; the proof of their wisdom is in the uproar that arose from every capital between St. Petersburg and Montevideo in answer to the volley at Montjuich on October 13.

There is not lacking a mass of proof that from the moment he was arrested Ferrer was as good as dead. He was charged with inciting and taking part in the recent riots at Barcelona. His guilt or his innocence no longer concerns any one. The time to prove him guilty was in his life-time, when he could answer for himself.

Six months ago, if one had sought in Spain for an outstanding man, for a leader whose disappearance would change the destinies of the struggle between the forces of liberalism and their opponents, it would have been hard to fix upon one. In Catalonia, Ferrer's native prov-

MONTJUICH, THE FORTRESS PRISON WHERE FERRER WAS SHOT

SEÑORITA PAZ FERRER, THE DAUGHTER OF SEÑOR FERRER, WHO PETITIONED KING ALPHONSO FOR HER FATHER'S REPRIEVE

ince, as in the rest of Spain, Anti-clericalism is more an instinct of the people than a matter of politics. A man may be a Republican, a Nationalist, a Separatist, a Lerrouxista, but he is an Anti-clerical as well. It is not that he is necessarily hostile to religion, or even to the Church; it is simply that the religious orders have become a heavy burden to the community, and their increase in the face of the law restricting them is making life a difficult matter for thousands of people.

Although I was not personally acquainted with Ferrer, I lived for a considerable time at Barcelona while I was studying the growth of the anarchist movement in Spain, and I was able to follow closely the results of his work there. To gain a clue to Ferrer's share in Spanish politics, it is necessary to understand the position of the Anti-clericals. The diocese of Barcelona, to select one instance, has a total population of about a million souls. Within this diocese there are not fewer than five hundred religious houses—monasteries and convents—and some six thousand minor institutions forming centers of clerical propaganda and influence. It is not known how many monks, nuns, and priests these figures represent; Spanish statistics are incomplete and inaccurate: but they stand, at any rate, for a very large body of people—individually poor, but collectively controlling enormous wealth—who have no share in the life of the community and the duties of the citizen.

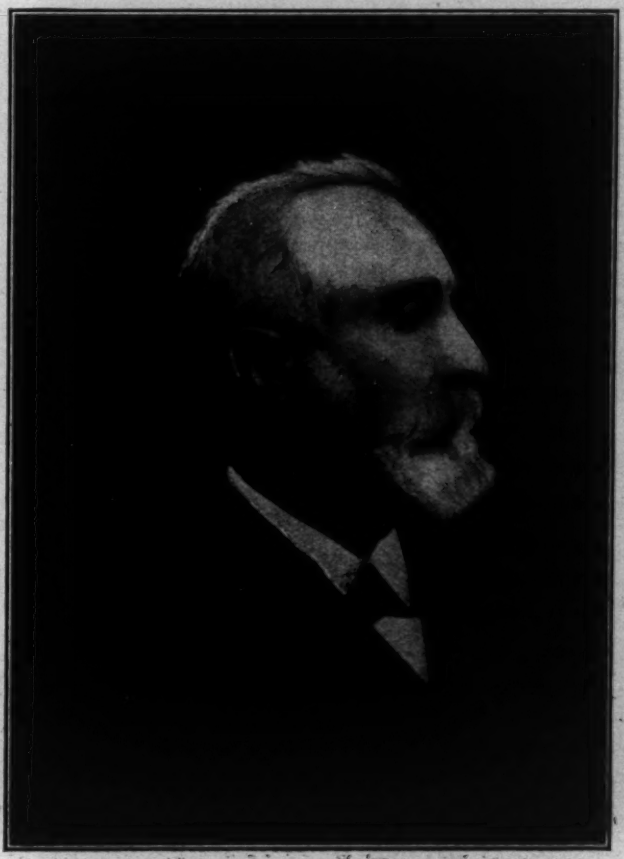
If this were all, it would yet be a serious burden to Spain's most enterprising and prosperous province; but the matter goes further. The orders engage in business. They have special advantages in the way of securing labor and custom, and they are exempt from all taxes. They manufacture liqueurs, chocolates, candy, and linen; they work farms; they undertake printing and laundry work: and they are able to do all this on terms with which the layman cannot compete. They control the schools of Spain, and in politics their influence is paramount. There is a general belief throughout the country that the Queen Mother, the most unpopular figure in Spain, is the tool of the Jesuits. Whether this be true or not, the effect is the same: clerical influence and clerical wealth shut off all hope of reform and progress; and thus it is that in Barcelona all disorders begin with the burning of a convent.

There is a story of a newly appointed Governor whose first report from his district began: "The convents are still being burned quite regularly."

It was to this warfare between the people and the orders that Francisco Ferrer belonged. He was the son of a cooper at Alella, a small town about ten miles from Barcelona, where he was born in 1863. Thus he belonged, as by inheritance and birthright, to the paramount cause in Catalonia. He had little education, save such as a poor boy was able to gain in the Church schools under a system that still leaves seventy-five per cent of the people of Spain illiterate; but he had an aptitude for study, and read largely.

The corrupt and decadent Spain of to-day has lost its old artistic and literary traditions, but there is still a curious subterranean culture to be found, which is traceable directly to Anarchism. The Anarchist teachers who leavened Spain in the sixties and seventies of last century brought with them the new philosophy of democracy. The ideas of Marx, Bakúnin the Russian, and John Stuart Mill gained currency and acceptance, and these and others were accessible to Ferrer. He grew up, in the faith they inculcated, a Republican, an Anti-clerical, and a philosophical Anarchist — that is to say, accepting the principles of Anarchism as an academical proposition, but withholding himself from their active conclusions. The universities of Europe are full of Anarchists in the same sense; it is the common resource and refuge of political idealists.

But he made no history. He had sufficient dislike for monarchy to leave Spain after the brief experiment of the Spanish Republic. He went to Paris, where he found companionship among others of the same way of thinking as himself, and secured employment as a teacher of Spanish. He was never an imposing figure. He was a man of the lower classes, without grace of manner, geniality, or wit, and his appearance almost constituted a claim to be overlooked. But, none the less, this awkward, silent Spaniard had something within him that attracted to him the confidence and devotion of women. The record of his life has several instances of women inspired to be his followers and helpers. While he lay in prison, one, Señora Villafranca, the most faithful of his followers, was exhausting every resource to secure his reprieve in Madrid. In Paris there was another, named Mlle Meunier. Little is



DON ANTONIO MAURA
THE FORMER PREMIER OF SPAIN, WHOSE MINISTRY HAS BEEN OVERTHROWN IN CONSEQUENCE OF FERRER'S EXECUTION

A MEETING BETWEEN QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN AND SEÑOR MAURA, THE MAN WHOM SPAIN CHARGES WITH FERRER'S DEATH

known of her, save that she was a very old woman who believed in Ferrer, and when she died she left him half a million dollars with which to forward his cause in Spain. It made him, for Spain, a very rich man; it put into his hands power such as no other leader had commanded. From that time Ferrer began to be recognized as a formidable figure in Spanish affairs.

He opened his campaign by founding in Barcelona his Escuela Moderna, the only secular school in Spain. Here a child received sound teaching in conventional subjects, and was also trained along the peculiar lines of Ferrer's beliefs. He described the object of the school in these words:

"To make children reflect upon the lies of religion, of government, of patriotism, of justice, of politics, and of militarism; and to prepare their minds for the social revolution."

Apart from this latter purpose, the school served a great national need, and its success was immediate. Branches were established in other parts of Spain, and it has already, in something less than eight years, turned out about four thousand pupils, well equipped to hold their own in illiterate and ignorant Spain. Also, it carried out its founder's intention that it should be a blow at clericalism, and its power was fully recognized by the Government when, in 1906, an opportunity arose to attack Ferrer.

Among the men whom Ferrer had appointed to assist in the conduct of the Escuela Moderna was Mateo Morales, an accomplished linguist, who was given the post of librarian. He, too, was an Anarchist, but not of the philosophical and theoretical kind to which Ferrer belonged. He was the man who threw the bomb at King Alphonso and his bride on the day of their wedding.

On June 4, 1906, Ferrer was arrested for complicity in this outrage, apparently for no other reason than that he had known Morales well. Not a shred of evidence could be adduced against him; there was not even enough to bring him to trial. In fact, the case was so

KING ALPHONSO AND SEÑOR MAURA AT THE GATE OF "LA GRANJA"

utterly feeble that the Judge of First Instance agreed to liberate him on bail, adding that no cause had been shown why Ferrer should be either tried or detained in prison. But Ferrer was not liberated. The Fiscal intervened to prevent it — his authority was higher than that of the Judge.

"You will not be allowed bail," he told Ferrer, "even if the Judge has permitted it, because I will stop it."

So Ferrer went back to jail, and remained there without trial for a full year. At the end of that time a trial was arranged. Ordinarily he should have been brought before the Court of Assize, but there were reasons why the normal course of justice should not be pursued, and therefore a special court was established to try him, without a jury. No means were neglected to secure the judicial murder of the only rich man among the Anti-clericals, and yet the attempt failed. Evidence was offered on two points. It was shown, in the first place, that Anarchists had paid visits to Ferrer. This was not denied. In the second place, there was an attempt to demonstrate that, since Morales was a poor man and Ferrer a rich one, *therefore* Ferrer must have supplied Morales with money to hire rooms in Madrid and make the attempt on the King's life.

Ferrer's counsel wished to call M. Henri Rochefort on his behalf,— he would have been a powerful witness for the defense,— but the court answered this with a refusal to hear foreign witnesses. This, however, could not silence Rochefort in the newspapers, and he published a letter from Morales to a Russian Revolutionary in which he said:

"I have no faith in Ferrer, Tarrida, and Lorenzo, and all the simple-minded folk who think you can do anything with speeches."

The case was absurd from beginning to end. Even a specially constituted court found itself unable to convict on such evidence, and Ferrer was acquitted. The Government and the orders had lost the first round of the fight. But they had gained experience which served them well when Ferrer again fell into their hands. This time they improved on even a special court and no jury: they abolished witnesses and limited the discretion of the man they themselves nominated to conduct the defense.

The first trial took place three years ago, and ever after Ferrer was a marked man. He knew his danger and walked carefully. He conducted the increasing work of his schools, attended a Labor Federation in Paris, and visited London. When, in 1909, Barcelona flamed into open revolt, he was nowhere to be found. It is not quite clear why he should have been looked for in connection with the disorders. Violence, dynamite, and barricades are as native to Barcelona as steel to Pittsburg. In twenty-five years, to go no farther back, there have been recorded in the city one hundred and fourteen bomb outrages alone, and these figures are incomplete. In the last year fifteen bombs were exploded, and in the last five months there have been eighteen more. Barcelona is forever on the brink of an outrage or an uprising; it does not need a Ferrer to stir it to its peculiar activities. But the police had orders from Madrid to lay hands on Ferrer, and he promptly went into hiding. The city was under martial law, and it was no time for Ferrer, of all people, to risk a trial.

The police effected his capture without much difficulty. Among their prisoners was a woman who was known to be a friend of Ferrer, and she was released, in the hope that she might be followed to his hiding-place. She managed to evade the detectives; but she reappeared in a day or two and tried to cash a draft to Ferrer at the Bank of Barcelona. It was pointed out to her that the draft must bear an authorization from Ferrer to pay the money to her. Next day she was back with the necessary signature. It was clear that Ferrer was near at hand. The police lines drew closer, and it was soon discovered that he was lodging with the Mayor of an adjoining suburb. The police descended on the house at night, but Ferrer had received notice and had escaped. He was recognized at Alella, his birth-place, arrested, and conveyed in a cart to Barcelona on September 1. Señor Ugarte, the Public Prosecutor, announced forthwith that he considered Ferrer to have been the leading spirit in the outrages of July.

Then began Ferrer's second trial, the wretched farce that roused the lawyers of Paris to protest against the procedure. A preliminary examination was held by a Judge of First Instance — one, that is to say, who has power only to examine, and cannot decide or sentence. A search was made of the prisoner's house, and a document was produced that was said to have been discovered there. It was a proclamation, and the authorities alleged that Ferrer was its author. It said:

"We are all agreed upon a revolution. All Revolutionaries must devote themselves to the cause, but we need to have three hundred comrades ready, as we are to risk their necks at Madrid to begin our movement. We await a favorable opportunity, such as after a general strike or on the eve of Labor Day [May 1]."

A FERRER RIOT SCENE BEFORE THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTA IN PARIS

A MEETING HELD IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE TO PROTEST AGAINST FERRER'S EXECUTION

The proclamation went on to discuss the killing of high personages and the destruction of public buildings. It was also alleged that other documents were found, in which Ferrer gave instructions to his comrades for the use of cipher codes, and asked for particulars as to their stores of arms, money, and dynamite. In fact, none of the romantic paraphernalia of the stage Anarchist was lacking. In the light of such documents, Ferrer stood revealed as a bloodthirsty plotter of the most deadly kind, a kind far more complete and more deadly than the history of Anarchism has ever revealed.

But there was an answer to all this. Some of the documents produced had figured in the Madrid trial in 1906 and had been disposed of; they required no further answer. As to the others, Ferrer denied that they had been in his possession, and reminded the judge that it had more than once been proved that the police had placed documents in a prisoner's house for the purpose of discovering them there afterward. He wished to call witnesses to prove his manner of life, his concern with the schools to the exclusion of all else, his freedom from all complicity in the troubles of July. But this was impossible. Most of his witnesses were already in exile, driven there either by the danger of life in Barcelona or by the action of the authorities. He denied that he had been present in Barcelona during the revolt, but there were the same difficulties in the way of substantiating his word.

Against him appeared seventy witnesses, not half of whose number had anything to say that could be held to aid toward a conviction. They swore blithely that they considered Señor Ferrer to be implicated; that their opinion was the general one; that he was a man whose principles made such matters natural to him. This, in fact, was the evidence of several, and others had testimony of equal relevance.

As the case proceeded, Ferrer seemed to lose interest in it. No doubt he recognized that the trial was no more than a form, a preliminary prescribed by etiquette to precede the sentence of death. At the beginning he had watched events shrewdly, and from time to time had spoken briskly and incisively; but long before the last of the seventy witnesses had been heard he had given himself up to thought.

Everything was carried out according to arrangement. Ferrer was committed to take his trial before a court martial, and Captain Galceran, of the Regiment of Engineers, one of the *corps d'élite* of the Spanish Army, was appointed counsel for the defense. This is a post of no ordinary difficulty, for in such a case the officer must reconcile his duty to his client with a convention as to the lengths an officer of the army may go in defending a man accused of a military crime; and it has often happened that an officer acting as counsel has subsequently been punished for his over-enthusiastic advocacy.

In this case Captain Galceran seems to have acted fearlessly and conscientiously. No witnesses were called, and the proceedings were confined to speeches. Captain Galceran charged the prosecution with burking the trial. Many witnesses for Señor Ferrer had been refused a hearing, on the ground that the time limit had expired; only hostile evidence had been admitted, and statements had been received from persons not qualified to offer testimony; even anonymous denunciations had been suffered to have weight. Ferrer himself spoke, but briefly, and the trial was over. No one was in doubt as to the result.

It is said — with what truth I cannot say — that King Alphonso was willing to reprieve Ferrer. He was inundated with petitions for mercy. One was from Señorita Paz Ferrer, the condemned man's daughter in Paris; and there were others from nearly every country in Europe. The report adds that an interview, with that object, took place between the King and Señor Maura, the Prime Minister. In such an event, the King's purpose can only have been frustrated by Señor Maura. A death sentence, once confirmed by the Cabinet, cannot be revised by the King. This is quoted in support of the charge that Ferrer owed his death directly to Maura.

On the evening of October 12 the Cabinet met and ratified the sentence. Ferrer, who had been removed to the fortress prison of Montjuich, was informed the same night that he was to die next morning. The sentence of the court martial was contained in a long and prolix document, and it took three quarters of an hour to read it to him. His calm as he listened impressed everybody present. One knows that passive, half-melancholy Spanish calm, more than Oriental in its strength.

There were priests to attend him. He had been placed *en capilla* in the little chapel in which a condemned man is made to await the hour of execution. But Ferrer would have none of them. All his life he had seen his country suffer under unworthy priests; and at the end of it he would not turn from his hostility.

"Leave me to die in peace," he said to them. "I have my ideas, and I am as firm in my convictions as you are in yours."

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF KING ALPHONSO

He spent the night in writing his will. He disposed of his property in a few legacies: one to his faithful friend, Señora Villafranca, with which to carry on his work; another to make provision for his father; and the rest between his children. To them he addressed a request that they would not claim their legacies, but would allow them to go to the upkeep of his schools. He neither ate, drank, nor slept all night.

At nine o'clock in the morning of October 13 they took him forth to be shot in one of the ditches of the fortifications, consecrated to its grim use by many executions. On the hillside at a little distance were groups of spectators from the city; the troops would not allow them to come nearer. He still preserved his indomitable calm. In that hour his every-day and commonplace aspect must have worn a look of greatness. Two friars would have accompanied him, but he sent them back, and thus he came to the foot of the rampart sloping steeply up against the sky, against which it is the custom to shoot men. Ordinarily a man faces the rampart and is shot from behind; but Ferrer begged that he might see his death.

"It is not allowed," he was answered. "A traitor must either turn his back or be blindfolded."

It was the latter alternative that he selected, and a handkerchief was bound over his eyes.

There were only four men in the firing party, soldiers from the garrison chosen by the drawing of lots. The officers and guards stood away from him, the signal was given, and the volley rang out. Ferrer gave a loud cry and fell forward. It was over.

The Government and the orders had won the second round of the game. The dice were loaded, it is true; the game was not honest: but they won.

And what remains? There remains at least the Escuela Moderna which Ferrer founded, and money to carry it on. In less than eight years its branches have spread from Barcelona over all Spain; and though Ferrer is now absent, the very momentum of its own success will carry it on. It is the most powerful force against clericalism, and it will not become less formidable as time passes. And there remains, further,— what was lacking before,— proof, plain to people of all classes and all grades of intelligence, of the evil influence of the orders on the Government of Spain. France was obliged to expel the orders before the separation of Church and State could be brought about, and did so on provocation not to be compared with that of Spain. It is not merely a name, to be potent as a rallying cry on barricades when Barcelona raves in her periodic fevers, that Ferrer leaves behind him: it is a vital fact of official cruelty, dishonesty, and malice, to which there can be no answer but reform from the root up.

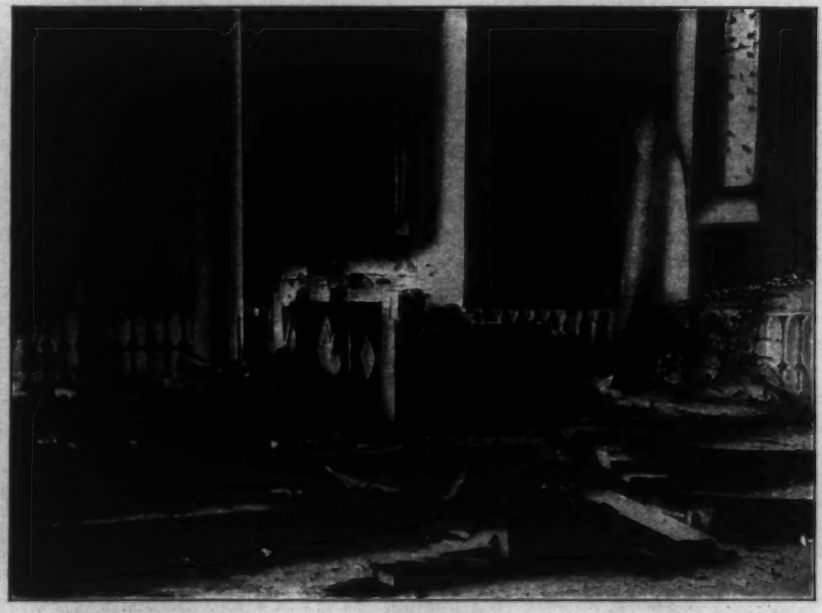
He was not a great man in the sense of a man whose inward strength would have thrust him to the fore in any environment. Rather, he was a product of his time and country, one of those men who are created as though by an economic demand to meet a need. He was not eloquent nor cultured; he could not move gatherings by speeches, and he wrote little. At his trial, the spectators were surprised to hear him speak the formal Castilian of official procedure "like an ill-educated Frenchman." But, once his interest was strongly taken, he could kindle to vivacity; he could be brisk and downright, and the living force within him would come to the light. He had, what is rare in Spain, a reserve of energy to back the faith that he professed — something akin to fanaticism. It was that, and the fact that he was rich, that made him formidable.

As an Anarchist he hardly counted. Anarchism demands a more strenuous adherence than Ferrer could give to it. Certainly he was never in any sense a member of its councils or a leading figure among the Anarchists of Barcelona. He led an irregular life, but not, as has been charged against him, a loose one. His two daughters are resident in Paris. Señorita Paz, the elder, is an actress. The younger, a widow with two daughters, was supported by her father; since his death she has obtained employment in a biscuit factory. His wife still lives in Spain.

Since Ferrer died, Señor Maura's government has fallen, and has been succeeded by Señor

A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ALMOST AT THE INSTANT THE BOMB WAS THROWN AT ALPHONSO'S WEDDING PROCESSION; FERRER WAS ACCUSED OF COMPLICITY IN THIS OUTRAGE

THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT BARCELONA, WRECKED BY ANARCHISTS DURING THE BARCELONA UPRISINGS



ONE OF THE CHURCHES WRECKED DURING THE BARCELONA RIOTS, WHICH FERRER WAS CHARGED WITH HAVING INCITED AND TAKEN PART IN

Moret's administration. Possibly there is a meaning in this change. Since the death of Ferrer was the issue on which the Government fell, the change may presage reforms. But Spain is used to government by spoliation; to parties that succeed one another in power by mutual arrangement; and hopes are not strong. The real hope is still in Ferrer. The world's voice denounced the system that slaughtered him; his death is the chief count in the indictment against clericalism and bureaucracy. Not even his own Escuela Moderna could show Spain to the young generation of Spaniards in a harsher light than the tragic farce of his two trials, his condemnation and death.

Meanwhile, the officer who acted for him is to be brought before a court martial for playing too well his part as counsel for the defense.

THE NEIGHBORS

BY

THEODOSIA GARRISON

At first cock-crow
The ghosts must go
Back to their quiet graves below.

AGAINST the distant striking of the clock
I heard the crowing cock,
And I arose and threw the window wide —
Ah, long before the setting of the moon.
And yet I knew they must be passing soon —
My neighbors who had died —
Back to their narrow, green-roofed homes that wait
Beyond the church-yard gate.

I leaned far out and waited. All the world
Was like a thing empearled,
Mysterious and beautiful and still;
The crooked road seemed one the moon might lay,
The little village slept in Quaker gray,
And gray and tall the poplars on the hill;
And then far off I heard the cock — and then
My neighbors passed again.

At first it seemed a white cloud, nothing more,
Slow drifting by my door,
Or gardened lilies swaying in the wind;
Then suddenly each separate face I knew —
The tender lovers, drifting two and two;
Old, peaceful folk long since passed out of mind;
And little children — one whose hand held still
An earth-grown daffodil.

And here I saw one pausing for a space
To lift a wistful face
Up to a certain window where there dreamed
A little brood left motherless; and there
One turned to where his unplowed fields lay bare;
And others lingering passed. But one there seemed
So over-glad to haste — she scarce could wait
To reach the church-yard gate.

The farrier's little maid who loved too well
And died — I may not tell
How glad she seemed. My neighbors, young and old,
With backward glances lingered as they went;
Only upon one face was all content,
A sorrow comforted — a peace untold.
I watched them through the swinging gate — the dawn
Stayed till the last had gone.

BILLIONS OF TREASURE

SHALL THE MINERAL WEALTH OF ALASKA ENRICH THE GUGGENHEIM TRUST OR THE UNITED STATES TREASURY?

BY

JOHN E. LATHROP AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN 1901, prospectors for oil found a billion dollars' worth of coal in southern Alaska. They were looking, without much luck, for oil-wells, when the Indians and squaw-men took a few of them back into the glaciers and showed them the mountains of coal along Bering River — known to the local tribes for years. Nowhere else on the face of the earth has anything like these mountains ever been discovered. They are masses of tilted rock from one to four thousand feet high, cut across from one end to the other with seams, from five to fifty feet thick, of the highest class of bituminous and anthracite coal. The people having inside information on this land were naturally anxious to secure title to it away from the United States Government, which owned it.

Just how to do this was a puzzle. The United States has been giving away its coal within its main borders at a nominal price for thirty-five years, as fast as it has been applied for. But, because of pure carelessness on the part of Congress, it was impossible for it to give away this coal land in Alaska. In 1900 Congress had voted to extend the coal-land laws to this district, but no one had taken the trouble to notice that the coal-land laws of the United States only provided for giving away lands that had been surveyed by the Government. As there were no Government-surveyed coal lands in Alaska, and in all human probability would not be for decades to come, this law was useless to any one who wanted to get hold of the Government's coal there. About all that the people who wanted to appropriate these coal mountains at Bering River could do was to take possession of them, hold them physically, and wait till they could get a new law.

The Englishmen Take 200,000,000 Tons

The first people to get their hands on these lands were a syndicate of big English capitalists who in 1901 had an outfit looking for oil in this Bering River district. Being Englishmen, without experience in getting together large sections of American Government lands, they went to work rather baldly. They had a company — the Pacific Oil and Coal Company. This company made a standing offer of one hundred dollars to anybody in the section who would locate a claim on these coal lands for them. Then the company took over the deeds from these people — mostly miners and company workmen — before the locators had any sign of title to the land. This is not a legal way of getting any kind of United States land. The American land laws have never proposed giving public land to corporations or rich individuals. They were intended primarily to help American citizens of small means to settle and develop the great West. It was quite a joke in the district at that time that the Englishmen were getting locations from foreigners, who, not being or intending to be American citizens, had no right to take Government lands at all. But the Englishmen were energetic. Before they got through they were in possession of some fifteen square miles of this Government coal land, with more than 200,000,000 tons of the finest commercial coal on it. They got it cheap, too; undoubtedly $12,000 or $15,000 would cover all they paid their locators.

The Syndicate of Northwestern Millionaires

The English syndicate used local labor in getting their claims. But just after they had started, the news of the coal bonanza began to filter into Seattle — the business and news center of all Alaskan interests — and the man with the powers-of-attorney arrived in the district from the United States. This individual appears, with absolute certainty, in successful new mining districts, and appropriates all the territory he can file on in the names of an indefinite number of relatives and acquaintances in the home country. No character in mining districts is regarded with a more nervous and eager hatred than this power-of-attorney "stampeder." But, being a creature of our

mining laws, his rights are fully protected by our Government.

After the Englishmen, the next group to take a slice of this Bering River coal find was a syndicate of millionaires from Washington and Idaho, operating through a typical power-of-attorney "stampeder" named Clarence Cunningham, from Wallace, Idaho, in the Coeur d'Alêne silver- and lead-mining district. These men were largely bankers, mining operators, and speculators. They were not all millionaires, but they were nearly all rich men, and the group of thirty-three was undoubtedly worth over $20,000,000. This was probably the most remarkable syndicate that has ever filed on United States coal lands. The almost invariable practice of capitalists, in securing lands of this kind, is to take them over from other locators. In this way there is no danger of prosecution for fraud and perjury. But this syndicate of Western millionaires took the chance of filing on this Bering field in their own names. They got together eight square miles of coal lands. Not less than 90,000,000 tons of high-class commercial coal can be taken out of this; and probably a great deal more. It cost perhaps $15,000 to get settled on it.

The Politicians Get the Best

But probably the best territory of all was taken up by a group that came after these two. This, in view of its development, may be called the politicians' syndicate. It was engineered, through a power-of-attorney man named M. A. Green, by Harry White. White was at one time mayor of Seattle, but resigned very suddenly, for reasons that have never entirely been made public. He did not retire from practical politics, however, and was one of the most prominent workers in the West for the Republican party during the last presidential campaign. White's political acquaintance extends throughout the entire Pacific Coast, and Republican politicians and office-holders of both local and national prominence appear in his syndicate. Altogether, this political group acquired fifteen or eighteen square miles of territory. The coal on this is anthracite, the finest quality in the district; there is not less than 200,000,000 tons of it; and probably a great deal more.

The Bartenders and Miscellaneous Groups

But by the time these last people filed — in 1903, 1904, and 1905 — it was a general free-for-all race for mining promoters all over the United States to plaster the map of this Bering River coal district with powers-of-attorney from anybody they could get hold of. These documents went forward to Alaska from all sections, from the Pacific Coast to Washington, D. C., literally by the hundreds. But the center of the speculation was still Seattle — the natural center of all Alaskan interests, and the present capital of the get-rich-quick belt of this continent. No class of society was exempt from taking a chance at these Government coal lands. It was the greatest project to get something for nothing from the United States Government that had ever been proposed in Seattle.

There was one interesting group — the Christopher-Simmonds — made up quite largely of bartenders, theatrical scene-shifters, and men with similar vocations in life. Bartenders, between selling drinks, signed documents they didn't understand, just to "be a good feller"; and got and expected nothing from it. Another prominent syndicate, headed by a former Y. M. C. A. secretary, formed a company and sold stock by mail before it had title to the land at all. It got together five thousand stockholders. Another stock-selling concern operated out of Portland, Oregon, under the management of a bank officer and an owner of the leading newspaper. One "stampeder," with a strong sense of family obligation, tied up more than half of his three square miles of claims in the family name.

Chicago and Detroit Take Another Great Field

In two or three years this Bering River coal field was practically covered by locators. It lies between glaciers, and its boundaries are very definitely marked out. In the meanwhile, the power-of-attorney men were getting to work on a second coal field of about the same size, about two hundred miles up the coast, at Matanuska River. There were two big groups concerned there — one connected with the projected Alaskan Central Railroad, where locators were very largely in the employ of the road in connection with its Chicago headquarters, in positions from stenographers to attorneys. These generally expected to get nothing personally from the claims. The other aggregation — the largest of the entire crowd of syndicates looking for Government coal lands — was the Michigan-Alaska Development Company. There were 175 claimants in this — about a quarter of them women, and nearly all from Detroit, Michigan; practically all from there, in fact, except the steam-laundrymen — that is, the people gathered up by one of its three active promoters, who just before had been a traveling salesman for steam-laundry supplies, and who put a lot of steam-laundrymen from all over the country into this opportunity.

There were, finally, about 950 of these power-of-attorney claimants who were lined up to get these coal-mines on the two Alaska fields from the United States. About 600 of them held the coal mountains at Bering River. Ninety-five per cent of them had never seen the coal-mines; not more than ten per cent had ever been in Alaska, and most of this ten per cent were the power-of-attorney "stampeders." Over 100 of the prospective coal-miners were women. Altogether they had filed upon about a billion and a half dollars' worth of commercial coal, and a billion dollars' worth of this was in the Bering River district. They were in a very tantalizing position. They had their hands on it, but it wasn't worth one cent to them till they could get it away from the Government. They were in much the same position as the waiting heirs in a great contested will case. But the stakes in the famous will controversies of history were trifling affairs compared to this. Each one of these claimants was asking for shares of the public land whose contents were worth from $500,000 to $1,500,000 apiece.

The Most Wonderful Coal District on Earth

Now, these people were fighting for the most wonderful coal district in the world. All kinds of experts, private and Government, have looked it over; and the more it is examined, the better it looks. Here are certain and definite things about it: It is the only first-class bituminous and anthracite coal on the Pacific Coast; from the Bering River district railroads can be built to the sea, not more than one hundred and ten miles long, over perfectly level country; and, according to a published statement by Alfred H. Brooks, head of the Government's geological survey work in Alaska, there are six billion tons of it in both fields — more than one and a half times all the coal that has ever been taken out of Pennsylvania. Two thirds of this has been filed upon by these claimants — that is, as much coal as has so far come from the mines of Pennsylvania. Mr. Brooks estimates it to be worth a dollar a ton as it lies; that is, he estimates the coal in the two fields at six billion dollars.

Andrew Kennedy, the coal expert of the Land Office, with an experience of twenty-five years as a practical coal-miner, thinks this estimate of value too high for the Bering River field, which he examined carefully last summer. The amount of coal is there; the field will produce two billion tons of coal for sale, he says. But a dollar a ton is a good deal of money to make mining coal. Besides, labor is rather high in Alaska. And this Bering River coal is very friable. It will produce fifty per cent fine coal, which sells cheap. Everything considered, it ought to give a mining profit of fifty cents a ton. That would put the Bering River coal at a billion dollars. That much can be relied upon. At the same rate, the part of the Matanuska coal field that has been taken up by these claimants would figure half a billion more.

A billion and a half is something of a prize to fight for. It is half the currency now in circulation in the United States; it is considerably more than the whole national debt. What this billion and a half dollars' worth of Alaskan coal has done in the last five years — the men it has bought, directly and indirectly; the big reputations it has smirched; the policies it has changed — makes the greatest business and political story in America to-day. In the first place, it is the greatest single prize ever played for in this country. Incidentally, it threatens to involve a political administration and the whole trend of future national policies.

Alaska Protests Against Power-of-Attorney Man

Now, the first thing that was necessary was to force new coal laws for Alaska. Up to this time it had been almost impossible to secure legislation for Alaska. The residents of the district were unable to get the attention of Congress. For years it was impossible to get a safe title to farm-land; the mining laws were as bad as possible. In 1903 a committee of the United States Senate made a very careful investigation of the needs of that country, holding hearings all the way across it. One of their chief recommendations was for a correction of the abuse of the location of claims in mining districts by powers of attorney.

"From the time the committee reached Dawson," says their report, "at every place they afterward stopped on the Yukon, at St. Michaels and at Nome, almost every person they came on contact with denounced the abuses which are practised in the location of claims under power-of-attorney by people outside the district."

Virtually no results came from the report of this committee. Congress did not find time for Alaskan legislation. In the spring of 1904, however, when the variegated regiment of power-of-attorney coal claimants — bankers, politicians, stenographers, housewives, and bartenders — went after Alaskan legislation, they got it at once. They went at it right. From this time on the Cunningham group took

the lead, naturally. They were millionaires, captains of industry, and men of large political influence. They broke the way for the other groups, financially and politically.

"Have Agreed with Mr. W. B. Heyburn"

The general business management of this syndicate was in the hands of its promoter, Clarence Cunningham. He kept a ledger, cash-book, and a careful and detailed journal of its accounts. In the journal, under date of September 19, 1903, this memorandum appears:

"Have agreed with Mr. W. B. Heyburn in consideration for his services as attorney to carry him for one claim of 160 acres in the coal, free of cost to him, and he agrees to do all our legal work in procuring titles, etc., free of expense to us."

This arrangement would bring high compensation to Mr. Heyburn, if the Cunningham claims went through. From the present estimate of the value of the coal in this property, each claim would have a value of $1,500,000 in commercial coal. In 1903 it was perfectly clear that each share would be of great value. It would certainly constitute a great fee, demanding valuable service. In September, 1903, Mr. Heyburn was a United States Senator, having been elected by the Idaho legislature eight months before.

The basic unit in political or legislative oratory concerning Alaska is the "hardy prospector." Everything is done in his name. In the spring of 1904 Mr. Heyburn introduced in the Senate, for the benefit of the "hardy prospector of Alaska," the Alaska coal-land bill of April 28, 1904. This broke the circle in which the law of 1900 had placed the Government's coal in that district, and allowed it to be taken over by persons who had surveyed it at their own expense. It was thought at the time that it placed the Alaska coal lands upon exactly the same footing as the Government coal lands in the body of this country.

Mr. Ballinger Describes a National Scandal

The coal-land laws of the United States were passed in 1873. Under modern conditions, they virtually compel everybody taking coal from the Government to commit perjury and fraud. Coal-mining to-day is invariably done by large corporations operating great tracts of land. By this law the Government can turn over its coal only to individuals or small associations. The thing is very simple. As all coal lands taken from the United States are destined to be mined by large corporations, and as the persons taking them at first hand from the Government must swear that they are for their own use, practically all persons taking them over must, and do, commit actual or virtual perjury. The general principle of the law is this: Every citizen or prospective citizen of the United States is entitled to take one 160-acre tract of coal land at a nominal price, and no more. No association or company of men can take more than 640 acres of this land — a privilege allowed to four or more men who have spent $5,000 in improvements on this square mile of land.

Up to 1904 and 1905 it was the simple and usual process for the corporations of the West to secure their coal from individual claimants. Richard A. Ballinger, the present Secretary of the Interior, in his report as Land Commissioner in 1907, described this process, in sharp and ringing language, as a national scandal.

"In the securing of these lands," he said, "the unscrupulous have not hesitated to resort to perjury and fraud, carrying their schemes of fraud and corruption to such an extent as to amount to national scandal. . . . These lands have almost uniformly passed into the hands of speculators or large combinations, controlling the output or the transportation, so that the consumer is at the mercy of both in the greater part of the West."

Mr. Ballinger in his statement scores the custom of taking over the coal lands in the West rather savagely. But at this time it had become so common that it was practically an unconscious habit. The claimants for the Alaskan coal certainly expected to use this standard method, under the law of 1904.

New Affidavits from Senator Heyburn's Office

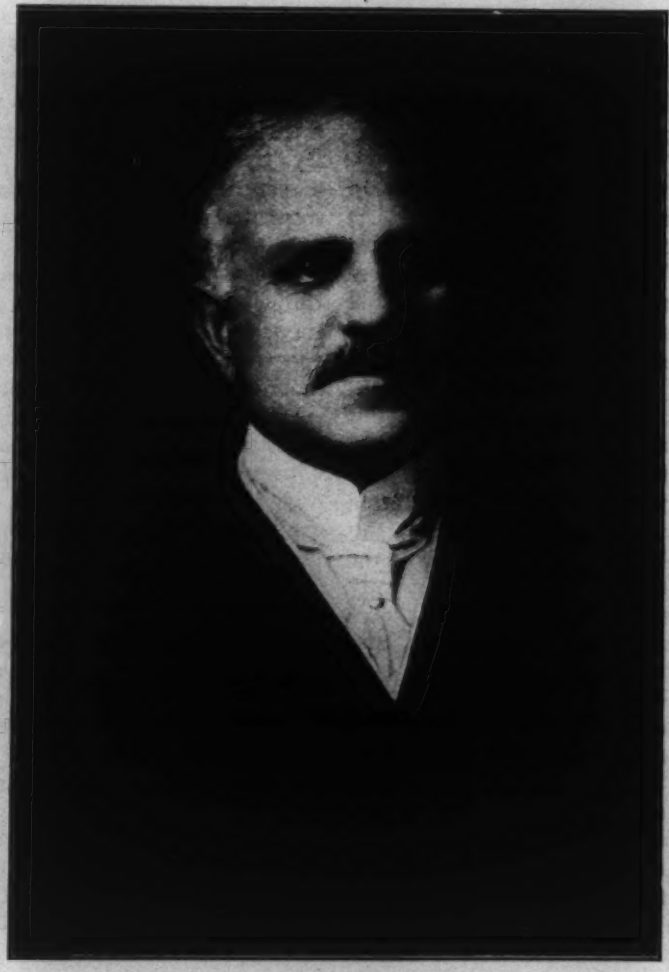
Legislative carelessness, however, again caused delay. It was thought that at least it would be possible, under this 1904 Alaska law, for four individuals legally to combine to hold 640 acres, as under the law of 1873 for the United States. Mr. Heyburn's bill, however, was so worded as to make this questionable. In view of this, Mr. Heyburn sent a long telegram from his home office at Wallace, Idaho, to the Land Office at Washington on October 8, 1904, to inquire, for the Cunningham claimants, whether four locators could join in taking 640 acres under this bill, as under the general coal land act of 1873.

Up to this time the Cunningham claimants had spent a considerable sum of money in developing their claims as a whole. Upon the receipt of an adverse ruling against this association of claimants under the Alaskan law,

J. P. Gray, Mr. Heyburn's associate in his law office at Wallace, made out affidavits for the Cunningham claimants, by which they refiled upon the land as individuals.

Senator Mitchell of Oregon Found Guilty

At the time there was every reason to expect that—after the filing of these affidavits—the Alaskan coal claimants would get their land by swearing what the law required, without further difficulty. Then, without the slightest warning, the Government began to turn its attention to the land frauds of the Northwest. Toward the end of 1904 John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, was indicted for being a party to these frauds while a Senator of the United States, under the following United States statute:



DANIEL GUGGENHEIM
HEAD OF THE AMERICAN SMELTING AND REFINING COMPANY

No Senator, Representative, or Delegate, after his election and during his continuance in office, and no head of a department, or other officer or clerk in the employ of the Government, shall receive or agree to receive any compensation whatever, directly or indirectly, for any services rendered, or to be rendered, to any person, either by himself or another, in relation to any proceeding, contract, claim, controversy, charge, accusation, arrest, or other matter or thing in which the United States is a party, or directly or indirectly interested, before any department, court martial, bureau, officer, or any civil, military, or naval commission whatever. Every person offending against this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be imprisoned not more than two years, and fined not more than $10,000, and shall, moreover, by conviction therefor, be rendered forever thereafter incapable of holding any office of honor, trust, or profit under the Government of the United States.

Senator Heyburn Writes a Letter

Senator Mitchell was sentenced to prison, under this statute, for his work for persons engaged in securing land from the United States Government, in the summer of 1905. On October 20, 1905, Senator Heyburn wrote the following letter to Clarence Cunningham:

WALLACE, IDAHO.
October 20, 1905.
CLARENCE CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.,
Seattle, Washington.

DEAR SIR: On frequent occasions I have stated to you that I did not desire to be interested in the coal lands in Alaska, which you are proceeding to locate and patent. As I have already informed you, I do not desire to participate in, or be interested in any manner, directly or indirectly, in acquiring public lands. I prefer during my official career to be absolutely free and clear from any possible interest in the subject matter of legislation.

Whatever services I may perform properly within my duty as a public official for yourself or any other constituent, I shall cheerfully perform, but not for any consideration, directly or indirectly.

In order that there may be no mistake about this, I desire to say that I do not desire any interests to be carried for me on my account with a view to any present or future profit to myself.

If I can be of service to you within the proper line of my duty, I shall be glad to do so.

With kind regards and best wishes for your enterprise and success, I am,

Sincerely yours,
W. B. HEYBURN.

This letter was written two years and one month after the record in Clarence Cunning-

ham's journal of Mr. Heyburn's employment. Immediately after it was received, items of cash payments for legal services appear for the first time in this journal.

Roosevelt Holds Up All Coal Claims

The agitation against the taking over of Government lands in 1905 and 1906 made it very difficult for the Alaskan coal claimants to make progress. The millionaire Cunningham syndicate went ahead and spent money on their claims, however. A coal expert, H. L. Hawkins, reported that they could take out 63,000,000 tons of coal from one tunnel. Clarence Cunningham wrote, in transmitting this report to his claim-holders: "I have no doubt the ground not reported on will contain as much more." Both these statements referred alone to the coal lying in the mountain, and took no account of the amount lying below the surface of the valleys, which would add greatly to the total. The expert reported also that a railroad to the coast would be feasible and cheap. All this was encouraging.

But in 1906 the Government began attacking the methods of taking over coal lands in Colorado, Wyoming, and the West generally, which have been characterized in Mr. Ballinger's report. Then suddenly, in the fall of 1906, President Roosevelt withdrew all right to take over coal lands in the United States, on the ground that it was time to make a general revision of the coal-land laws. On November 12, 1906, his order went out holding up all Alaskan coal lands from claimants. The billion-and-a-half-dollar Alaska claims were stopped short.

It was now more than two years since the passage of the Alaskan coal-land act of April 28, 1904, and considerably more than that since many of the claims had been started. The outlook was discouraging. The taking and holding of the coal rights involved considerable expense, and some of the speculative coal-land syndicates had not any great financial backing. By a natural and inevitable process, the coal lands of the Bering River district were beginning to drift toward the ownership of the great Guggenheim syndicate, which was gaining control of Alaska.

The Guggenheim Mining Monopoly

The Guggenheim family had by that time already become — with possibly one exception — the greatest firm of Hebrew financiers in America. Meyer Guggenheim, a Swiss Jew, began his career in Philadelphia, in 1847, as a peddler of glue and shoe-blacking, and later of lace. Through continued success, he became a large lace merchant. In the early eighties he acquired an investment in a Colorado mine, and by the late eighties he and his seven sons had built up a great business in smelting silver and lead ores in that State. By their great business acumen, and the manipulation of railroad privileges, they soon secured a practical monopoly of the smelting business, and, through this, almost absolute control of the product of lead-silver ores throughout the West — the greatest source of these ores in the world. From this they advanced to large control of mining generally, more particularly of copper-mining. By a system of majority control, originating largely with the American Smelting and Refining Company, they built up a pyramid of corporations, with three or four hundred million dollars of capital, all of which are controlled by them. From the West they advanced into Alaska.

Great Syndicates Control New Countries

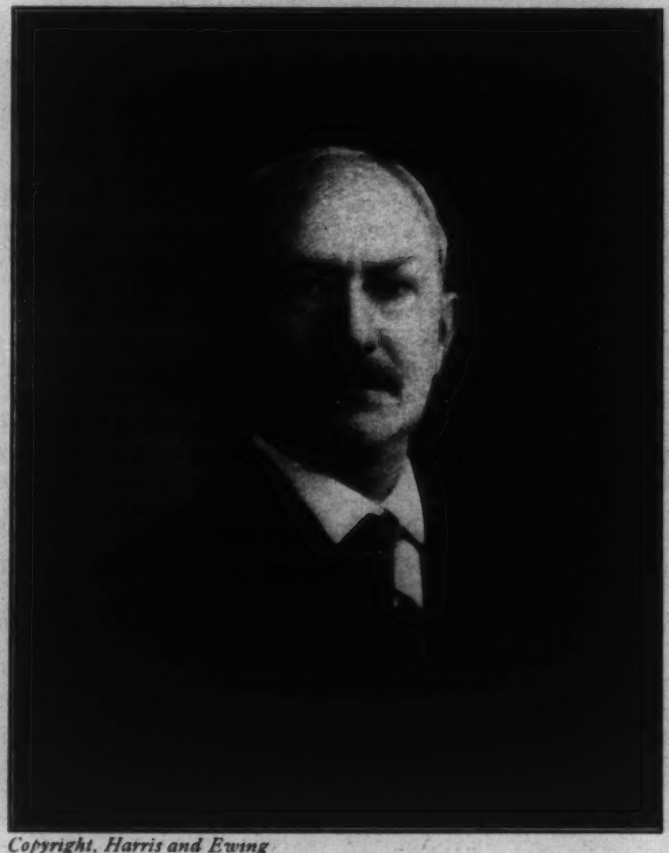
The control of all newly exploited countries, especially mining countries, in the last twenty years has come inevitably into the hands of great syndicates. For the last ten years, and especially in the last five, the control of Alaska has been drifting steadily into the hands of these Guggenheims — exactly as the diamond and gold fields of South Africa came into the hands of the great diamond speculators, Alfred Beit, Barney Barnato, and their associates. At the present time the Guggenheims' final acquirement of the district seems inevitable. They started there in a small way nearly ten years ago, in the Nome district, through the Northwestern Commercial Company. They now hold the great part of the famous gold district in the Klondike, with their $17,000,000 Yukon Gold Company; and they have a practical control of the ocean transportation to the district. In all, their companies exploiting Alaska represent capital aggregating forty or fifty million dollars. As in the West, they pay especial attention to the question of control of transportation, which is the key to the control of all mining business.

In 1905 the Guggenheims secured control of the Bonanza Copper Mine in southern Alaska. This mine contains, running to the surface of the ground, a great body of ore from five to fifteen times as rich as the ore in the big copper-mines of the United States. The district in which it lies is believed by the experts who have examined it to contain the richest and greatest deposits of copper in the known world. The trouble with it is simply the inconceivable difficulty of ordinary transportation across the mud and snow of Alaska.

The cost of transporting freight to or from this section runs from thirty cents to a dollar a pound. With copper worth from twelve to twenty cents a pound, a mine of solid copper would now be valueless in that country. The Guggenheims, on buying the Bonanza Mine, started at once to control transportation into the upper district.

Defense by Legislation and Manslaughter

The only practical gateway through the mountains from the coast into this section is the deep-cut valley of the Copper River. The Guggenheims, having bought the Bonanza Mine, in 1905 started immediately to occupy the Copper River valley with a railroad. For four years their possession of it has been defended by every method, from legislation in Congress — where they are represented by one of the family, Senator Simon Guggenheim, of Colorado — to manslaughter.



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RICHARD A. BALLINGER
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

On July 2, 1907, two men were killed and nine wounded in their successful fight for the right of way out of the harbor of Catalla. On September 25 of the same year a desperado named Edward Hasey, employed by an agent of their railroad, and one of a party armed with Winchester rifles by this agent, shot and killed one and badly wounded two others of a party of unarmed workmen who were attempting to occupy with another railroad a mountain pass that had been abandoned by the Guggenheims. Great masses of capital will not be denied. The Guggenheims now have, and will continue to have, in all human probability, the only railroad through the Copper River. In this way they have successfully sealed up the great copper district of Alaska. The interests that control the transportation of the district will eventually obtain their choice of the mines at reasonable prices.

The Guggenheims Begin to Control the Coal

The Guggenheims had scarcely begun their fight for the copper field when their eyes fell upon the billion-dollar coal field of Bering River. The last and greatest contestant immediately came into the great fight. By 1905 the Guggenheims' agent was negotiating to secure some option upon the Christopher group of claims, although it was clear that any option would itself destroy whatever rights there were. By the fall of 1906 they threw away $200,000 or $300,000, which they had expended on a more northerly ocean terminus, and came south to Catalla, locating on the coast twenty-five miles from the Bering River field. The control of this coal field by a railroad depends upon the railway's control of a practical harbor. There is just one such harbor there, experience has now shown — that at Cordova. The Guggenheims started to build at Catalla.

But there were bigger interests concerned in these coal fields than in the copper-mines. The English syndicate, with its claims on 200,000,000 tons of coal, decided to secure a railroad of its own. M. J. Heney, one of these claimants, in the winter of 1906 made a sudden survey, seized a terminus on Cordova Bay, and started building a railroad. The president of the new railroad company was S. H. Graves, president of the Yukon White Pass road, four hundred miles down the coast, for which Mr. Heney had been contractor. The

Cordova road was started with the open purpose of carrying out the English syndicate's coal. Its head, when it was started, naïvely wrote to the authorities at Washington that he and his associates had acquired "thousands and thousands of acres of coal lands" at Bering River.

This English syndicate was too strong to legislate or shoot out of its right of way. In the summer of 1907 the Guggenheims found that their artificial harbor at Catalla was not a success. The great waves, plunging across the sea from the Sandwich Islands, were throwing down its breakwater. The Guggenheims at once threw away a million-dollar investment at Catalla, hurried into Cordova, and bought control of the road of the Englishmen. Mr. Heney is now the contractor for the Guggenheims' Copper River and Northwestern Railroad; E. C. Hawkins, formerly with the White Pass Road, its engineer; and S. H. Graves an associate in the enterprise.

A "Proposal" to Daniel Guggenheim

By this deal in 1907 the Guggenheims could naturally feel that they had the mountains of coal at Bering River cornered in very much the same way as the copper deposits up the Copper River. Whatever rights there were in the "thousands and thousands" of acres controlled by the Englishmen's railroad had come into their hands. They were well along with the negotiations with the Christopher group.

On July 20, 1907, A. B. Campbell, Clarence Cunningham, and M. C. Moore, ex-Governor of Washington, acting as representatives for the Cunningham claimants, signed and delivered to Daniel Guggenheim, the head of the American Smelting and Refining Company, a "representation and proposal" to form a coal company with $5,000,000 capital, give Guggenheim half of the stock on his payment of $250,000 working capital into the company's treasury, and to sell to his railroad the company's output of coal at $1.75 a ton for its own use and $2.25 a ton for general sale. This document recites that:

"A meeting of said entrymen was recently held at the city of Spokane, in which twenty-five out of the thirty-three participated. At said meeting a resolution was unanimously passed authorizing said committee, or a majority of them, to enter into negotiations with parties with a view to the equipment, development, and operation of the consolidated property, and the sale of its product.

"Acting for themselves and as such committee representing their associates, under such resolution, they submit to Mr. Guggenheim, for his consideration, the following proposal."

Members and lawyers for the Cunningham claimants deny that this document is an option. Whatever it is, the Guggenheims still have it in their possession, and the long journal of Clarence Cunningham ends abruptly in September, 1907, with a detailed account of the receipt of some three thousand dollars from Daniel Guggenheim, as payment for the examination of the property called for in the claimants' signed proposal.

It is interesting to note, as a practical illustration of the grip of the Guggenheims on this district, that by this proposal they secure a full half interest in this property without payment, excepting that of $250,000 working capital into its treasury.

Results of the Guggenheim Connection

By December, 1907, the line of the forces moving on these Bering River coal deposits was reinforced by the Guggenheims. They may have had no definite arrangements to secure more than the claims on 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 tons of coal. But the logic of the situation was absolute. A great variety of dead or unborn railroad lines to the coast are sketched in engineers' maps of the district; but they will never go any farther than across the surface of these maps. With possession of the only feasible harbor, that at Cordova, and with their Copper River Railroad already built over a third of the district to the fields, the Guggenheims hold an absolute key to transportation.

Government Land Agents Charge Fraud

As a result of the investigation of the land frauds in the Northwest in 1904 and 1905, there was built up in the United States Land Office a force of special agents to inquire into the question of the validity of claims for Government land, which, for the first time, was both adequate in size and not in collusion with the persons engaged in securing land. In 1905 M. S. Duffield, a resident of Ely, Nevada, wrote a letter to the Land Office, claiming that the Alaska coal lands were being taken up fraudulently. A special service agent, H. K. Love, was detailed to investigate on the ground, and on October 6, 1905, reported a bewildering array of fraudulent schemes that were being practised by the claimants there. The matter then lay dormant in the Land Office until 1907.

In June, 1907, a second agent, Horace T. Jones, was detailed to make a further investigation of the facts in the case. He interviewed a large number of persons in Seattle and in the

Pacific Coast States who had knowledge of or interest in the Alaska coal claims. In August he strongly advised a thorough investigation of the matter by a competent man. Among the suspicious claims to which he called especial attention in his report were those of the Cunningham, Christopher, Simmonds, Doughton, and English syndicate groups.

About a week before this report was received, the Land Department had a short report from H. K. Love, the first agent who had looked into the matter. In this he did not retract the detailed charges he had made before, but merely gave a general recommendation that the claims for the coal be allowed by the Land Office. Love had at this time become an active candidate for appointment by the President as marshal in Alaska.

W. B. HEYBURN
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IDAHO

A Land Office from Seattle

When the reports of these men were made, the Land Office was in the hands of men excellently equipped to give intelligent attention to the questions raised; for it was under the management of Seattle men, and the knowledge of this whole matter focussed in Seattle. Richard A. Ballinger, a successful corporation attorney, a former State judge, and ex-mayor of Seattle, was Land Commissioner for the year March, 1907, to March, 1908. His assistant was Fred Dennett, until that time a special service man, who for the previous two years had been stationed in Seattle; Mr. Ballinger's nephew, "Jack" Ballinger, was his confidential secretary. Commissioner Ballinger early directed his attention to the Alaska coal matter. While the investigation of Jones and Love in Seattle was going on, he indicated very definite opinions on the question. These are described by Jones in his letter turning over the work of investigating the Alaska coal claims to another special agent later in the year.

"About this time" (the summer of 1907), he writes, "I met H. K. Love, and I took him to Judge Ballinger's office [in Seattle] and introduced him to the Judge. He and Love seemed to think it would not be right to disturb the title to any of these lands, upon which large sums of money had been spent and various small investors had risked their money. Judge Ballinger then said that if the law is so construed as to prevent a number of men, with the intention, in good faith, of developing this Alaska coal land, from acquiring title to more than 640 acres in cases of corporations or companies that had expended five thousand dollars in improvements, or 160 in cases of ordinary associations of men, he was going to see what Congress could do about it. He said I should get together the laws relating to coal lands in Alaska (see my report on said lands), so as to enable him to speak intelligently before Congress."

Mr. Ballinger in Doubt

Jones' letter proceeds: "Munday [the manager of the English syndicate], Love, and I had a conference with Judge Ballinger in the Judge's office, and Munday made a plain statement of what he intended to do. He said in so many words that he intended to get as much coal land as possible. He admitted that he had other people file on lands for him, and in one or two instances, if I remember correctly, he had supplied the money himself. He said he wanted to go about this thing the proper way, and did not want to get anything illegally, and that he did not think he was getting anything illegally.

"I said that if the procurement of persons who did not have the money to make the payments required by law, and whose rights were merely being used by Munday and his associates for their own gain, was proceeding in a legal manner, then my knowledge of the spirit of all land law was very defective, as I supposed that one could not barter away his rights or give another an interest therein before getting title to the land.

"The Judge was asked by Munday to say whether or not his scheme for getting these lands was legal, but the Judge refused to commit himself."

In December, 1907, Commissioner Ballinger, in his annual report, made his savage attack, already quoted, upon the methods used by the coal speculators and railroads of the West in securing coal. In the same month he decided to investigate further the validity of the similar transactions in the Alaska coal fields. He called in Louis R. Glavis, the chief of the field division of the special agent service, with headquarters at Seattle, and put the whole matter in his hands, saying that Love, being a candidate for the appointment as marshal, was not in a position to make an investigation of these claims. On December 28 he gave his final instructions to Glavis in Washington. Glavis started for Seattle.

What Coal Claimants Must Do

In the meanwhile, the Cunningham claimants, being men of large interests, were restive at the delay that they were meeting in securing their lands. They had pushed their affairs up to the very last action allowed by the Government, showing great energy and acumen in so doing. When President Roosevelt, in November, 1906, had stopped all action in public coal lands, the other groups of claimants were discouraged. But these men kept right on. There are two main actions that must be taken by coal claimants, according to law, each having two parts. The first is the "location and filing" of a claim; the second the "purchase and entry" of the land. The Attorney-General of the United States has defined these terms as follows:

> Under the coal-land law, "location," "claims," "purchase," and "entry" have acquired well-defined meanings. A "location" is made by going upon coal land, opening and developing one or more coal-mines thereon, and taking possession of the land. The locator's "claim" is thus initiated. It may be preserved by giving the notice required by law. The "purchase" and "entry" are made at the time of final proof and payment, which in Alaska may be four years after the location is made.

The Cunninghams and the Juneau Land Office

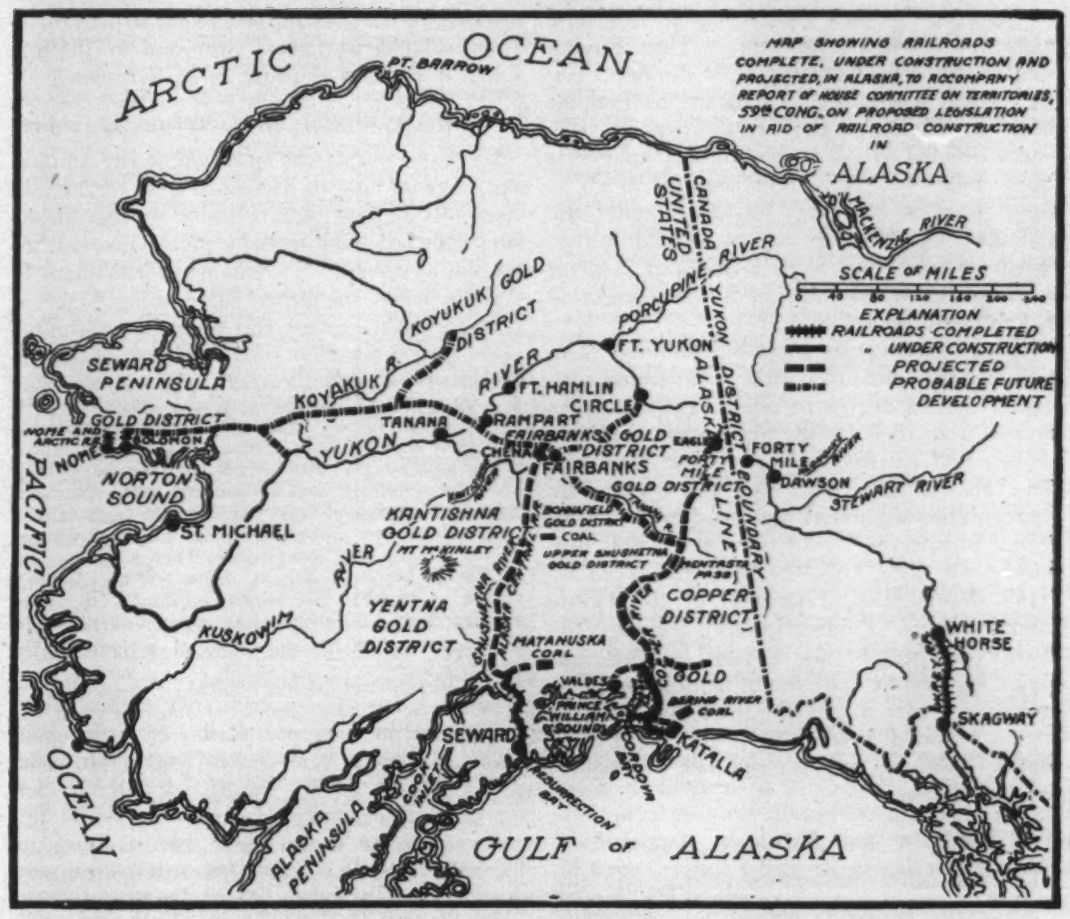
Now, after the Heyburn law of April 28, 1904, and before the President's message stopping all action in Alaska coal lands in November, 1906, virtually all the Alaskan coal claimants had taken the first action required; that is, they had located claims under the new law. After that there seemed, to many of the groups, to be nothing to do. The Cunningham group, however, had associated with themselves, as one of their members, Ignatius Mullen, a young man of small means, but whose father was P. M. Mullen, the Government's receiver at the Land Office for Alaska at Juneau. According to Clarence Cunningham's journal, this young man paid but half the amount due when he took his claim; but Mr. Cunningham adds, "he will pay balance at any time." It was also stated, in the reports of the agents Love and Jones, that his father, the Land Office receiver, said that he himself had advanced the money paid on Ignatius Mullen's claim. This, however, was afterward denied by Mr. Mullen.

In February, 1907, while it was generally believed that the Government would take no money in payment for Alaska coal lands because of President Roosevelt's order, the Cunningham claimants tendered payment for their claims to P. M. Mullen, land receiver at Juneau, with whom they had this close relation, and through him got a special ruling from the Land Office at Washington. Their contention that they could pay their purchase money was right. The Land Office ruled that, while no more coal could be filed upon in Alaska, those who had filed in good faith upon land before the order of November, 1906, could proceed to make "purchase" and "entry" of the land.

Ex-Governor Moore Calls on Mr. Ballinger

The members of the Cunningham group finally swore they made their entries in good faith for their individual benefit; paid in their ten dollars an acre to the Land Office; and received their receipts. One final document remained to be obtained from the Government, the "patent" to the land. During all the summer and fall, while the claims of the Cunningham and other groups were being examined for fraud, these large business men had been held back from completing their enterprise. Finally, in the last of December, 1907, ex-Governor M. C. Moore, of Walla-Walla, one of the claimants, called upon Mr. Ballinger at Washington to see what could be done to expedite matters.

Agent Glavis had been instructed on December 28 to investigate all the Alaska coal cases



MINERAL LANDS AND RAILROADS OF ALASKA

for fraud. On January 4 a telegram, signed by Commissioner Ballinger, was sent to the discredited agent Love in Alaska, asking him to send the plats of the Cunningham claims required for issuing "patent," the last approval still required from the Government for these claims. On January 7 Assistant Commissioner Dennett notified Glavis that the Cunningham claims had been approved for patent on the Love report of August. Glavis, having some knowledge of the evidence against these claims, protested at once by telegram and letter. Immediately after, the order to "clear-list" the Cunningham claims for "patent" was revoked by the Land Office. The incident was closed and the Cunningham claims were still as far from "patent" as before. The attention of the claimants of all the groups was now centered on securing legislation from Congress.

Congressmen and Governors Claimants

These claimants for Alaska coal were now in a much stronger position to secure favorable legislation from Congress than they had been when the law of 1904 was given them. In the Senate, the friendship of Senators Heyburn and Guggenheim could be counted on.

In the group of politicians managed by Harry White were now included Congressman James McLachlan, and a second Republican Congressman for California; also James N. Gillett, the Republican Governor of California, with his wife. Another Congressman from farther East took an interest in this group of claims at about the time the Alaska coal-land legislation was pending in the spring of 1908. These persons did not appear as original claimants, but took assignments from them. Another Republican Governor, Fred M. Warner of Michigan, had secured an interest in the Michigan-Alaska Development Company. Mr. White was in Washington, looking after his affairs there.

There were two very clear needs for legislation by the Alaska coal claimants in the winter of 1908. The first was the right to wipe off their slate entirely, and secure the ability to take this land regardless of any act committed in the past. The revelations made by the

investigations of their conduct up to this time made this absolutely necessary. Then, having been absolved by Congress, they desired a law that would allow their syndicate to take as much coal land as they could get. It was finally decided to ask for the right to take four square miles — that is, four times as much as could then, or can now, be taken under the coal laws for the body of the United States. Three of these bills were introduced. All of them agreed in this feature of the amount of coal to be allowed.

In the other feature these bills differed. All were curative measures, that is, intended to a greater or less degree to relieve the claimants for coal from their having broken the coal laws as they had existed. The fact that they had done this was admitted by all, but excused by the regulation argument that they were "hardy Alaska prospectors" who did not know any better. Of these bills, the one introduced by Frank W. Mondell, Chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, forgave the "hardy prospector" for having formed companies — after he had found and located his lands — in order to pay for the expense of the survey required before he could make final "entry," but insisted that the first "location" be a valid one.

Heyburn and Ballinger Appear

The two other bills, however, had not this shortcoming, from the claimants' standpoint. Under their provisions Alaska coal claimants, no matter what they had done in the past, could find a way to locate or re-locate their holdings in blocks of four square miles. Senator Heyburn of Idaho introduced one of these bills; the second was introduced by Delegate Cale of Alaska. The Cale bill conformed to Commissioner Ballinger's idea of legislation on the subject. One of his last acts as head of the Land Office was to appear before the House Committee on Public Lands and warmly advocate it.

James R. Garfield, then Secretary of the Interior, agreed with the position taken by Mr. Mondell, that it was not necessary for the "hardy prospector" of Alaska to form a stock company before finding coal and notifying the Government that he had done so. He was willing to have the bill absolve them for having formed associations or companies to get money to pay for surveying the land, after they had located it. After something of a struggle, this view prevailed, and the Heyburn bill was amended so as to make it impossible for persons who had first located the coal land by "dummy entrymen," hired locators, or as corporations or associations, to get title to them. There was an anti-trust provision in the bill, which it is believed could be easily evaded.

How Much Should the Government Grant?

Up to this time the question of the amount and value of coal to be turned over to the coal claimants in four square miles of the Alaska land does not seem to have engaged serious attention anywhere. It remained for William B. Wilson, from the great coal-mining State of Pennsylvania, to raise this point, when the bill came up on the floor of the House of Representatives on May 25, 1908. The debate over Mr. Wilson's point was as follows:

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Has the [Public Lands] Committee any information as to the numbers of veins of coal there are on these lands?

MR. ROBINSON (speaking for the Committee): No.

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Then how does the gentleman arrive at the conclusion or the determination as to what the limitation should be on the amount of land involved [to be granted to claimants] if the Committee has no means of estimating the amount of coal?

MR. ROBINSON: The only answer to this question is that some arbitrary limitation must be fixed, but it is thought that, by past experience in the operation of coal-mines in the United States, where surveys indicate that the character of coal is similar to that in Alaska, the area of 2,560 acres would be a fair and reasonable limitation.

MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Two thousand five hundred and sixty acres of land, with several veins of coal on it from four feet in thickness upward, would produce an enormous amount of coal. Coal usually produces, after allowing for the waste, about 1,000 tons per foot in thickness per acre. If you have a four-foot vein on your acreage of 2,560 acres, you would have over 10,000,000 tons of coal on that acreage alone. If you have several veins of coal, some of them thicker than that, it runs up to an enormous tonnage.

Single Grants Worth Tens of Millions

The basis of 1,000 tons per foot an acre production, quoted by Mr. Wilson, is a matter of primary, commonplace knowledge to all coal-miners. In these Bering River Alaska fields there are veins of the highest-class coal that run fifty feet in thickness; therefore, acres that will produce 50,000 tons of commercial coal. At the Government expert's allowance of fifty cents a ton as it lies, such an acre is worth $25,000. The main vein on the Cunningham claims, the most carefully experted property in the district, is twenty-four feet wide, worth $12,000 an acre, on a basis of fifty cents a ton, without counting the other veins on the land where it appears. The price charged by the Government for this land to the claimants is ten dollars an acre. A tract of 2,560 acres of the Cunningham property would produce at

least 45,000,000 tons, worth $22,500,000. The Government price to the claimants, under these former liberal Alaska coal laws, would be $25,600. The coal on it, in other words, will yield a profit, when developed, approximately one thousand times what the Government sells it for.

Mr. Wilson continued his questions as follows:

> MR. WILSON of Pennsylvania: Does the gentleman not think we ought to have some information as to the value of those lands before we determine the limit [of grant]?
>
> MR. ROBINSON: I will state to the gentleman that that is a new country. Men who go there, and take their picks on their shoulders, and go into that wild country, take the chances that all explorers take, and you cannot get that information until somebody has gone there and started to develop.
>
> MR. HUMPHREY of (Seattle) Washington: And surveyed it.

For the "Hardy Prospector of Alaska"

With the appearance of the phantom form of the "hardy prospector of Alaska" Mr. Wilson of Pennsylvania persisted no further, and his question remained unanswered. Immediately afterward there were cries of "vote," and the Alaska Coal Bill of 1908 passed the House by 147 to 38. Among those voting for the bill was Congressman McLachlan of California, a claim-holder. The other California Congressman interested was recorded as not voting. The bill became a law three days later, May 28, 1908.

It was no longer necessary now for Alaska coal claimants to show — as all other claimants in the United States must do — that they had intended, up to the time of the final "entry" of the land, to take it for their own use. All that was necessary was to prove that they intended to take it for their individual use, when they found it and drove four stakes at its four corners. This permission to abrogate the coal law in part was secured simply by the continued representation that the "hardy prospector of Alaska" was interested in the bill, when, as a matter of fact, not five per cent of those interested in the coal claims had ever seen the mines. The bill meant a gain in the campaign of the coal claimants, but not nearly so much as was hoped. In most instances, it would be difficult to prove that the coal lands were even located in good faith in the interest of the locator. Having lost their fight to secure from Congress legislation that would validate all claims in Alaska regardless of what had been done before, the coal claimants were now primarily interested in one thing — a loose interpretation of the Alaska coal law.

The Two Ballingers, Land Attorneys

In March, 1908, Mr. Ballinger retired from the office of Land Commissioner, and returned to his private practice in Seattle. As the headquarters of the great majority of the Alaska coal enterprises were in that city, he was at once in demand among them as an attorney to further their claims. "Jack" Ballinger, his nephew, and his confidential secretary while he was Land Commissioner, immediately began to build up a practice in cases coming before the Land Office of the United States.

The ex-Commissioner of the Land Office in September, 1908, made a trip across the continent to Washington as attorney for the Cunningham group, to interview the authorities of the Land Office and the Secretary of the Interior, and to rebut by an affidavit from the promoter Cunningham some very damaging evidence that had been secured against this group in the spring. Mr. Ballinger was also consulted by the Hunt or Lippy-Davis group of claimants. But the Ballinger family was perhaps more closely connected with the White political group than any other. Richard A. Ballinger was attorney for the members of this group, among them one of the Congressmen who took an interest in it. "Jack" Ballinger is at the present time its attorney, and Webster Ballinger, a cousin, is a claim-holder in the Morrow group, which is practically a part of the White group.

There is an old Federal law that says:

> It shall not be lawful for any person appointed after the first day of June, 1872, as an officer, clerk or employe in any of the departments, to act as counsel, attorney or agent for prosecuting any claim against the United States which was pending in either of said departments while he was such officer, clerk or employe, nor in any manner, nor by any means to aid in the prosecution of any such claim within two years next after he shall have ceased to be such officer, clerk or employe.

Mr. Ballinger and his nephew have been criticized for taking up these Alaska coal cases as attorneys, on the ground that they have violated this act. This criticism is not accurate. It is true that other departments of the Government enforce this law; and it is true that L. Q. C. Lamar, afterward Justice of the Federal Supreme Court, ruled, while Secretary of the Interior, that the statute applied to claims for land in the Land Office, but his ruling was reversed by Hoke Smith when he was Secretary. Mr. Ballinger was clearly within the letter of the law in taking up, as attorney, the cause of the Alaskan coal cases, as his nephew still is in carrying them on before the officials of the Interior Department, of which his uncle is now head.

The New Commissioner

With Mr. Ballinger's retirement as Land Commissioner in March, 1908, the Alaska coal-land laws' interpretation — in which the claimants were now chiefly concerned — fell into the hands of his former assistant, Fred Dennett, who had succeeded him. Mr. Dennett entered political service as secretary to Senator H. C. Hansborough of North Dakota and clerk of the Senate Committee on Public Lands. He then came into the Land Office, and was stationed at Seattle, as chief of the field division, in charge of the special agents to investigate claims for fraud in the Northwest. Mr. Dennett, while in the latter position, made a considerable fortune in land speculation about Seattle, and is still a large real estate holder there.

When Mr. Dennett took office, he found one aggressive force that was directed against the Alaska coal claimants. This was the agent Glavis, whom Mr. Ballinger had set to work on this matter. Mr. Glavis was an active, ambitious, intelligent young man in whom the Land Office had great confidence. Having recently been appointed chief of the field division in the Northwest, he was eager to make a record for himself in these cases. A few days after Mr. Ballinger's retirement, he secured most damaging evidence against the Cunningham group of claims, including the promoter's journal, which has already been quoted. Glavis not only directed agents to get evidence of fraud, but he himself traveled over the entire country and secured testimony and records, now in the Government's possession, showing a great variety of fraud of the most serious character. Indeed, virtually all the evidence of value against the Alaska claimants was secured by this man.

Dennett's Liberal Interpretation

In May Mr. Dennett decided to take Glavis off the work in the Alaska coal-land frauds, for a time at least. Glavis protested strongly against this, on the plea that the ground of the claims in Alaska should be examined to see whether the claims had been occupied in good faith, according to law. This could only be done in the few summer months, because the remainder of the year the claims are buried in snow. Mr. Dennett, however, did not feel that he could do this, but in October ordered Glavis to take up the work again. The snow was then on the ground in Alaska, and so Glavis' idea of examining the claims had to be given up.

It was soon quite clear that Mr. Dennett took a very liberal view of the law, especially of that of 1908. He indicated clearly, for instance, that he thought the Cunningham claims would be given their long-desired "patent" by the Government under this law. About the same time, Glavis, who was always anxious to prosecute the coal claimants, felt that he had an excellent plan by which to prosecute the Lippy-Davis group — whose corporate name was the Alaska Petroleum and Coal Company — for selling stock in the venture before they had final title to their land. Mr. Dennett did not feel that he could do this. He was, in fact, placed in an especially awkward position by this proposal, because one of the members of this group was the agent in charge of his real-estate ventures in Seattle.

Mr. Ballinger's Delicacy

In March, 1909, Mr. Ballinger returned to Washington as the Secretary of the Interior of Mr. Taft's Cabinet, and as such was the final authority in the Department dealing with the Alaska coal cases. Mr. Ballinger expressed a delicacy about making decisions on the various claims for which he had acted as attorney, and turned the whole matter over to Mr. Dennett and others in the Department.

Six days after Mr. Ballinger became Secretary of the Interior, Glavis was asked to make complete reports in his examination of the coal cases, and in the last of April he was instructed by the law office in Washington that the Alaska coal investigation must be concluded by July 1. Glavis still insisted that the evidence against the claimants would be only partial until some one went to Alaska when the snow was off the ground and examined the claims, to see whether they had been worked by individual claimants or companies, or had been opened at all as coal-mines. In May, soon after he received the last order, Glavis went to Washington.

When Glavis arrived in Washington, he, his chief in the field service, H. H. Schwartz, and Commissioner Dennett went into conference. In this a discussion arose between them concerning the interpretation of the Alaska coal-land law of 1908. Mr. Schwartz and Mr. Glavis held that the act validated only those claims in which the first "locations" had been made in good faith and in the individual interest of the locator. Mr. Dennett held a more liberal view. By Secretary Ballinger's direction, Schwartz and Glavis prepared a letter to Attorney-General Wickersham, summarizing the evidence obtained against the Alaska coal claimants, and asking for a ruling on it under the law of 1908. In view of the intimate relations of both the Secretary of the Interior and the head of the Land Office to claim-holders, it was natural that they should determine to do this.

Immediately after this, however, Glavis was

notified that the Interior Department would decide on the law in its own legal department, and on May 19, 1909, Frank Pierce, the First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, gave a decision which ended as follows:

"In passing upon entries sought to be perfected under the act of 1908, where the only objection thereto is an arrangement or agreement of the character specifically described in your letter, the same might and should be accepted and passed to patent."

Various groups of coal claimants had by this time started to consolidate under the law of 1908, the larger ones splitting up into the four-square-mile groups required by law. The rest of the groups were waiting. It was felt now that the way was at last clear for the final "patenting" of and release by the Government of the Cunningham claims, and after them of the claims of the entire regiment of claim-holders. Their natural feeling of satisfaction lasted, however, only about a month, for on June 12, 1909, Attorney-General Wickersham rendered a decision sustaining the position of Schwartz and Glavis, and bringing out the evident intention of the Secretary of the Interior, Congressman Mondell, and others active in the framing of the bill, that, although the bill forgave consolidation before the final act of "entry," the first act — the "location" of the land — must have been made in good faith and in the individual interest of the locator. This opinion was secured by a direct appeal of the agent Glavis on his own responsibility to the Attorney-General over the head of the law office of the Department of the Interior.

A Quick Trial for Cunningham Cases

This indiscreet and unusual act eventually cost Glavis his position. It naturally did not tend to promote smooth relations with his superiors. Friction between him and them was from that time on continuous. The Land Office demanded an immediate trial of the Cunningham group of coal claimants. Glavis responded that it would be wrong to try these cases without having the evidence obtainable on the ground at Alaska, which up to that time there had been no opportunity to get. Mr. Dennett insisted on an immediate trial. Moreover, the Land Office directed that such trial should not be taken according to the hitherto invariable custom of having the claimants for coal appear before the Land Office where the coal land belonged. So long as these claimants for Alaska coal were not in any case Alaskans, but were scattered across the United States, it was deemed proper by the Land Office that it should bring its court to them — thus greatly convèniencing the Cunningham claimants, most of whom were busy men of large interests.

Matters now moved quickly. Mr. Dennett superseded Glavis with a young lawyer, James M. Sheridan, from the Land Office. Glavis, remembering that a part of this Cunningham claim was located on a forest reserve, called this fact to the attention of the Forestry Department. Gifford Pinchot, the National Forester, on examining Glavis' statements, was of the opinion that the cases should not be heard until fall, so that Government agents from both the Land and Forestry divisions might have the opportunity to examine the ground of the claims in Alaska. Mr. Sheridan, the Land Office lawyer, reported the same view.

President Taft Approves Glavis' Discharge

Finally, Glavis, still eager to convict the coal claimants, committed his final indiscretion by laying the whole case before the President of the United States. Mr. Taft felt, upon examining them, that Glavis' documents reflected upon the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ballinger. Concentrating his attention upon this phase of their contents, President Taft at once went over the matter with Mr. Ballinger, and issued a statement exonerating him. Mr. Ballinger then asked for permission to discharge Mr. Glavis, which was given, and Mr. Glavis was discharged.

The eagerness of this young man to prosecute the Cunningham claimants for fraud thus cost him a very promising future in the service of the United States. Incidentally, because of this and other differences between the heads of the Forestry and Land offices, Mr. Ballinger conceived so strong a resentment against Mr. Pinchot that it is a question, while this is being written, which one of them must resign from the Government's service. The case of the Government against the Cunningham claims was, through this action of Glavis, supported by Forester Pinchot, held over until the Government could complete its evidence in the Cunningham cases.

Land Office's Disadvantage in the Trial

The publicity attending the differences of two high Government officials like Mr. Ballinger and Mr. Pinchot for the first time made the question whether this billion and a half dollars' worth of coal should be granted away by the United States to speculative syndicates a matter of national interest. The trials of the Cunningham cases began at Seattle in November, after the testimony desired by Mr. Glavis and Mr. Schwartz had been secured by coal experts sent to Alaska during the summer.

In trying these cases the Land Office was under a considerable disadvantage. In the first place, Glavis, the only man in America who knew the evidence, had been discharged by Secretary Ballinger. The case was put in charge of a young lawyer without a very definite knowledge of the evidence or the coal laws. Against him were pitted two of the most adroit and clever lawyers of the Northwest, one of whom, J. P. Gray, had the advantage of having followed the case since he first made out the affidavits for the Cunningham claimants as Senator Heyburn's law associate in the fall of 1904. And, in addition, members of the Land Office field service, sympathizing with Mr. Glavis, were during the progress of the trial resigning or threatening to resign from the office's employment.

It seems most probable, in view of the evidence, that the Land Office will refuse the Cunningham claimants the patent to their 90,000,000 tons of coal. At the same time, it cannot be certain, even if it does, that the United States will retain this property. This claim is only one of a large number seeking an enormous prize. The organization back of this now includes an array of influential Republican politicians and office-holders of all kinds; and the keen self-interest of one of the greatest single financial powers in the country. The influence exerted in this matter in the Northwest is inconceivable in its variety, subtlety, and strength. That there is no place to which it does not extend socially in a perfectly natural way was shown curiously by the fact that, out of the membership of the Country Club of Seattle, during President Taft's recent visit in that city, it was two Cunningham claimants who came forward as his opponents in his favorite game of golf.

Monopoly from Archaic Laws

If the Cunningham and other coal claimants behind them win their suits and force through their claims, the United States will transfer to private hands, practically as a gift, property worth more by some $200,000,000 than the Federal debt. Of this, sums varying from nothing to three hundred dollars will go into the hands of the men who found the coal; very great profits will go to the speculators who made up the syndicates; and the whole property will almost immediately fall into the hands of one of the ugliest and most dangerous monopolies in the country, which by this means will not only practically complete a monopoly of the mines of Alaska, but have a grip on the whole future development of industry on the Pacific Coast. The process is not new: it is merely the sudden and spectacular exploitation of a new country along the standard lines that have created coal, lumber, and general mineral monopolies in the United States. It is the familiar old double process of the robbing of the American people — by theft of their property, and the re-sale of it at excessive monopoly prices.

The primary reason for this is our mineral and public-land laws. These have been out of date for a generation; they are the ridicule of every other civilized country; and they are founded on entirely wrong principles. The coal, timber, stone, general minerals, and water powers upon the public lands belong to the United States. They must be worked eventually, not by individuals, but by corporations. There are only two essential parties to the transaction — the Government and the corporation. The United States practically refuses to recognize the second party and will deal — because of laws adapted to conditions forty years old — only with the individual. In the meanwhile, sane and modern laws on this subject — such as exist to an extent in Australia and British Columbia — recognize the corporation, deal with it, and get what the Government is entitled to from it. It is time the United States awoke to modern conditions, and did this. When it does, from the resources of Alaska alone it could secure an income aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars. And Alaska is but one part of its present property.

Minnesota now has an arrangement by which it will secure $250,000,000 from operators of its mineral resources. This gives a faint idea of what the United States could secure from the minerals in Government lands. To do this would not delay development; it would merely break monopoly.

The Managers of Our Business

Modern government is more and more devoted to economic questions; it is business, speaking in the largest and best sense of that term. There has been a great deal of sentiment in discussing the conservation of the resources of this country. This is not necessary. The United States now holds property of infinite value. It is in the management of officials who are just as responsible for it as are the officials of a bank to their stockholders. The day of rampant individualism on the political platform and of monopoly control in the committee room is coming to an end. And political parties may well recognize it. If one party or administration will not manage our affairs in our own interests, we will get another management. It may not come to-morrow, or next year. But it will come very soon.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE

DOWN with the rosemary and bays,
Down with the mistletoe;
Instead of holly, now upraise
The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;
Let box now domineer
Until the dancing Easter day
Or Easter's eve appear.

Then youthful box which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crispèd yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside;
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin
To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes, then, and sweetest bents,
With cooler oaken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments
To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift: each thing his turn does hold:
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

Robert Herrick